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The Outlook

22 MAY, 1909

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THE PORTO RICAN CRISIS: THE PRESIDENT'S RECOMMENDATION

The President has in a special Message called the attention of Congress to the present political conditions in Porto Rico and the importance of prompt Congressional action to correct the evils produced by the revolutionary action of the House of Delegates. He describes at length those conditions with which the readers of The Outlook have recently been made familiar: the refusal of the House to pass any appropriation for carrying on the Government unless the Executive Council, which is the Senate of the island, will consent to certain laws which the House has approved and the Council has disapproved. The President's patience in dealing with the representatives of the House of Delegates has made the issue very clear. For he proposed to them that if the House of Delegates would pass the necessary appropriation bills he would send a representative of the United States Government to Porto Rico to make an investigation concerning the legislation proposed by the House and rejected by the Council, and the proposition was refused. The representatives would consider no proposition that did not include acceptance by the Council of the legislation, or certain important parts of it, which the Council had rejected. The President's Message is conciliatory in spirit but uncompromising and decisive, and his recommendation is certainly conservative and should appeal to Congressmen, irrespective of party, because it is supported by Congressional precedent. He states the issue very clearly in two sentences: "The question whether the proposed legislation should be enacted into law was left by the fundamental act [of Congress] to the joint action of the Executive Council and the House of Delegates as the Legislative Assembly. The House of Delegates proposes itself to secure this legislation without respect to the opposition of the Executive Council, or else to pull down the whole government." He states in a single sentence the mistake in the fundamental act which has made the present conditions possible: "This spirit, which has been growing from year to year in Porto Rico, shows that too great power has been vested in the House of Delegates, and that its members are not sufficiently alive to their oath-taken responsibility for the maintenance of the Government to justify Congress in further reposing in them absolute power to withhold appropriations necessary for the Government's life." The immediate remedy which he proposes is an amendment to the Foraker Act analogous to the provisions made by Congress in the organic law of both Hawaii and the Philippines, that if the Legislative Assembly shall at any time adjourn without making the necessary appropriations for the ensuing year, a sum equal to the appropriations of the preceding year shall be available for carrying on the Government. And he puts before the Congress the question whether the course of the House of Delegates "does not show the necessity for withholding from them the absolute power given by that [Foraker] Act to the Legislative Assembly over appropriations, when the House of Delegates, as a co-ordinate branch of that Assembly, shows itself willing and anxious to use such absolute power, not to support and maintain the Government, but to render it helpless." The Outlook hopes that at this session Congress will pass the amendment to the Foraker Act, which will apply to Porto Rico the same principle which is now applied to Hawaii and the Philippine Islands. We should like to see it go further in the future, and give to the Executive Council the sole power of appropriation of all moneys derived from customs and internal revenue—that is, from Federal taxes. The Federal authority, not the local authority, should have sole control of the Federal revenues; and the Executive Council, which is appointed by the President, is the representative in the island of the Federal authority. The reader will remember that considerably over half the revenues of the island are derived from Federal taxes, and that in the States and organized Territories of the United States all such revenues are expended exclusively under Federal, not under local, authority.

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THE PORTO RICAN CRISIS: A HISTORICAL SURVEY The President tells clearly, and forcibly because with absolutely judicial calmness, the story of America's ten years of occupation. It has not only turned over to the insular Government all the income from Federal taxation; it has also paid out of its own treasury the cost of the local army, the revenue vessels, the lighthouse service, the coast surveys, the harbor improvements, the marine hospital support, the post-office deficit, the weather bureau, and the upkeep of the agricultural experiment stations. It has appropriated $200,000 out of the Federal treasury for the relief of Porto Ricans impoverished by the hurricane. Under its care a public school system has been built up with schoolhouses throughout the island—160 of them—maintained at a cost of a million dollars a year. It has in ten years extended macadamized and graded roads to over two and a half times the mileage created during three centuries of Spanish occupation. It has practically banished smallpox and largely banished anemia from the island. It has changed the trade balance in the island from $12,500,000 against it to $2,500,000 in its favor; has increased the land values from $30,000,000 to $100,000,000. For a Spanish government which, even in its reformed condition, gave the Governor-General power to suspend at will all laws and constitutional guarantees, and gave the insular legislature no power to enact new laws or amend existing laws governing property rights or the life and liberty of the people, it has substituted one which confers on the island legislature practically all the powers of an American commonwealth and secures to the inhabitants all the constitutional guarantees of American citizenship, so that Porto Rico is for the first time in its history living under laws enacted by its own legislature. And it has turned over the administrative offices to such an extent that of the civil servants in the central government 343 are Americans and 2,548 are Porto Ricans. It is in the face of these facts that the statement was made by representatives, not of the Porto Rican people, but of one political party in Porto Rico—the Unistas—that "one million of souls are living in Porto Rico in an unbearable state of tyranny under the folds of the American flag." The reader should remember that the issue joined in this case is not between the Porto Ricans and the Americans; not a single Porto Rican representative in the Executive Council, not a single member of the Republicano party, has joined in this revolutionary attempt to compel the upper House to disregard its own judgment and yield a blind subservience to the judgment of the House of Delegates. And he should also remember that the present difficulty is not merely the result of a fight between two parties in the island, though it is partly that; it is a strike by the party in control of the House of Delegates against the United States Government for the purpose of compelling that Government to change its own legislation so as to give the party which now controls the Lower House equally control of the Upper House and of the whole insular government and insular revenues, whether local or Federal. That this strike has the approval of the intelligent and responsible citizens of Porto Rico we do not believe. We do not think it would have been possible if the suffrage in the island had been limited to those who can read and write and who own even a very limited amount of taxable property. Nor has it any warrant in the history of constitutional government. We do not think that our House of Representatives ever attempted to use its power of the purse to coerce the Senate or the Executive; nor do we recall any case in English history, even in the time of the Stuarts, when the House of Commons attempted to stop all the wheels of government in order to enforce its will.

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POLICE POWER INVOKED FOR THE FORESTS

As The Outlook has reported, a bill has passed both houses of the New York Legislature "to create a forest reservation in the Highlands of the Hudson, to be known as the Highlands of the Hudson Forest Reservation, to provide for its regulation and making an appropriation therefor." We cannot too highly express our approval of what is found in it, namely, the application of a recognized legal principle in a new relation. A grave situation has arisen requiring protection of our natural resources; the Governors of most of the States, recognizing this, have agreed among themselves to promote such legislation as will assist in relieving the situation. Governor Hughes in his annual message to the Legislature last winter urged upon it action relating to the protection of the forest, with reference to all that such protection means. The bill to which we refer, if signed, would place under the experienced and wise direction of the State Forestry Bureau whatever cutting might take place on certain privately owned timberlands within a definitely marked region. No opposition to this bill appeared at Albany or elsewhere. The bill itself is reasonable, and protects rather than restricts. The bill does not require the cutting of any timber, but simply provides that if timberland in this section is to be cut over, this must be done after modern and conservative methods. The bill makes exception as follows:

> Such lands and rights as may be necessary for building reservoirs . . . and also such lands and rights as belong to the United States Government, and lands within the limits of any incorporated village . . . and the site for Bear Mountain prison, and lands suitable for residential and home purposes.

No definition of "State Police Control" has ever been made by the courts, but the principle has been invoked from time to time as conditions have arisen which have demanded its application. In such an application as this no essential elements of ownership will be interfered with, and the lawyer or economist can hardly regard the application as misused. We believe this bill to represent a distinct advance in behalf of forestry.

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THE EFFECT OF MODERN INDUSTRY ON WOMEN

In an article published in The Outlook for April 3, Dr. Lyman Abbott wrote: "I marvel at the shortsightedness of economic reformers who glorify woman's incursion into the ranks of clerical and manual employment as her coronation, and imagine that a solution of our labor problem will ever come from a process which incites or drives the prospective wife and mother to underbid in the labor market her husband and her son, and pay for doing so by impairing her health and shortening her life." As an illustration of the menace to the health and the life of women presented by modern industrial conditions, Dr. Abbott presented in a foot-note a table from the New York Tribune, which he believed to be authoritative. This table seemed to show a disproportionate increase of mortality among women in the city of New York. Miss Marion Talbot, Dean of Women in the University of Chicago, has, in a letter to The Outlook, indicated that these figures are misleading. As she points out, this table from the Tribune was evidently prepared from an article by Dr. W. H. Guilfoy, of the New York Department of Health, a recognized authority on the subject. From Miss Talbot's letter and from information which we have obtained from the Division of Vital Statistics in the United States Census Bureau, it is clear that the death rate of females from all causes in the United States has decreased in recent years; furthermore, that although in Greater New York the decrease among the female population has not been as great as the decrease among the male population, throughout the country at large it has been greater. Moreover, Miss Talbot points out that the death rate of females from pulmonary tuberculosis has decreased more than that of men, and that the same fact is true of respiratory diseases. Figures from the Division of Vital Statistics, however, do not bear out her statement that the same fact is true of tuberculous diseases other than pulmonary. As to cancerous diseases, the increase in deaths has not been as great among females as among males; but the causes of cancer are now so obscure that no conclusion can be drawn from this fact.

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THE FACTS AS ASCERTAINED Dr. Abbott acknowledges that it was a mistake to rely upon the figures given in the newspaper item; but it is equally a mistake to reach any such conclusion as that Miss Talbot suggests in these words which we quote from her letter: "The following statement of Dr. Guilfoy might be taken as an argument from the standpoint of health for urging women to enter the industrial system: The greater decrease in the pulmonary tuberculosis rate among females compared with males is stated to be 'the more remarkable when we consider that of late years the female has taken up occupations classed as dangerous from an infectious standpoint, such as those of typewriting, saleswoman, flower-making, feather-working, etc.'" The fundamental mistake in this whole discussion is the attempt to base upon the general death rate any conclusion regarding the effect of occupations on health. The fact is that medical statistics of the effect of occupations, length of working hours, etc., upon the health of working women and children are almost wholly lacking in this country. Lowered vitality and hygienic evils cannot be discovered in what is known as the crude death rate. They can be discovered only by the collection and classification of many hygienic facts. We cannot, for instance, know the social effect of occupational diseases without a knowledge of the birth rate, and there is no uniform method of ascertaining the birth rate in this country. It is a strange anomaly of the medical profession that while modern industry makes increasing inroads upon the health and vitality of workingwomen, exact medical data upon these undisputed facts are not available, either for the enactment of additional preventive measures or for the defense of those already existing. But in the case of Curt Muller against the State of Oregon the notable brief of Mr. Louis D. Brandeis, presented to the Supreme Court of the United States in support of the constitutionality of a ten working hour law for women in the State of Oregon, established, we think beyond all question, that the industrial employments of women, as now carried on in this country, have been so prejudicial to health as to demand legal regulation in the interest of the community. Since such legislation originated in England in 1844 and spread to the United States and to most European countries, a body of evidence lies at hand, for the most part buried in official reports and technical works, concerning the operation of such laws, as they have gradually been perfected and enforced. A search through the long series of British Parliamentary Papers and through the reports of factory inspectors and other investigators here and abroad shows a consensus of opinion in regard to all aspects of the subject. According to the quotations cited in Mr. Brandeis's brief, physicians and lay experts agree that the health of women needs greater safeguards than that of men, since the increased speed and strain of modern manufacture affect women's physical organization most disastrously, and make dangerous inroads upon their nervous endowment. The evil effect of overwork on health (particularly on the female functions), on safety, and on morals is illustrated by quotations from inspectors and authorities, beginning with a report of British Medical Commissioners in 1833. English, French, German, and American officials and writers testify to the disastrous reaction of excessive working hours of women on the general welfare. The evidence cited by Mr. Brandeis was so conclusive that the Supreme Court sustained his position and affirmed on the basis of that evidence the constitutionality of the law. While, therefore, The Outlook frankly recognizes the inefficiency of the newspaper statistics cited in the note by Dr. Abbott, it affirms, as established by the highest judicial authority in the land, that the modern inrush into masculine employments by women has been prejudicial to their health and to the health of the community—so prejudicial as to justify legislative and judicial interference.

POLITICIANS, HANDS OFF!

It is reported in the daily press, but without definite confirmation, that the Republican organization of New York County has demanded that it be given the appointment of Commissioner of Immigration at the port of New York. We are unwilling to believe that Mr. Herbert Parsons would make such a demand, and we are sure that President Taft would decline to consider it if it were made. It is true that in former days this office was considered as a perquisite of the county party organization; but under the last administration it was taken entirely out of politics, and there it should remain. Commissioner Williams reduced the conditions of anarchy, which he found at Ellis Island, to order. President Roosevelt said in the letter accepting Mr. Williams's resignation in 1905: "You have set a standard of unceasing industry, of untiring energy, of high administrative ability, and of single-minded devotion to duty." Commissioner Watchorn took up his predecessor's work and carried it on with equal efficiency and energy, and with a keen human sympathy which gave peculiar value to his administration of an office dealing day in and day out with humanity in units and in the mass. In selecting Commissioner Watchorn's successor the standard ought not to be lowered. To find a candidate worthy to follow the two men who have changed Ellis Island from a plague-spot to a sanitary, healthful, cheery, human institution will not be an easy matter. But the effort should be made in good faith. The dubious touch of partisan politics should be kept rigorously off this gateway of the Nation.

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MR. LLOYD-GEORGE'S BUDGET

It is hardly likely that Mr. Asquith, the British Prime Minister, and Mr. Lloyd-George, his Chancellor of the Exchequer, will be seriously disturbed by the storm of criticism that is still raging in England around the latter's epoch-making Budget. From a political point of view the Liberals have everything to gain and nothing to lose by the rearrangement of taxation. The classes and interests which are up in arms against the new and increased taxes have never been supporters of modern Liberal governments, and Mr. Asquith and his party may reasonably expect to strengthen their position with the lower middle and working classes, which, since the early days of Mr. Gladstone's leadership, and increasingly since the Home Rule split of 1886, have formed the backbone of English Liberalism. Eighty millions of dollars must be levied to meet naval expenditures and the cost of old age pensions; of this sum the only part to be paid by the working classes generally is the increased duty on liquor and tobacco. The liquor interests are already solidly with the Tory party, and for years past every public-house or saloon has been an electioneering center for the Conservatives. As regards the other taxes, neither increased death duties, nor increases in the amount of income tax on incomes of over $25,000 a year, nor the stamp duties on stock exchange transactions, nor the tax on the capital value of unimproved land, and on the unearned increment hereafter accruing to landowners, nor yet the immensely increased tax on motor cars, will touch in the slightest degree, either directly or indirectly, the great mass of the English electorate. A new concession—one hitherto unknown in British taxation—is made to the man with a family in the calculation of his income tax. Until Mr. Lloyd-George introduced his Budget, the only relief that the careful husband and father could claim was in respect of premiums paid on life insurance policies. These may be deducted from his income before computing the amount of the tax. Mr. Lloyd-George has now granted the family man a further relief. He may deduct from his income $50 in respect of each of his children who is still dependent on him and not earning his own living. In view of the consideration which is thus shown in the Budget both to the workingman and to the small salaried class, it is hardly to be supposed that a slight increase on tobacco, beer, and spirits will turn away any votes from the Liberal party which have hitherto been cast for it; and if the workingmen can be convinced that protection must mean taxation of the poor, while Liberal finance means placing the greater burdens on the greater wealth, the Budget will prove a strong ally of the Liberal party in the fight against tariff increases. The political aspects of Mr. Lloyd-George's Budget are not confined, however, to the effect which the new method of levying taxation will have upon the wages and resources of the rank and file of Mr. Asquith's supporters. The manner in which the Budget has been made to counter the House of Lords and the Conservative leaders is as remarkable as its tenderness for working-class England. It was the Conservative party and its supporters among the wealthy who were most insistent on a great naval programme with an enormous expenditure on Dreadnoughts. "Very well," practically answers Mr. Lloyd-George, "we will build Dreadnoughts—not so many as you cried for, but still a very expensive programme, and the members of the House of Lords and the wealthy supporters of the Conservative party shall pay for them." It will be interesting to see whether the Conservatives will be so ready to raise another navy scare so long as the Liberal Government is in office, if the consequence is to be a new arrangement of taxation which shall cause the navy bills to be paid by the wealthy men who are most prominent in the councils of Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne, the Conservative leaders in the House of Commons and the House of Lords.

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THE LORDS AND THE COMMONS

During the three years that the present Liberal Government has been in power the House of Lords has again and again blocked Liberal legislation. It refused to pass the great measure of social reform by which the whole system of licensing and regulating the liquor trade was to have been overhauled. The distilling and brewing interests were able to get the help and protection of the House of Lords and to retain a system which is recognized as a block to all progress in regard to temperance. Mr. Lloyd-George's Budget effects indirectly what the House of Lords forbade the Government to effect directly. The cost of liquor licenses is so greatly raised that many houses to which Mr. Balfour conceded in 1904 a vested interest in the right to sell liquor will be compelled to go out of business. In addition to the licenses the profits of the brewery companies which own most of the liquor saloons in England are diminished by a tax of one and one-quarter per cent on the gross receipts from the sales of liquor. The House of Lords has rejected two bills for the taxation of ground values in Scotland. By the Budget a tax of one-half penny in the pound, or five twenty-fourths of one per cent, is levied on the capital value of unimproved land; a tax of ten per cent on the increment in value of land at the termination of leases must be paid by the landowner; and a general valuation of all land is to be made immediately, a valuation which is to be the basis on which unearned increment will be estimated. All unearned increment henceforth is to bear a tax of twenty per cent. This creates a peculiarly difficult situation for the landowner, because under-valuation would render him liable to an increase in the tax on unearned increment, while a full valuation tends to increase the amount payable as estate duty. The effect of the changes which Mr. Lloyd-George has made in English taxation will undoubtedly be to infuse fresh vigor into the Conservative campaign for protection. Even should a Conservative Government come into power at the next general election, it is little likely that there would be a complete turning back on the new proposals. The opposition to Mr. Gladstone's Budget of 1853 and to Sir William Harcourt's Radical Budget of 1894 was nearly as vigorous as the present outcry against the Budget of Mr. Lloyd-George. But no important backward step as regards death and estate duties or the income tax has been taken by the Conservative party, even when most fully intrenched in power; and the only aim of the Conservatives would be to check any further encroachments of the tax collector on the purses of the wealthy, by instituting a protective system that would embody Mr. Balfour's demand for a broad basis of taxation. This would again fit the burden of taxation on the shoulders of the wage-earners and the small-salaried men who constitute the majority of the lower middle classes. Whatever else may be said of Mr. Lloyd-George's Budget, it proves that he is one of the shrewdest of living English political financiers.

THE NEW TURKISH SULTAN

Last week the new Sultan of Turkey, Mehmed V, was definitely installed as Padishah and Khalif of the Ottoman Empire. He was girt with the sword of Othman, the Empire's creator. He went in a launch from his palace to the mosque where the ceremony took place, both buildings being on the water's edge. This particular mosque is the only one in Constantinople into which no Christian may enter. There "The Holy One of Konia" (the ancient Iconium), or head of the sect of Whirling Dervishes, and the Sheik-ul-Islâm, the highest Mohammedan dignitary, girt the new ruler with the identical scimitar once wielded by Othman. When the Sultan drew this sword from its sheath and raised it, he had truly succeeded to the Imperial sovereignty. Immediately after the ceremony he appeared before the people. There was much loyal shouting from them—massed as they were beyond the surrounding troops—together with the fanfare of trumpets and the rattle of musketry as the soldiers fired the usual salute. But two features, hitherto unheard of at such functions, monopolized popular attention and were immensely significant of the new order of things. First, outside of the lines of Mohammedan priests surrounding the Sultan, as he stood in the square before the mosque, were official representatives of the principal religions, other than Mohammedan, of the Empire—the Greek Patriarch, the chief Jewish rabbi, delegates from the Armenian, Bulgarian, and other churches. Second, above all the noise made by the soldiers and the populace rose a chorus sung by school-boys, the Hymn of Liberty. Its words were written by Midhat Pasha, the Turkish statesman who, thirty-three years ago, obtained Sultan Abdul-Hamid's consent to the grant of a constitution. Its text, too, was largely Midhat's work. He died in 1884, and, although the first constitution was short lived, he is justly regarded as the father of constitutional liberty in Turkey. The constitution was withdrawn after being in operation for only about a year. It was restored last July, and last month survived a treacherous and desperate attempt by Sultan Abdul-Hamid to subvert it.

THE NEW TURKISH GOVERNMENT

The extent of the plot of the late Sultan, Abdul-Hamid, to force Turkey back into absolutism is only just now being disclosed. A letter received from a trusted source in Constantinople says that if the revolt failed, Abdul-Hamid had decided upon a slaughter of foreigners in Constantinople, expecting that foreign intervention would then be necessary, and that the blame for the massacre could be put upon the Constitutionalists, making their further rule impossible. When this plot was revealed to the leaders of the besieging army, it descended upon Constantinople the day before its schedule time. Had it not been for the leaking of his plot, the late Sultan might have accomplished the destruction of the new régime and possibly of all that it hoped to bring about. Other advices from Turkey reveal Abdul-Hamid's connection with the massacres in Asia Minor. The Rev. Dr. Christie, President of St. Paul's Institute at Tarsus, says: "The Government is now making every effort to prove the existence of an Armenian conspiracy, and with some success; but even the thought that a few hundred foolish young men had dreams of Armenian independence will not justify the killing and plundering of so many perfectly innocent people." The Rev. Mr. Trowbridge, a missionary at Adana, writes: "It is evident that this terrible struggle was not the crushing of an insurrection, but a deliberately planned massacre with the connivance of the Government." On Saturday of last week it was learned that the local governors of Aintab and Cesarea received messages from Constantinople, at the time of the Adana massacre, suggesting the killing of Armenians as a precaution against insurrection. Under all these circumstances nothing will tend to impress the outside world with the new Government's strength so much as instant and vigorous dealing with the guilty in all this plotting. The arch plotter, Abdul-Hamid, has been deposed; the sums found in his former palace at Constantinople, amounting to almost eight million dollars in cash and securities, are being used to pay the expenses of the army; finally, about forty executions have taken place within the capital since the reactionary revolution of April 13, and the bodies of the men hanged were left in public so as to impress the people that the guilty had been punished. The effect in Constantinople has been immediate. Private advices received by The Outlook indicate that the city is now calm and that foreigners are feeling not only safe but fairly secure in their new liberty. To a considerable extent the same effect should be brought about in Asia Minor. It may, we think, if the military commission sent from Constantinople to Adana does its duty. It is composed of Kenan Pasha as president and seven other army officers. The commissioners will have the physical and moral support of ten battalions detached from the Constitutional forces at Constantinople. As Adana is hardly forty miles from the sea and is connected with it by rail, the commissioners will also have the moral and if necessary the physical support of the war-ships now at Mersina, the port of Adana; it is a satisfaction to know that our armored cruiser, the North Carolina, has now arrived there. The effect of early punishment for the leaders of the outrages in Asia Minor would be apparent in a new feeling of confidence by the world toward the Turkish Government and in a proper sentiment of fear towards that Government by all of the reactionists connected with the former Sultan, who inspired the massacres.

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THE FRENCH STRIKE

The strike of the Government employees in France was badly planned, and has failed, first, because it did not secure the co-operation of more than a fraction of the employees in the different services of the Government; and, second, because, instead of commanding the sympathy of the people at large, it made them aware, apparently for the first time, of the real issue involved. This was not the removal of certain disabilities under which the employees are suffering, but whether an irresponsible association or group of associations should govern the country. There was the usual excited discussion in the Chamber of Deputies when the Ministry asked for a vote of confidence. The Socialists, led by M. Jaurès, defended the position taken by the strikers, and declared that the battle would not end until the Government employees enjoyed the same "syndicate" rights as private workmen. At this moment, in accordance with time-honored custom, a Radical sprang to his feet and charged the Socialists with being the tools of the Reactionaries. This led to a scene of disorder which would have been picturesque if it had not been ridiculous. At one end of the hall a group of Socialists were singing the "Internationale," in the center a larger group were singing the "Marseillaise," while the extreme right contributed in chorus, "Vive Henri VI!" The Premier, amused at first, became later indignant at this outrageous interruption of serious debate, and the session was declared closed. At a later session, after a more orderly discussion, M. Clemenceau received a majority of 206 on a general vote of confidence, and on a motion repudiating the right of public servants to strike, the Ministry was sustained by a majority of 385. This decisive action puts the Chamber of Deputies squarely behind the Government in its attitude toward the strikers. It now remains for the Government and the Chambers to determine definitely the legal status and rights of the employees of the Government and to provide some method by which their grievances may be inquired into and methods of redress provided. Apparently the great need in the French Civil Service is the establishment of the merit system; for the principal charges brought by the strikers have been favoritism and failure to advance employees on a basis of merit. There is a difference between a strike against a private employer and a strike against the State as an employer. In the one case, under the competitive system, a body of employees combine to secure shorter hours or increase of wages by threatening their employer with some kind of damage—loss of business, deterioration of machinery, opportunity for competitors. The strike in this case is one of the instruments of industrial war, entirely legitimate if conducted under the regulations laid down by law and statute. A strike against the State as an employer aims to inflict injury upon the Government by way of forcing it to come to the terms of the strikers. There is no element of competition involved; it is not a strike of one section of the business community for the benefit of another section of the community; it is the strike of a class against the people of the country. Under the competitive system either party may terminate its relations on short notice; but a man who works for the State is not only an employee, he is a citizen. His relation is not one of commercial contract; it is a relation of loyalty and obedience to the Government. He may resign, but he cannot oppose his employer, any more than a member of the army or navy can oppose his superior officer, whether ashore or at sea. To do in this relation what the employee of a factory could do without violation of law is to be guilty of insurrection or revolt. A strike against the State involves disobedience and disloyalty; it is an act of rebellion. It aims to inflict injury, not on another section of the business community, but on the country and on all classes of society. If the strikers in France had succeeded, they would have paralyzed the life of the country. No telegrams would have been sent, no telephone messages, no letter or newspaper would have been transported, no traveler could have gone from one town to another. France would have been broken up into separate communities as completely as it was in the Middle Ages. Business would have been interrupted, Government functions paralyzed, and active life brought to a sudden standstill. The strikers, in effect, put a pistol at the head of the State and demanded certain concessions under penalty of violence and destruction. To state the position is to bring out its absurdity.

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CRIMINALS AT BAY It is a satisfaction to record that in the case of two recent crimes juries have given due weight to the rights of society. The man who killed William E. Annis and the man and woman who kidnapped the young son of Mr. Whitla, of Mercer, Pennsylvania, have been convicted. In the kidnapping case public feeling has been aroused on behalf of the boy and his parents. The brutally mercenary character of the crime could arouse no sympathy for the criminals. Nevertheless, the threats of blackmail which these calculating criminals made and attempted to fulfill naturally raised a fear in the minds of many citizens which might have impeded justice. That the two juries in the kidnapping case disregarded both threat on the one hand and public clamor on the other is gratifying. No little skill and quite as much wisdom were exercised in the method which was followed in this instance, of first recovering the boy and then of apprehending the perpetrators of the outrage. In the case of Captain Hains public sentiment was divided. It has been openly boasted that this supposedly "unwritten law," which allows a man who suspects infidelity on the part of his wife to wreak vengeance upon anybody whom he, as accuser, judge, and jury, imagines to be guilty, has been in other cases amply sustained. It is therefore a relief to find that twelve men, to whom this appeal on behalf of the "unwritten law" was made by intimation if not by explicit statement in the course of the trial, have disregarded this doctrine of anarchy. In the case of Captain Hains the jury gave the prisoner the benefit of the doubt, and, wisely compromising, brought in their verdict apparently on the assumption that the homicide was committed, not after deliberation, but in the heat of a passionate impulse. The jury, therefore, convicted him of manslaughter. In the very verdict of guilty, however, these men have repudiated the doctrine of the "unwritten law," and have therefore rendered to society a larger service than is involved in the mere punishment of a criminal. We are glad to welcome every such sign as this of the recognition by juries of the truth that society has fundamental rights which the criminal is bound to respect.

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AN INSTRUCTIVE CELEBRATION In these days of constantly changing pastorates and frequently dissatisfied pastors and parishes, the testimonial dinner tendered to Dr. Amory H. Bradford by the citizens of Montclair after thirty-nine years of successful pastoral service is an event of more than local importance. In 1870 the Congregational Church of Montclair, just organized, called to its pastorate Mr. Bradford, then just graduated from the theological seminary. In the thirty-nine years of its existence this church, under Dr. Bradford's pastorate, has grown from a handful to a membership, in round numbers, of twelve hundred. The little hall over a grocery store where its first services were held has been exchanged by a series of gradual developments into one of the largest, best equipped, and most commodious of suburban churches; and from a village of two thousand inhabitants Montclair has become a suburban city of twenty thousand. These are the external symbols of thirty-nine years of faithful work. The excellent schools, the beautiful homes, the civic purity, and the peculiarly fraternal spirit which characterize the city of Montclair are the more living and lasting fruits. At the dinner tendered to Dr. Bradford more than three hundred guests sat down, crowding the hall to its utmost capacity and spilling over into the corridor. It was not a church dinner, and it was more than a citizens' dinner, for speakers and letters from abroad testified to the National influence which this pastor and this church have exerted. We shall not attempt in this paragraph any further report of the occasion, but we shall venture to summarize its lessons in two sentences: A life wholly consecrated to a Christian ministry, unaffected piety inspiring to public service, a catholic spirit united to denominational loyalty, a theology both liberal and spiritual, a leadership at once conservative and progressive, and patient, persistent and continuous work in one parish despite attractive calls to other and apparently larger fields, give reasonable assurance of a long and useful pastorate. A church ready to listen to and weigh the counsels of its teacher, following loyally its leader, yet never in servile subjection to his ecclesiastical authority, co-operating heartily in active public service under his leadership, and ever living, not for itself nor for its sect, but for the community in which it is placed, insures the parish a peaceful, happy, and prosperous career.

THE CHICAGO PEACE CONGRESS

The most notable gathering of the present month was the Second National Peace Congress, held in Chicago, May 3–5. The First National Peace Congress, held in New York City in the spring of 1907, was designed to influence the deliberations of the Second Hague Conference that was to assemble later in the same year. The Chicago Peace Congress had a like purpose, which was to influence the proceedings of the Third Hague Conference, expected to be called by 1915. The aim is to create public opinion favorable to world-wide peace that shall make itself felt when the representatives of the nations come together in conference again. The resolutions adopted by the Chicago Congress declare that public war is now out of date, a relic of barbarism unworthy of our time, and that the nations of the world by joint agreement among themselves ought to make its recurrence hereafter impossible. It is further declared "that no dispute between nations, except such as may involve the national life and independence, should be reserved from arbitration, and that a general treaty of obligatory arbitration should be concluded at the earliest possible date." Pending the conclusion of such general treaty, our Government and the other leading Powers are urged to broaden the scope of their arbitration treaties so as to provide, after the manner of the Danish-Netherlands Treaty, for the reference to the Hague Court of all differences whatever not settled otherwise by peaceful means, and especially to secure an agreement among the military and naval Powers for a speedy arrest of the ruinous competition in armaments now prevailing. President Taft gave his approval to the Chicago Peace Congress by permitting the use of his name as honorary president and by sending a letter to be read at the opening session. He also commissioned Secretary of the Interior Richard A. Ballinger to represent the Administration at the meeting. Mr. Ballinger was one of the speakers at the closing banquet, at which other notable speakers were Count von Bernstorff, the German Ambassador, and Dr. Wu-Ting-Fang, the Chinese Ambassador.

A NOTE OF WARNING

President Taft has pledged himself to secure, and has summoned Congress in special session to effect, a revision of the tariff. The attention of the country is centered on the debate now going on in the United States Senate. Tariff revision has pushed itself steadily to the front, and to-day it holds the center of the stage. The people are with the President in demanding the revision. By revision they mean, as the President means, reduction of duties. If Mr. Aldrich made the remark put into his mouth by the newspaper reports, that revision can be upward as well as downward, he was guilty of one of those cynicisms which show complete misunderstanding of the signs of the times and a sinister indifference to public interests. There is a widespread feeling that this question is not being dealt with fairly; that an attempt will be made, under cover of various changes, confusing for the moment to the public eye, to leave the tariff substantially as it is.

The leaders of the Senate and the House, if they have any such intention, should understand that the people cannot be deceived; that they will penetrate all devices and bitterly resent any double-dealing. If they find that they have been deceived, their vengeance will fall on the men who have misled them. If Mr. Aldrich and his associates intend to leave the tariff where it is, their wisest course will be to come into the open and frankly say so. Any attempt to effect that result indirectly or by confusion of the public mind will disastrously react on the Republican party. What that party needs now is leaders, not tricksters; what the country demands of Congress is frank and fair dealing. A section of the people —to recall Mr. Lincoln—may be fooled, but the whole people cannot be fooled, by subterfuge or evasion. They will sit in judgment on the action of Congress, and their sentence will be executed upon the men who defeat their will, and upon the party that fails to keep the pledge of its President. Let Mr. Aldrich and his associates in both Houses understand clearly that in no possible way can they juggle with tariff revision; they must either lower the duties or they will lead their party to disastrous defeat. In the history of Congress there has never been a finer opportunity for constructive and courageous statesmanship of the kind that will recognize the great changes in the economic condition of the country, modify the tariff to meet those changed conditions, and forestall the radical and possibly destructive onslaught that will be made later if the country discovers that it is vain to look for relief at the hands of the Republican party. If the " stand-patters " need any further warning, let them read the history of the Democratic party since the day when, after years of ardent professions, it turned coward in a crisis and compromised by passing an unsatisfactory tariff measure of its own.

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WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

During the past month many thousands of Armenian Christians have been killed and maltreated in Asia Minor, their houses and shops burned, their farm crops destroyed. In 1894–5 other thousands of Armenians were likewise maltreated. The massacres and outrages of fifteen years ago occurred in the region near Van, not far from the Persian frontier; last month's massacres occurred in the region about Adana, not far from the Mediterranean, and that particular corner of the Mediterranean where the traveler leaves Syria and enters Asia Minor.

As an excuse for the massacres of 1894–5, the Turkish Government pointed out the wild, untamed character of the hordes of Kurds who dwell in the mountains on the Turko-Persian frontier and on the high ridges of Armenia. Armenia is about the size of Iowa. It is bounded on the north by the Russian frontier, by Persia on the east, by Mesopotamia on the south, and by Asia Minor on the west. Asia Minor includes all the country between Armenia and the Mediterranean. Armenia proper contains about six hundred thousand Armenians, only about one-quarter of the number found in all Turkey. Very many Armenians live in Asia Minor, for instance, where their industry and cleverness have brought them considerable wealth and corresponding jealousy on the part of the Mohammedans, who, in any event, regard them with scorn, for the Armenians are Christians.

The Mohammedans of Armenia and of Asia Minor may be divided into Turks and Kurds. The danger to orderly government has largely been from the latter. The Kurds are naturally brave and hospitable, with rude feelings of honor; but in general they seem now to have degenerated into lawless and treacherous brigands. About seventeen years ago, the Turkish Sultan, Abdul-Hamid, summoned certain Kurdish chiefs to Constantinople, presented them with decorations, banners, uniforms, and military titles, and then sent them back to organize their tribes into cavalry regiments. These exclusively Kurdish troops have been an instrument in Abdul-Hamid's hands of a cruelty and vengeance which he could not obtain from the Regulars. In especial, he used them in 1894–5 to crush Armenia. In last month's massacres the Kurds, doubtless inspired ultimately by Abdul-Hamid, also played a peculiarly sinister rôle, because they were farther from their homes in the hills and had proportionately less excuse for harrying the unoffending dwellers of the plains.

Thus the fact stands forth all the more significantly to us that the killing of the Armenians last month exactly coincided with the Sultan's revolt at Constantinople in favor of reaction.

Abdul-Hamid is now deposed. More than any one, we believe, he is responsible for what has happened in Armenia. Of course history shows that there has always been some apparent necessity for foreign intervention in Armenia and among the Armenians in Asia Minor. We have but to remember the interventions of Nebuchadnezzar, of Xerxes and Alexander, of the Romans, Parthians, Byzantines, and Saracens, to realize that the Turks themselves had a pretext for their own intervention. Doubtless there have always been among the inhabitants of Armenia and the rest of Asia Minor, as at present, a few reckless, irresponsible revolutionists, who are without resources and whose spirit is foreign to the real objects and methods of the Armenians as a whole. The revolutionists are reported to number not more than one in every forty Armenians, and the one hothead has brought destruction upon the vast majority of his innocent compatriots, by becoming just the tool desired by Abdul-Hamid, namely, an incitement to revolt which could serve as a pretext for swift and terrible repression.

If Abdul-Hamid is primarily responsible for the massacres, it is none the less true, we think, that the European Powers, especially England, are also responsible to a greater degree than is generally supposed. The misgovernment of Armenia and Asia Minor has long demanded foreign intervention. Indeed, Abdul-Hamid himself was forced to recognize this, as is shown by the Russo-Turkish treaty of 1877, by which he bound himself to execute effectual reforms in Armenia, the Russian troops to remain in the country until the reforms were in fair working order. But England, suspecting Russian territorial ambitions, insisted that this treaty be submitted to a European congress for revision. The other Powers agreed. The Congress met the following year at Berlin and expunged the Russo-Turkish effectual provision for Armenian reforms in favor of the sixty-first article of the Treaty of Berlin, signed by the Powers, including Turkey, in 1878. This article stipulates that—"The Sublime Porte undertakes to carry out, without further delay, the improvements and reforms demanded by local requirements in the provinces inhabited by the Armenians, and to guarantee their security against the Circassians and Kurds. It will periodically make known the steps taken to this effect to the Powers, who will superintend their application." In addition, the Anglo-Turkish Convention, entered into at the same time, included these words in its first article: "His Imperial Majesty, the Sultan, promises to England to introduce necessary reforms, to be agreed upon later between the two Powers, into the Government, and for the protection of the Christian and other subjects of the Porte in these territories [the Armenian provinces]; and in order to enable England to make necessary provision for executing her engagement, his Imperial Majesty, the Sultan, further consents to assign the Island of Cyprus to be occupied and administered by England." Thus England is trebly bound to see that there is no misgovernment in the Turkish provinces inhabited by the Armenians.

The Armenians themselves were disillusionized in their expectation of *effectual* protection pending the execution of reforms. For a time they were held in check, however, by English ministerial assurances that their interests would not suffer by substituting the collective guaranty of six Powers for one Power's guaranty of reforms.

But, so far as we know, the collective guaranty has never assured a single reform among the Armenians. This does not mean that the Sultan has not made some seductive promises of reform, forced thereto by the many reports to their Governments by foreign consuls of Turkish atrocities. He has. The promises have generally been received by the Powers, and by the British in particular, with "a hope that the Porte will lose no time in bringing to justice the perpetrators of the outrage." Little, if any, definite action by the Powers has followed. England's particular inaction has not unnaturally caused the bitter Armenian complaint that she had received Cyprus as the price of such inaction.

From time to time in England a brave voice has been lifted in protest. Lord Sherbrooke declared that English policy "had turned the keys of hell" upon the Christians of Turkey, and Gladstone thus replied to a specious statement: "Do not let me be told that one nation has no authority over another. Every nation and, if need be, every human being has authority on behalf of humanity and justice." Had the English Government heeded this warning, the Armenian massacres might have been prevented.

England's inertness in compelling good government in place of bad in the regions which she had sworn to protect was gratifyingly changed a fortnight ago. The British battle-ship Triumph appeared off Suadia, not far from Beirût, where outrages had been recurring, and the situation was immediately relieved. Why was not similar action taken whenever outrages have been reported in the provinces inhabited by the Armenians? And what would happen if England seized the principal Turkish ports and customs pending the introduction of reforms in those provinces? In other words, what would happen if England did her duty?

THE OUTLOOK FOR THE THEATER

For the last twenty years critics and students who have kept in touch with literary conditions in this country have predicted a revival of the drama. Mr. Stedman's faith in coming American plays of literary quality and significance was unshaken; and there is much to justify it. Such a book as Mr. Percy Mackaye's discussion of "The Playhouse and the Play" (Macmillan) is significant. Mr. Mackaye is himself one of the foremost members of the little group of American playwrights. His delightful drama, published a few years ago, "The Canterbury Pilgrims," was notable both for its humor and its lyric quality. In its variety, freshness, and human feeling it seemed to revive something of the atmosphere and spirit of Chaucer himself. "Joan of Arc" was played with Miss Marlowe in the title rôle, and gave pleasure to those theater-goers who have not lost their delight in English verse. "Mater," probably the most original of Mr. Mackaye's dramas, was apparently on the road to success when it was withdrawn from the stage last autumn. There is good hope that it will reappear at a later time. Mr. Mackaye is the prophet of the drama as an art, and of the theater, not only as a place of entertainment but as a place of civic impulse. In his judgment, the vital problems of the drama in this country to-day do not relate to dramatic art; they concern the possibilities for the production of such an art. The questions are not so much æsthetic as civic questions. In five essays Mr. Mackaye presents what he regards as the influences which the theater, as at present conducted, exerts upon the drama, the civic status of the profession of the dramatist, the possible goal for our native drama, the need of thought, especially in that profession, and the resources of art for public service. In the Anglo-Saxon tradition the theater holds an unclassified place in the structure of society. Its influence on the lives of men has been recognized; but it has never, among English-speaking peoples, been utilized. It has never been thought of as one of the great forces of citizenship. It was early treated with indifference and contempt, and the Puritan movement definitely placed it under the disapprobation of society. It has been from the beginning a bohemian institution. Americans have inherited the Anglo-Saxon tradition and the point of view of the Puritan. The result of this attitude has been that the theater, a kind of social outcast, has indulged the public taste instead of guiding it.

On the Continent, on the other hand, play-writing has been regarded as an art, and the theater as distinctly a stronghold of art as the picture gallery. It has had the material support, the protection, and the fostering encouragement of kings, courts, and governments, and artists have had a certain social respect and influence. For many generations in France and Germany the theater has had a direct effect upon manners and civilization, and has dealt vitally and freshly with social and intellectual problems, exerting, however, little influence on national issues, industry, and statecraft. The Greek theater held a first place as an art, and also as a political force. It played a great part in the life of the State. It dealt only with themes of universal interest. It spoke to the whole people, and its work had immense civic importance.

In the light of the Greek and Continental developments of the drama and the theater, the prostitution of the stage in many cases, upon which The Outlook commented editorially last week, stands out with shocking distinctness. Never, surely, has a great art fallen upon more evil days or its practice sunk into the hands of more mercenary managers. Side by side, however, with this degradation of the stage, must be offset the appearance of such a book as Mr. Mackaye's, and of the work of a group of native writers of the drama, both in verse and prose, whose work has not only the quality of art, but who invest the play with its ancient dignity. Mr. Mackaye is one of the American dramatists who, during the last few years, have produced plays of notable distinction. Mr. William Vaughn Moody's "The Fire Bringer" was not without its faults; but it was nobly conceived, and in many passages rose to a great height of poetic excellence. His prose play, "The Faith Healer," recently published, is a venture at once serious and poetic; and in "The Great Divide" Mr. Moody has shown ability as a practical playwright, and has won a marked popular success. Mr. Torrence's "Abelard and Héloise" dealt with a subject fundamentally beyond the range of the drama, but presented it with lyrical eloquence and feeling. Mrs. Olive T. Dargan's "Lords and Lovers and Other Dramas," while it shows certain signs of immaturity, is distinctly promising, both from a dramatic and a poetic point of view.

This list leaves out of the question a number of very successful playwrights who have used their material distinctively for dramatic rather than for literary purposes, but who have put upon the stage plays which are witty, interesting, and wholesome. Mr. Augustus Thomas holds a foremost place among these practical playwrights, whose success is constantly confuting the statement of some of the managers that in order to win public support a play must be indecent.

The growing interest in the drama as an instrument of education cannot have escaped the attention of thoughtful people. Under Mr. Baker the course in dramatic literature at Harvard has awakened the deepest interest and has borne fruit in several effective plays. And, so far as student interest is concerned, this is true of the instruction in dramatic literature in some other colleges. More significant, however, is the growing use of the play as a part of the teaching of literature. The success of the Smith College presentation of Shakespeare and other dramas has become a tradition, and its teaching value, both from the standpoint of literature and of vocal training, has practically established it as part of the curriculum of the College. It is a good many years since Harvard presented "Œdipus Tyrannus," and led the way in a revival of the classic drama among colleges, which has reached the Pacific coast, and found perhaps its most beautiful setting in the open-air theater at Berkeley, at the University of California. Many other plays of a later period are being presented as part of the teaching of the drama. Last year, under the direction of Professor Lewis Perry, there was a very successful presentation at Williamstown of Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus" during Commencement week, and at the coming Commencement Marlowe's "Jew of Malta" will be given under the auspices of the English Departments. These interpretations have greatly encouraged the study of the dramatists.

The opening of the New Theater in New York City, which will take place in the autumn, promises to inaugurate a new era by providing a place where the classic drama can once more be presented with adequate staging and action. During the past winter a very interesting experiment has been tried under the direction of the Art Institute of Chicago, and will be repeated next year. Mr. Donald Robertson and his company have produced during the past season Milton's "Comus," Ibsen's "John Gabriel Borkman," Goethe's "Torquato Tasso," Voltaire's "The Prodigal," Goldoni's "The Curious Mishap," and Browning's "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon." The autumnal season will be inaugurated by presenting Molière's "Tartuffe." The company has really created an audience, as a high-class play, properly presented, can always do, the sensational managers to the contrary notwithstanding. Chicago audiences have had the opportunity of studying on the stage the drama of literary quality from the days of Milton to those of Sudermann. The same company is presenting plays of the same order before many of the leading universities and colleges in the Central West. The Ben Greet Players have been doing a similar work with their out-of-door performances; and their renderings of Shakespeare are familiar in many Eastern and Southern institutions. This year the Colburn Players will present, among other plays, Mr. Percy Mackaye's "The Canterbury Pilgrims." One swallow does not make a summer, nor do a group of high-class plays presented before select audiences constitute a revival of the classic drama; but all these facts taken together are highly significant by reason of their definite educational influence. While cheap plays dealing with adultery in all its forms with wearisome insistence and without a touch of art hold the stage in many theaters, the real drama, whose function is to teach, is slowly rising into the view of a large group of educated men and women in all parts of the country.

THE DEFECTS OF OUR COLLEGES

A DIAGNOSIS AND A REMEDY

Two years ago Mr. Clarence F. Birdseye offered in his volume on "Individual Training in Our Colleges"[1] a searching criticism of the American college. This year he has offered in his volume on "The Reorganization of Our Colleges"[2] a comprehensive suggestion as to what should be done to make the American college efficient. In the former volume there was constructive suggestion, but it was incidental; in the latter volume, though his criticism is restated and in some respects made more emphatic, the constructive suggestion is the chief subject.

Stated very briefly, and therefore imperfectly, Mr. Birdseye's criticism is this: While educators have been wrestling with big questions of administration and general problems of pedagogy, they have been overlooking the problem of training the individual student that his mental processes may become efficient, his moral character sturdy, and his powers so developed as to make him a resourceful and useful member of society. The professional athletic coach is in this respect an example which teachers might well follow. He is judged by results, and he gets them. And he gets his results by individual training. Mr. Birdseye undertakes to show how the early methods, when American college students were regarded as "children," once effected individual training, and yet how those methods cannot be applied to-day. He argues strongly for more attention to matters that are extra-pedagogical. Though Mr. Birdseye does not sufficiently recognize, perhaps, certain forms of success in education, he has unquestionably diagnosed the chief ill from which the American college suffers. So long as a large proportion of undergraduates loaf their way through college, and throughout their course set their minds on what ought to be subsidiary to the purpose of the student, and so long as college authorities fail to mold the life of the student body outside of the time devoted to college exercises, so long the college cannot well plead not guilty. The college fraternity, the college club, the college boarding-place, in other words, the place where the student eats, the place where he sleeps, the place where his life centers, make what Mr. Birdseye calls the college home. What he states regarding the relation between college vices and the "college home" will make thoughtful any reader who knows what it means to be anxious for the moral safety of some undergraduate.

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[1] Individual Training in Our Colleges. By Clarence F. Birdseye. The Macmillan Company, New York.

[2] The Reorganization of Our Colleges. By Clarence F. Birdseye. The Baker & Taylor Company, New York.

Mr. Birdseye believes that he has a "remedy for the student life department." This, briefly and therefore inadequately expressed, is that the college follow the method of the modern commercial corporation. Lest this should suggest that the author would have the college more thoroughly commercialized than it is now, we hasten to correct any such misapprehension. The college collects, analyzes, and interprets the facts about everything but itself. It does not know whether its student body is unduly emphasizing rank, or athletics, or club life. It guesses, but it does not know, what legitimate factors in college activities have been unduly increased. There ought, therefore, it is urged, to be a department, distinct from all the other departments, whose function it should be to study the conditions in the college, discover where it is weak, and plan its organization.

This function is not a pedagogic function; it is administrative. As a corporation lawyer, Mr. Birdseye has seen how great commercial concerns have grown efficient by virtue of calling to their service men trained as organizers. These men do not deal with business questions, but with questions concerning the organization and management of men. They are, in a sense, social engineers. The colleges make the mistake of imagining that because they deal mostly with human factors their problems are different from those which confront a business, and are more difficult. Mr. Birdseye answers:

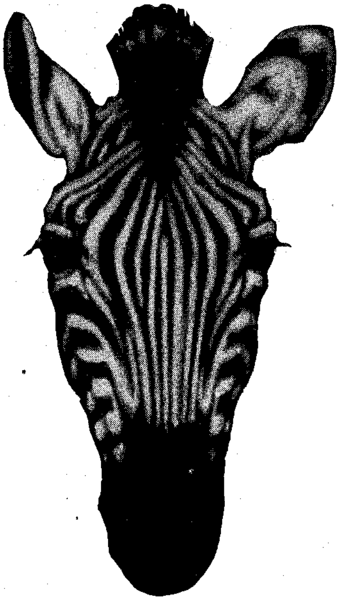
> On the contrary, it is the human factor which is the most troublesome in every business affair. The administrative problems of the college should be, and are, far simpler than those of a great business: first, because they arise in one spot and are not scattered over wide areas in the hands of underlings; second, because they arise among and deal with our highest class of educated, ambitious young men, and not among a crowd of foreigners unacquainted with our language, customs, or traditions; and, third, because the authorities have control over the community and home life of the students, and so in one sense reserve the right to act *in loco parentis*. The ill success is due, not to the inherent difficulty of the problems, but to the fact that the interests involved—the education of our future problem-solvers—are so important that any failure whatever therein is noticeable and blamable.

The introduction into the college of the sort of administrative department that has successfully developed such a huge organization as the United States Steel Corporation or the Standard Oil Company would, in Mr. Birdseye's view, so far from commercializing the college, restore to it ideals of cultivation and scholarliness which it has largely lost.

How the present lack of system lays upon college professors duties of administration that interfere with their real work, introduce organization questions into places where they do not belong, and thus seriously tend to degrade the work of the college; how the introduction of a distinct administrative department would bring relief; how it would economize the force resident in the teachers; how it would tend to individualize college teaching and training; how it would study the field which the college serves; how it would reorganize college finance on the one side, and college marking systems on the other; how it would bring about a reform in the college life of the students; how it would do these and many other things, Mr. Birdseye points out with considerable detail.

He has put his finger on the most serious defect in our American colleges; he has analyzed that defect with great skill and has shown how composite it is; and he has offered, so far as we know, the only remedy that appears to be as comprehensive as the ill it is designed to cure. It is not a panacea; but it is certainly a remedy not for symptoms but for the ailment itself. The governing bodies of our colleges and universities ought to be acquainted with these books, and ought not to refuse the author's advice unless they find a clearer diagnosis and a better treatment elsewhere.

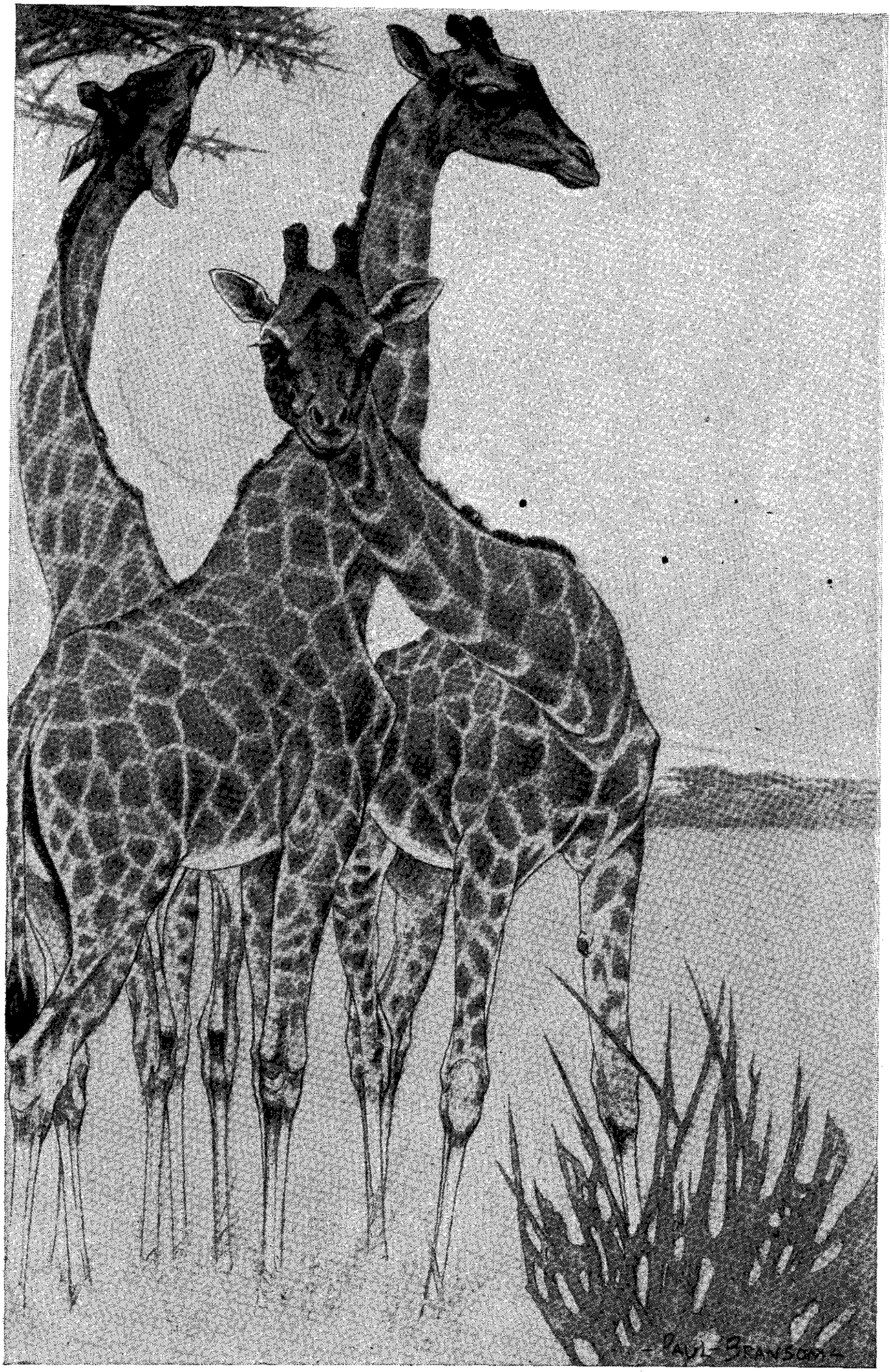
In Africa



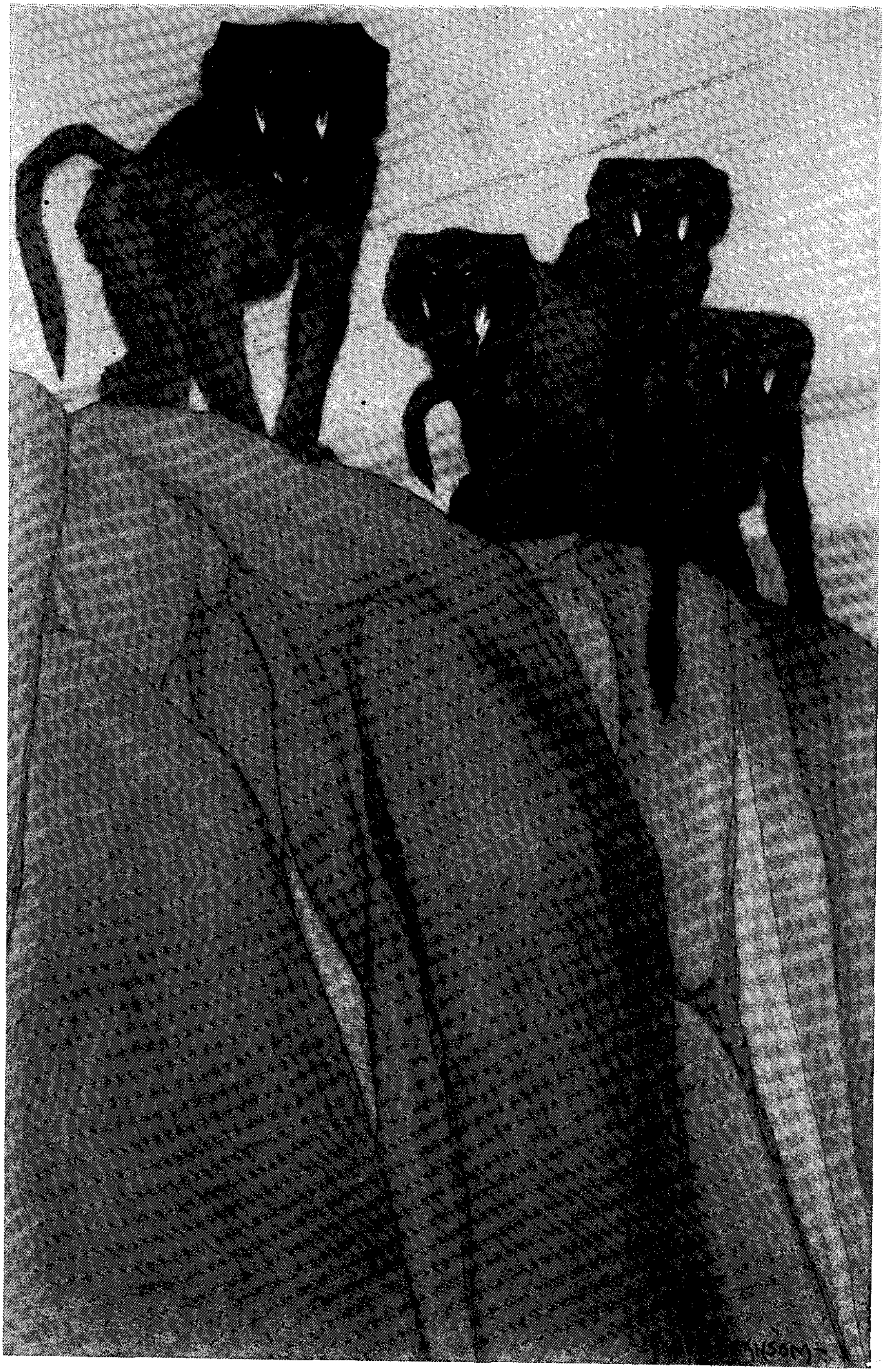
A Morning Ride to Kenia

A Hunting Experience by
W. S. Rainsford

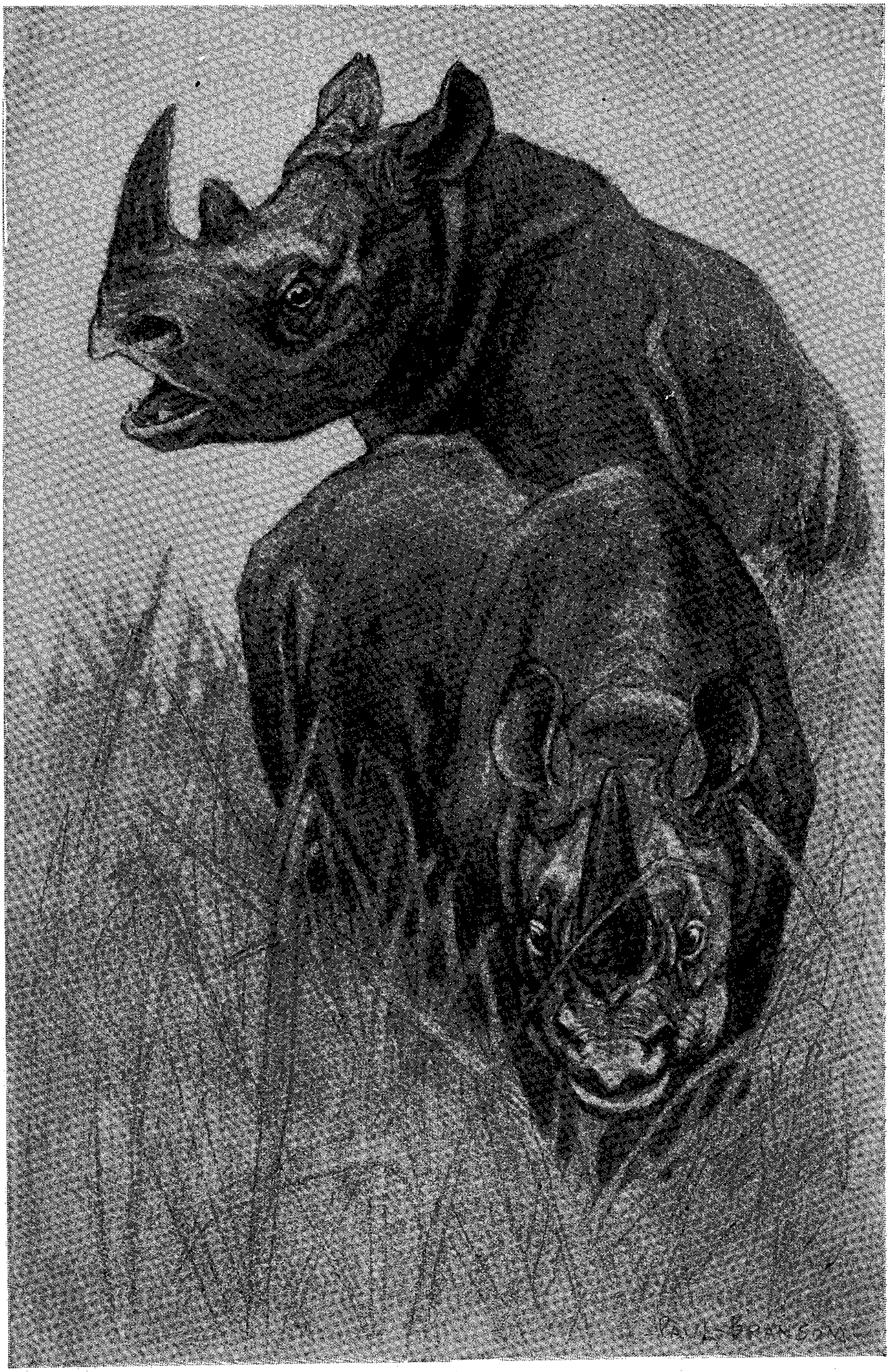
Animal Drawings by
Paul Bransom


PAUL BRANSOM

"TO SEE THE GIRAFFE'S BEAUTIFULLY MOTTLED SKIN TOWERING UP AMONG AND OVER THE FLAT GREEN THORN TREES."



"IT WAS SIMPLY THE ANGRY PROTEST OF A LARGE BAND OF BABOONS AGAINST OUR INTRUSION"


PAUL BRANSOM

"SUDDENLY WE COME ON TWO RHINOS FEEDING AMONG THE BRUSH"

A Morning Ride to Kenia

A Hunting Experience by

W. S. Rainsford

WHEN the weather is at all fine I always breakfast in the open, by the still glowing embers of the watch-fire of the night before. Just as I had finished my meal this morning—it is August the 5th—the sun's rim rose over the plain (my back was to the sunrise), and quickly out of the gray dawning light a perfect rainbow shaped itself, so near, so clear, that one could surely mark the very spot where would at last be found by somebody the "Golden Key" which, as every well-educated child knows, or used to know, I should say, lies hidden in the ground on the place the rainbow starts from. There was not yet enough sunshine to make the edges of this sunrise rainbow very distinct, but the arch of it was very high and very perfect, and in the middle of its great bow all the morning vapors had taken on a soft, rosy tinge, something wonderful to see.

"A rainbow at morning the shepherd's warning," says the old Scotch saw. At the Equator nature will not be bound by the rigid rules of the North, so my rainbow ushered in a delightful day.

It is said that there is but little color among the trees and shrubs of this part of Africa. But color's variety makes its presence all the more welcome when you light on it. Here, as I ride, is color indeed. It brushes against my mule, raises its sweetness to my face, hangs on all sides ready to be plucked and appreciated. The way winds among scattered thickets of straggling gray bush—not to be particularly noticed till its flowering time comes (which seems to last many weeks); but then stop and examine what it offers you. In rows of from three to eight, on the end of each bending stem, the beautiful yellow blossoms, almost four inches long, hang. At a few feet distance they look like Maréchal Niel roses, half-blown, growing on a gray althea bush; and, indeed, if you imagine an althea flower, four inches long and pendant, with five petals that overlap each other (I have no botany book with me, I am ashamed to say—I have forgotten how many petals the althea has) and are so thick and rich in color that the flower is solid and heavy as it hangs, not spread out flat along the parent stem as the pretty althea, but bravely swinging free—you would have some idea of my nameless yellow African beauty. The pistil is of a rich crimson, and so waxen that even in blotting-paper all beauty is crushed and lost if you try to dry it. The calyx is soft green. The petals are a brilliant scarlet at the base. Like many another beautiful and interesting thing in the land, this flower, I fear, is nameless. When some one does give it a name, I plead for something better than an inch or more of hyphenated Latin. There is, too, an orchid that hangs out now and then a flaming spot of crimson from its background and anchorage of cactus brush. The flowers are closely bunched together, about an inch and a half in length, little frills of yellow on their lip. A pretty orchid that shrivels and falls when you touch it, but, left alone, seems somehow to get a good living, even alongside the warlike cactus.

The country round here for many miles is flat, and when the veldt is flat and has been regularly pastured by herds or game after the rains, blue, yellow, white, and mauve flowers grow in patches close to the ground. One, very like a single primrose in shape, color, and smell, is lovely. It raises its two inches of height from an inconspicuous little bunch of gray leaves, and lives but a day or two.

And now, still following the river's course toward the blue-wooded ridges that skirt the great mountains, the whole aspect of things changes. The tiresome euphorbia and its spiny following are all left behind and beneath me. The pretty cedar-like thorn trees still grow along the river bank, but mingling with them are others that tell of the mountain near by. The juniper—perhaps the best timber tree in East Africa—begins to show itself; not yet the stately tree with straight stem rising one hundred feet and more, free of knot or branch, which we left amid the dark woodlands beyond Eldama Ravine. But stunted though they be—for the land is too hot and sandy and dry for them to flourish in—they are good to see.

Here and there you notice a graceful rounded mass of rich lilac flowers—one of the most beautiful sights the forest has to show. I cannot find any one who knows its name; it is commonly called the chestnut tree,[1] but I can see no resemblance whatever to the chestnut, unless it be a prickly burr which protects the seed. Seen at a few feet distance the flowers are ragged, but from the ground the effect it presents of masses and bunches of fresh lilac color is very striking indeed. It grows as high as sixty feet. The stem is smooth and graceful. The crown spreads wide and is one mass of bloom. I have not seen it growing anywhere at a height of less than 7,000 feet.

As I mount higher still, the wild olive crowns the river banks and in single trees and small groves is scattered over the steep stony slopes of the bordering hills. The color and height of the African wild olive (a common tree) is very much the same as its Italian cousin. And I could almost fancy that I was riding beneath a neglected olive slope in those parts of Tuscany where the poor land scarcely repays the toil of the peasant, and the terraces have been allowed to crumble away. Now I turn my mule's head for an hour or two away from the river, and, scrambling up the stony slope that leads to the level country to my left, I am face to face with a totally different scene.

The suddenness, the unexpectedness of this land is one of its many charms. A ride of a few miles is full of surprises. You never can tell what you will meet or see.

The spaciousness of the splendid landscape, the mountains standing solitary, alone, as though they would not be crowded on, make this unlike any land I have seen.

I am on the northwest side of Kenia, about forty miles still from the mountain's base, though it is hard to believe it. And behind me and before me as I face it, the level country is thickly sown for twenty-five miles with great masses of red granite, outcroppings of the same formation. A Celt would say that the devil or the giants had been at war or play in the old days, and that these rocks were the mighty sling-stones they had hurled from the mountains at each other. Some of them are one hundred feet high, some nearer four hundred feet—all are imposing.

Round their rocky bases the grass grows so smooth and fresh, it might be a carefully tended lawn. Sometimes the dust of the great stones must have added a richness to the soil; and the sward, smooth still, has buried their broad bases for some feet under its carpet. Then the prairie falls away from one, and rises gently towards the next in curves and dips of green.

They are half a mile apart, or only fifty yards, as it may be. Some rise sheer and steep with no crack or crevice for bush or vine. On some dwarfed wild fig trees climb and cling. All are of a rich red granite, and the sides and crowns shine and glisten gloriously in the light of the rising and setting sun. In the highest and most inaccessible, great troops of little gray monkeys have found the safest of hiding-places and of homes. There no climbing serval, cat, or leopard can do them harm, and up and down the sheer sides of the cliffs they race and play—they look just like flies walking on the ceiling; not like animals at all.

As I came between two of these great turreted rocky islands, there suddenly arose an outcry so dreadful that I took my rifle quickly from my gun-boy. What could it be? Had a family of lions cornered a herd of zebra on the other side of the rock? and was the hideous outcry the shrill death-cry of the zebra and the fierce growling of the lion echoed back by the rocky walls? It was simply the angry protest of a large band of baboons against our intrusion. I had often seen baboons before, and in large troops too, but had never heard their war-cry. It was a truly dreadful cry. I can think of nothing to liken it to but a fire in a madhouse when the flames might reach men, women, and children at once. The simile is a horrid one, I admit, but the crying and screeching were worse than anything I ever heard in my life.

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[1] Calidendron. I have since learned it to be well known in other parts of Africa.

As I got nearer still to the densely wooded country that lies before me, the masses of rock gradually soften their outline and merge themselves in higher and more regular hills and ridges, always covered with greenery, that rise up and up till they meet the great flanks of Kenia. The sun was now high in the heaven—yet the vapors still clung among these purple-blue foothills. In other lands you see the clouds rise up slowly, steadily from the woodland. Here sometimes they have a way of rising all their own—the breeze bids them be going, but they linger and cling as it were to their home of the night that is over. I am not pressing too far a mere fancy; I am stating a literal fact. The clouds seem to drop cloudy anchor-lines that from five or ten miles distance look as though they were twisted round the very tree-tops. The snowy, feathery mass of them yields to the air and floats away. But each several cloud has its trailers behind it that bind it to the forest tops The effect when the sun shines full on forest and mountain is very wonderful. It is as though a mighty army were camped in the great woodlands, and that hidden among the trees ten thousand camp-fires were sending up columns of silvery smoke. I have seen the same effect in early morning along the slopes of Mount Elgon.

Here, as I have said, it is the unexpected that happens. Suddenly we come on two rhinos feeding among the brush. As we climb a ridge we are close to them before either party is aware of the other. I have been scribbling notes as I ride, but the note-book is now hurriedly pocketed. Ugly brutes they surely are, and dangerous as they are ugly. Now, a sporting license issued by the Government of the Protectorate only permits the holder to kill two rhinos. Personally, I think this is a mistake. All rhinos should be shot on sight. They are a common nuisance—too common hereabouts—useless for food, and especially dangerous to unarmed people. The natives dread them. I have in another part of the country already taken half my allowance of rhinos, and as neither of these has the one redeeming feature allowed to a rhino, a good horn, they are safe so far as I am concerned—so there is nothing to be done but to go round them, which I do, my syce, with the memory of the buffalo column still in his soul, crowding up close on the guns with the led mule. As we make a circle, we draw off to one side and pass close to a winding watercourse, dry in the hot weather, but holding running water now, which gurgles among tall grass and thorn bushes, its sides rocky and steep. A little ridge runs from the hill we have had to turn down from in order to go round the rhino almost to the edge of the watercourse, and shuts off our view of a sharp bend in its stream. The gully makes another bend to meet this ridge, so, as our heads rise above it, there lies a little tongue-shaped promotory before us, and we stand on high ground at its center. A few yards away is a whole family of ostriches, cock bird and hen, and eight half-grown chicks. (They would stand over five feet high.) For a moment dire confusion reigns; for the ostrich is exceedingly shy and wary even in his unwedded days; when the old birds have a brood, they are the very carefulest of all wild creatures. And if the Syrian ostriches, as the Good Book says, left their eggs to take their chances in the sand, their African cousins do nothing of the sort.

The birds, old and young, run hither and thither. The watercourse is not to be attempted; father and mother might get over, but the tenderer bodies of the chicks could not endure the thorn bushes or the sharp rocks. Presently the hen rushes off to our left, but the cock is not of her mind at all. He chooses a braver and, as it turns out, a wiser course. In some way or other he impresses his will on his eight frightened children. Led by the boldest chick, they form "line ahead," and, with their pretty brown fluffy wings half spread, sail steadily by us, keeping distance, as though they were a line of battle-ships, the cock in the rear. Then when the father realizes how close his brood must come to us in passing, he deliberately leaves the rear of the family column, and splendidly sails along between the enemy and his children. He seemed to look right into my face as he went by, not thirty yards away. It was a rare and beautiful sight.

But the morning wasn't over yet, and I was to have another and very near sight of an animal that always seems to me one of the most attractive in Africa.

I never care to shoot a giraffe. As a specimen he is unnatural unless mounted as he stands, and standing he would look uncouth unless one found him some such place to stand in as the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. (He would look better there, by the way, than some of the things now in it.)

The giraffe is too old to shoot; no one can tell how old he is—much older probably than the elephant. And no one would dream of shooting an elephant were he not prodigiously destructive to the farmer, and were his tusks not worth a great deal of money. But the giraffe is perfectly harmless; he was never known to hurt any one, and he gets his living off the upper boughs of thorn trees, which no one can reach but himself, and nobody else would eat if he could reach them. To see the giraffe's beautifully mottled skin towering up among and over the flat green thorn trees is surely one of the strangest and most beautiful sights the animal world offers man. As he stands and dips and bends and twists his nine-foot-long neck in and out among the armed branches of the tree he is grace personified. I was watching seven of these creatures, the king, his harem and his children, all gathered round one green-topped tree. From seven points of vantage they dipped into it at once, stooping under an unusually thinly armed bough bending on another. Their necks seemed to twist two or three ways at once. I had the good fortune to be able to come very near without alarming them—less than one hundred yards—and with my Zeiss glass could see them as though they were not more than ten yards away. But when at last the treacherous breeze betrayed us, and they plunged into flight!—well, no one could call their movements graceful. The immensely long fore legs are thrown forward, as you see a very high-stepping horse sometimes throw his fore legs forward, till the hoof, for the fraction of a second, is pointed straight out in front. The giraffe makes this motion with a sort of jerk at the end of it, as though he intended in the first instance to fling his hoof as far forward as he could, and then with a sort of afterthought brings it to the ground. As it reaches earth he flounders forward with his high shoulders, and lifts both ungainly hind legs together, lifting and planting them together or almost together. There is a great antediluvian lizard known to us, who had two brains, one to move his body and another to move his abnormally long tail. It looks as though the giraffe, like the long lizard, needed two brains also, one to move his hind legs and another to move his fore legs, and as though the two brains wouldn't act perfectly together.

And now, coming back towards the river, camp is near. Is it possible that this upper country, so fresh, so green, so shady, where streams run clear as in the hills of Ireland or Scotland, lies within twenty-five miles of the rhino cactus stronghold? This is the land of surprises indeed. A few hours ago you dismounted from your mule if you were wise—for rhinos seem to have a peculiar aversion to mules (as the story of the killing of Mr. Schauffaker's mule by one of them and his own very narrow escape proves)—and walked warily in the spiny jungle of Africa proper. Footprints of lion and rhino crossed and recrossed the way. And from the river sandbank the cruel crocodile pushed noiselessly into the yellow stream. Here is another land, a land where soft green meadows, in curving swells, press up to the very edges of dense mountain forests, as though they were English parklands browsed by the deer. And sheer down on you looks the brow of as glorious a mountain as there is in the world.

This land of Kenia is indeed a land of surprises. The mountain was ascended by one party with immense difficulty five years ago. The ascent was made on the southern side, and, to judge from photographs I have seen, this side presents almost insuperable difficulties.

The northern side of the mountain, as I drew near it, seemed to me to offer a much easier approach, at least up to the great hollow from which rises a mass of upper rocky bastions which from this side (the northern) are unscalable. A calamity overtook our *safari* when we had reached the foot, or almost the foot, of these northern slopes. The man we had trusted to provision our men failed us completely. The buffalo herds which we had come to seek had been driven away by the Masai cattle herds. We were out of *potis* and in an almost gameless land; nothing remained for us to do but to send almost all our men back to Laikipia to get food, and while we awaited their return from the journey of seventy miles we were chained to camp. I enjoyed the ever-changing view of the mountain. But I greatly longed to be able to push nearer and explore its northern side even for a little way. This was impossible: there were not enough men left in camp to move our tents, so I had to content myself by riding as far as my mule could carry me in a day.

I came to the conclusion that the forest belt here was not nearly so dense as on the other sides, and that a way through it might be found without any extraordinary difficulty.

On returning to Narobi, what was my chagrin on learning that a surveying party led by Mr. McGregor Ross was, at the very time we were restlessly waiting for our supplies at the foot of the mountain, making its way through the very forest belt that daily I searched with my glasses, and that, having done so, they camped on the bare heathy uplands that rose gradually to snow-level, and at a height of over ten thousand feet made a complete circuit of the peaks.

The scientific results of this remarkable expedition will soon be published, and with them I hope will appear in some more popular form Mr. Ross's beautiful series of telephotic photographs.

Mr. Ross tells me that a path through heavy woods and giant bamboo (the bamboo was often over sixty feet in height) was found. He passed these supposedly insuperable obstacles in ten days' march, and after this the upper mountain lands presented no difficulty whatever.

A trip to the snow basin of Kenia will now be within the power of any reasonably equipped *safari*. Eight days from Nairasha should see camp pitched on the edge of its principal glacier. So much for the unexpected in East Africa.

The herds of elephant and buffalo were common amid these untrodden mountain solitudes. The explorers' time, however, was so taken up with scientific work that no hunting was done.

All around Kenia on the dry slopes of the Quasi Nyero, and farther to the northeast, in the little-known district of Meru, once dangerous but now pacified, is the chosen home of the rhino. It was in marching through the cactus lands of the Quasi Nyero that Chanter's expedition in the early nineties was so tormented by their constant attentions. Lieutenant von Höhnel was terribly wounded by one of them, and had to be carried to the coast. The prolonged agony of such a journey cannot be imagined by any who have not been in the country. After von Höhnel received what was almost a death-wound, on three occasions the porters carrying him were so fiercely charged that they let fall the unfortunate man's litter, and so almost extinguished the spark of life that nothing but his indomitable pluck kept alight.

Three of the porters were killed, so it was no heedless panic merely that made them drop their suffering charge.

I had in this very same cactus jungle on this same river the only narrow escape from injury I experienced in East Africa.

Two or three miles back from the river are to be found small bands of that rare and graceful little antelope, the geranuk. The neck is long and most flexible, like that of a small giraffe; the horns are somewhat like those of a reed-buck, but turned inwards at the tip. It doesn't bound away as do other small antelopes, but throws the fore feet forward in a springing and exceedingly fast trot. I fancy this is the only place in the Protectorate where they are to be found. You are limited to two bucks, and may count yourself lucky if you can get one. Given time and patience and fair shooting, you may expect that one, and should, I think, be content after that to leave the shy, graceful creatures alone. Further out on the veldt, between the sparsely wooded hills and plains that stretch forty miles to the basin of Kenia, the oryx is found in abundant numbers. This is surely one of the finest African antelopes and carries one of the most beautiful of heads—male and female both carry horns. The horns of the bull are thicker, those of the cow often the longer. I would earnestly advise your not being in too great a hurry to shoot the first you see. Learn first to distinguish between bulls and cows. Look at them patiently with your glass. Crawl near. If these escape you, there will be many other chances before long. You can shoot but two, and if you kill males you will not hurt the herd, for nature provides far more males than are necessary for reproduction. It is a pretty safe plan to select single bulls feeding by themselves. They nearly always carry a good horn. Oryx are sometimes rather difficult to approach; but with these antelopes, as with all big game I know of in this country, perseverance is the sure road to success. When you have selected the animal carrying the trophy you want, follow him—follow him as long as you can travel. If one stalk fails, wait a while, sit down and smoke a pipe, and follow him again. I have made four long, unsuccessful stalks in one day on oryx; then sat down and waited until they began feeding at two miles off, then made my fifth attempt and secured my head. A good bull oryx or two often accompany a large herd of zebra. It is therefore well to look the large herds of zebra over carefully with your glass. If you can separate your game from the zebra, as these often make an approach impossible, never be discouraged. Even if you find in the morning oryx almost inapproachable, later in the day you will in all likelihood secure an easy stalk.

Six or eight miles up the Quasi Nyero above its junction with the Quasi Narok, and some three or four miles out on the plain, among the giant kopjes that are here scattered over the country, seems the favorite haunt of this splendid antelope. Let me add a warning of really serious importance. Go up to a wounded oryx carefully, and above all, when you are standing over or near him, stand well clear of the sweep of the long, sharp horns. He can, even when dying, deliver a lightning-like sweeping thrust. In this way one of our gun-bearers, an old and careful hand, was wounded in the leg. Lions have been found dead, impaled on a dead oryx's horns.

On these great game-browsed meadows, and around the red granite kopjes that dot them, many lions still roam. You will nightly hear their deep coughing, grunting cry. They seem to go to bed very early in the morning, and unless you are lucky enough to find them loitering on their "kill" of the night before, they are hard to see. If you are well mounted or have a Somali or gun-bearer mounted on a swift pony to round them up, Laikipia plain is an ideal place to get them.

Grant are to be seen here, but not in as large herds as are common south of the railway and east of Nairasha plain. Nor do these grant carry as long a horn. These of Laikipia are the Grantii Notata, a different variety. The beautiful horn does not branch as widely, and curves more decidedly forward. A twenty-four-inch measurement is a good trophy.

I must not forget the giraffe. But somehow I have never been able to think of these strange, great Old World creatures as things to be shot. Here they can be seen and studied at leisure; for near the river, and north to within a few miles of the mountain, herds of from five to fifteen are common.

I shot a wild dog on the plateau which I am strongly inclined to think is a distinct species. It is quite smooth-skinned—no hair anywhere on the body, only a few sparse white hairs on the tip of the tail. It is not more than two-thirds of the size of the ordinary hunting-dog. It is quite black, and resembles closely a Mexican hound. And twice I heard it bark distinctly. Other wild dogs may bark, but I never heard them utter any cry at all resembling a bark. Three or four times I had an opportunity of examining the dog carefully with my glasses, and also twice I had one thrust his head out of a bush and very distinctly bark at me. If this species is distinct, it is as yet unknown to science. To give some idea of the game resources of this splendid country I will enumerate what I saw during one morning's ride: Zebra; eland, two hundred; grant, several hundred; wild dog; five rhino; one leopard; giraffe, twenty; klepspringers, impala, three large herds; ostrich, steinbuck, duiker buck, and geranuk.

There is another attraction that the Laikipia plateau north of Mount Kenia possesses. I name it last, though to my mind that is not by any means its place. The country is watered abundantly, for Africa, by streams, hill or mountain born; and these, especially in Masai, with its great cattle herds, soon lose their clear flow and become more or less turbid and yellow. Still, their waters are sweet and cool, and are safe to drink without boiling. The one stream I now write about is unlike any I have found in Africa. It leaves the mountain by way of one of the many gorges that, like great ribs, seam its sides. There, somewhere among tangled forest, as yet impenetrable, it has its spring sources. It has somehow chosen for itself a different course from that of the other brooks, which, flowing downwards, make the Quasi Nyero River; for these, a few miles from the mountain, are yellow, while this stream runs clear and cold as a trout stream in New or Old England. Its flow is so rapid that after a few miles it cuts for itself a gorge among the hills, and by the time it reaches the more level country that rises toward the base of the mountain it has worn a veritable cañon deep in the grassy slope.

I am sitting, as I write, on a red granite kopje, some half-mile from the edge. I can see the whole course of this mountain stream till it joins the large volume of the Quasi Nyero, five miles to the westward. In this very early morning light, while the vapors of the night still hang tangled in the tangled forest tops, faint silvery smoky columns of lightest spray rise above the dark tree-tops which line the little cañon, marking each of them the place where it rushes downward in a rapid or tumbles to a fall.

Cañons, and clear streams, are almost unknown here, and this one will repay a long ride. Indeed, there is no better camping-place in all the country. Its head waters are, I suppose, more frequented by buffalo than any other region, except it be the far lower and less healthy banks of the Tana River. And in its beautiful hidden woodlands you can always hear in the early morning the strange cry of the colobus monkey, just like a coffee-mill ground rapidly.

I spent many a delightful hour exploring its banks and watching its delicious flow, so clear of all mud and swamp stain. The tree ferns love its cool shade. Many varieties unknown to me grow there—little delicate fronded things like tiny branches of parsley, clumps of maidenhair, and others with hanging, curling leaves; some on the bank, some on great tree stems. You may ride within one hundred yards of that cañon's edge on green grass land, smoothly cropped, and, but for the broad tree-tops just raising themselves above the level sward, you could have no idea that a gorge of fully a hundred feet deep lay at your feet.

Then, as you walk for miles along its edge, you can study leisurely that new, strange upper world of the trees that you have so often longed to look into.

The heavy forests of Africa are, as I have said, usually dark, dank, unhealthy. The wild pig and an occasional bush buck are the only animals that haunt them. But the upper world of the tree-tops is full of life. There, monkeys swing from bough to bough with extraordinary quickness. Parrots screech to their fellows, and the purple pigeons fly to and fro. But all is alive, and beyond you, as you walk in semi-darkness, or rather crawl, torn, scratched at every step, from the cañon's crest you have a clear view of what you never saw before; the world, where the insects, the birds, the monkeys find a safe and sunny home; a region different as fancy can paint it from the somber tangle below.

Besides, the little river, in cutting its way so deeply, has made a well-watered botanical garden all its own. There great trees grow and sweet flowers bloom that are strangers to the country around. Here is the stateliest tree in Africa, the juniper, whose great stem rises majestically before you as you painfully force your way amid the dark places of the great woods, but whose feathery boughs you never saw before, so densely packed and laced together are those forest tops. Here they are open to the daylight. You can study at your leisure the gnarled twistings of those splendid limbs, and they remind you of one of those trees Rousseau has so wonderfully painted against a background of crimson sun-setting. A tree to dream of, but rarely see. Here the wide-spreading chestnut finds all the space it needs for its great bouquet-like crown of rich lilac blossom, and groups of them take up all the cañon from side to side. The precipitous sides of the cañon have saved all these from the devastating, greedy grass fire, and they sink their roots safely in the cool, well-watered soil. On the plain alone grow juniper and olive trees in scattered thousands, but all are ragged and scorched. The junipers for half their stunted growth are wretched and unsightly. The olive trees bloom only at the crowns; when they live at all they live a life of protest. The hardy thorn tree alone shows scarcely a sign of these fierce recurrent purgatorial scorchings.

In the cañon fire never comes. Its rocky borders give the flames nothing to feed on, and thus it is that within it you find a secluded little woodland, naturally watered. Darkness and dampness make the forests unpleasant and uninteresting, even when they are penetrable, while here are a hundred little green open glades where, for part of the day, the sun shines down. Silver gray moss hangs in long waving veils from upper branches. Rich orange-colored mistletoe plants itself wherever it can see the sun. Long, delicate tree-ferns find rootage in the trees leaning close to the water. And between feathery juniper tops bunches of chestnut flowers twenty feet across make, with their gray moss wreathing, a color scheme scarcely to be matched and never to be forgotten.

The shy and pretty colobus monkey has, I say, chosen the cañon for his special haunt and home. There he is to be seen in the early morning, sitting on some topmost branch of juniper, taking a sun-bath, drying his silky coat of white and black, and his long, snowy tail, after the night-dew bath. Be merciful to him; take one specimen, or at most two, and shoot him not till you have a sure chance and are reasonably certain that he cannot escape wounded among the thick trees. His aquiline nose gives to his black face a rather unpleasantly human look, and I felt guilty when I had shot mine.

The rhinoceros is one of the stupidest and, perhaps partly from that very cause, one of the most dangerous beasts in British East Africa. He cannot distinguish a man from a tree stump at forty yards. His hearing, however, is very good indeed, and he seems to detect at once the lightest footfall. The earth seems to act as a conductor of sound to some animals more than to others. I have often noticed rhino show signs of uneasiness as I was trying to get near enough for a photograph, when it was quite impossible for them to have heard my tread. The rhino would rise from their shaded resting-place, face in every direction, sniff the breeze, and, as I stood quite still, lie down again. On my resuming my approach the same restlessness would be shown.

They will often trot up towards the long *safari* marching line, stamp and snort a little, and then walk off, generally taking a long circle, so as to get the wind of the moving human snake that slowly crawled by them. In this way they sometimes cut across the head or the tail of a column of porters, creating sudden consternation and sometimes doing damage. Once they have confirmed their suspicions by a strong sniff of the tainted air, they will either rush away at a rapid trot, which they are apt to keep up for several miles, or, if viciously disposed, which is rare, will wheel sharply up wind and charge right down on the enemy they but dimly see. Even then, nine times out of ten, a rifle ball at twenty yards hitting them anywhere about the head or the neck will make them swerve to one side in their charge, so they are not as dangerous as they look, which is fortunate, for there are few more disturbing sights than a two-ton rhino coming straight at you, his ugly head and threatening horns held well down, at a pace so fast that no good runner could keep away from him. To the unarmed man and to the native he is specially dangerous, and a good many of these latter are killed by him. As such an accident seems of smallest consequence to the herdsmen, news of it seldom reaches the local authorities. But they will drive their herds a long way round, I notice, to avoid a bit of bush into which fresh tracks of rhino lead.

Some years ago one of our most noted professors of biology interested me greatly as he showed me the skulls of Miocene rhinos. In those far-away days the beast must have been well able to take care of himself, even in the dangerous company in which he found himself. The convolutions of the brain of the Miocene rhino are fine, very much superior to those of his present-day descendant. The sawtooth tiger and cave bear took little change out of him. Indeed, he somehow so managed things that when they disappeared he survived, and saw the end of his redoubtable antagonists. Then gradually life must have become too easy for him. He was big and burly, well armed; other animals kept out of his way. The inevitable consequences ensued. Competition, keen and fierce, had kept him up. The struggle for existence had made him the formidable, brainy beast he was. The struggle over, his brain no longer put to its best use, he began, like poor Dean Swift, "to die atop." The African grass is as good as of yore. His hide is as thick, his horn as sharp, everything keeps out of his way, so he lives on, a surly, ill-natured, dangerous, and quite useless life; occupying ground that more useful and beautiful things need. Surely a striking illustration in the animal world of that universal truth we are also prone to forget: that easy times do not always make for real usefulness or greatness.

Only the other day my friend the missionary Schauffaker came very near losing his life in an encounter with a rhino. Schauffaker is pre-eminently a man of peace, and generally rides, more often walks, on his way unarmed. On this occasion he borrowed a mule from another missionary, for the road he must take was not a short one. As he was passing through some thickish brush, he was, without warning, incontinently charged by a rhino. As I have said, such an onslaught is usually made with exceeding swiftness; and though his mule swerved for his life, the cruel horns pinned him. Schauffaker is young, and a very active man. He threw himself off, and darted behind a friendly bush—all in vain. The furious beast crashed through the dense shrubbery, carrying everything before him, and when Schauffaker came to himself he was partly stunned. He held in his hand a small remnant of his sun umbrella, and a cloud of dust and trailing brush and the rest of the umbrella decorating his horn showed where the rhino was still furiously charging away.

During the night they seldom trouble the caravan. But Mr. Percivale, one of the game wardens appointed by the British East African Government, told me of an extraordinary escape he had lately. He had risen about two in the morning, and left his tent and his companion, who was sleeping in it, for a few moments. Rhino had not been common in the neighborhood for some time. There was no moon. Suddenly, in the pitchy darkness, a dark animal rushed by him. There was a crash; down went his tent; then another crash, followed by loud cries from his men. He rushed back to find his friend crawling out unhurt from the wreckage, and all bespattered with jam. He was scarcely awake, and quite at a loss to know what had happened. "Is it a tornado?" said he. Percivale's bed, from which he had risen a moment before, was smashed to atoms. A pot of jam, crushed by the great beast's foot, had exploded like a bombshell, squirting over everything. He called to his men, and was answered by groans. One of them was badly trampled, and another, bundled up in his little tent, had been carried bodily off for twenty yards. The rhino's horn had cut a deep gash in his forehead—otherwise he was all right.

I have known of a rhino at night taking both sides of a Masai *munyata* in full charge and scattering men, women, children, and cattle right and left, like a swarm of angry bees. But these are the only instances in which I have heard of a night attack by them. Were such things common, *safari* life would be much less pleasant than it is, for neither thorn, Bomas, nor camp-fires would prove any protection.

When I was near Fort Hall three years ago, a Government surveyor was run down by a rhino, and so badly trampled and horned that he died in two days. He had been warned not to go unarmed, but thought the chances of meeting a dangerous beast were so slight that he could dispense with the bother of a rifle.

I may as well here tell my own experiences with the rhino. I shot the first two rhino I came across, carrying fairly good horns—shot them without any trouble. One bullet was enough for each, and each fell to a chest shot rather low down and full in front—a sure place to kill, I found it, though it is not usually counted so. Hit here by a solid 450 Cordite rifle, they wheeled at right angles to either side, ran some twenty or thirty yards, and fell, with a sharp, squeaking cry, quite dead. After these two I was far more anxious to get a photograph of rhino than to shoot them, and spent much time and ran some risk in unavailing efforts. The bush was too thick, the light was bad, or the rhino stamped and snorted so when I got within, or nearly within, photographing distance (you cannot do much with a kodak at more than twenty-five yards) that I had to keep handing my camera to my nervous gun-bearer and grasping my rifle.

In this way I find I have approached close to more than fifty, and never had any actual trouble with any of them till a few days ago.

Now, the danger of the rhino is twofold. In the first place, you are apt to stumble on him most unexpectedly. He makes very little noise indeed when he feeds, and moves his unwieldy body with unaccountably little crackling of bush even in places where you find it impossible to walk noiselessly. I have often stood silently and watched him feeding amid thorns that were dry and brittle, and over ground thickly covered with fallen twigs. He would go about his business with a silence that was almost uncanny. Listen as I would, scarcely a sound betrayed him, yet there he was before my eyes, not forty yards away.

In the second place, if you do surprise him at close quarters, it is impossible to say what he will do. He may snort and rush away, or he may rush away as though escape was his one aim and object—and as suddenly turn right around and charge over men and baggage, carrying ruin and consternation in his train—or he may charge head on without one instant's hesitation. The smell of many animals distinctly indicates their near presence. A herd of wapita or kougoni can be smelt at several hundred yards in still, warm weather. A band of lions are unmistakable when you get close in the long grass. Buffalo, too, have a penetrating odor. But I have never been able to detect a rhino in this way—though I have often stood for several minutes within a few yards.

Bulky as he is, on a plain studded with ant-hills it is very hard to pick him out. If he is taking his siesta, it is under the deep shadow of a tree—and in the glare of sunlight you may pass quite near him and see nothing. Whereas if he is where he loves, above all, to be, in dense thorn or cactus scrub, he is absolutely invisible till you are within a few yards or even feet. Thus it comes to pass that it is surprising how often you find yourself unexpectedly quite close to rhino.

I had stalked up to so many during my previous eight months' hunting, and had so unvaryingly found them retreat, that I began to think there was no such thing as a really vicious member of the family left. I was destined, however, to be abundantly convinced that on occasion they are extremely dangerous. One day late in August, 1908, I was tracking a buffalo bull on the Quasi Nyero of the north. It was an excellent game country. Oryx abounded; there were several small bands of buffalo, and rhino were far too numerous to be pleasant. Cactus and thorn scrub covered densely the steep rocky hills rising sharply from the beautiful river, and glades, green and partly open, ran between their bases. The fresh spoor we were following led us for a mile or more up and down the woody country, and then turned up one of the steepest hillsides, where the brush was quite impenetrable. I and my gun-bearer had crawled silently as we could, some two hundred yards into the tearing, cutting jungle, and I was on the point of saying we had best go out, as in such a place nothing could be done, when through the black wall of herbage to our right came the sharp, whistling snort of a rhino. We stood stock still, and I, fortunately, was able to stand upright just there and clear very quietly the trailing creepers from my arms and rifle. Looking hard where the sound had come from, I was presently able to make out a small patch of brown skin, not larger than my hand, about ten yards away. I was naturally most anxious not to shoot. The noise would destroy my chances of coming on any buffalo thereabouts, and, besides, this was no place to shoot anything, much less a bush rhino, whose horn was almost certain to be but a poor one. So we stood and waited, hoping our most unwelcome neighbor would move away. He stood as silent as we did. Then very slowly I tried to retreat. All in vain—we were so near that he must have seen us clearly. He wheeled with a crash, and, snorting loudly, rushed into us. I could see nothing to shoot at till his horn was within a few yards of the man next me on my left, my Somali. Now Dooda was a brave man enough, but in the presence of rhino or lion he became very much excited. He now fell back so violently against my left shoulder that, as I threw him off, his rifle cut my hand and I almost fell. Had I done so, nothing could have saved us all three from being gored and trampled on. As I straightened up I saw the broad shoulder and lowered horn almost on us. I fired the right barrel of my 450 into the spine—at a distance (afterwards measured) of about ten feet. And the rhino fell, an inert mass, without a groan or a kick. I had just time, behind the flash of my right barrel, to see a second great head and shoulder following the first. Indeed, so close was the second rush on the first, I could barely pull my left trigger quick enough. And had I been using a black powder cartridge I shouldn't have seen the second till he was on me. Fortunately, the almost unaimed shot took him in the same place as his fellow. He, too, collapsed. The charge of the two furious animals was so simultaneous, or so almost simultaneous, that my gun-bearer, Dooda, had no idea there were two, but fancied I had shot twice into the one. When we stepped forward on top of *two* dead rhino, not one, he leaped backward, thinking we had another untouched animal before us. My Brownie, however, cool as ever, had seen our second danger, and had shot at the same moment as myself. He made, too, a good shot for him, for he had actually scored in the fleshy part of the hind leg—a wound he took care to point out to me with pride, as I always chaffed him about not being able to hit anything.

Such is the rhino in East Africa. Nineteen times out of twenty, even in dense bush, he will rush away from you. But "you never can tell," as has been said. If, as in this case, there are two of them, and they charge suddenly home, it is a very serious matter indeed. Two charging together have killed or maimed many a good man. When the bush is dense, where the little rhino birds fly up a few yards in front—best go round, or hunt somewhere else. I know I shall, next time.

THE SONG OF THE HERMIT THRUSH

BY HANFORD JUDSON

The green and brown heart of the woods is here,
And the great trees fend, from the myriad feet
Of the summer winds, the quiet-sweet,
Its still, leafy atmosphere.
Bright, mottling flecks of morning's gold
Are scattered on leaves and tree trunks tall,
And, under the fern's green bending, fall
To brighten the springy mold.
But a deeper hush is born of the hush,
More potently still. Hark, a thrush! He sings
Like a spirit whose nesting is peace.
Increase, increase, O heart of me! Hold
This heavenly music I hear! It springs
From the crag where the root of my spirit clings
To God, and I thirst for its clear.
O singer, O seraph, O reedy throat,
What master hath taught thee that piercing note?
Beneath it the turrets of heaven appear,
As high as the reach of a soul, and brigh
With a shadowless gleam, that the sun's noon light
Of June's best day cannot bring to a sphere
Of shadow-like sorrow and night.

O sweet, sweet, sweet of the deep, still woods,
Who spoke to me then? O solitudes,
Far deeper than dream, where the soul has birth,
Did ye open a door into earth?
He has ceased, and the glory grows faint into day—
It is real again, the heart of the woods,
Though the flight of the spirit had rapt it away,
Yet sweet in the quiet around me broods.

Shadow-green are the ferns; shadow-brown is the mold;
But the checkered coat of the forest old
Is bright with the morning's new-spun gold.

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JACOB M. DICKINSON

THE NEW SECRETARY OF WAR

BY ELBERT F. BALDWIN

THE other day a "hurry call" went to all the bureaus of the War Department at Washington. The new Chief had arrived, coming from Chicago. His train had reached the Union Railway Station at ten o'clock; it was now 10:30. At eleven he must be at his first meeting with the Cabinet across the way in that little low wing of the White House. There was not much time for departmental presentations; hence the hurry call.

Out poured the chiefs of bureaus, their assistants and clerks; and in a trice the many portraits of the Secretaries of War which enrich the walls of the Secretary's great, dignified reception-room looked down upon the officials of the Adjutant-General's bureau, the Inspector-General's, the Judge-Advocate-General's, the Quartermaster-General's, the Bureau of Engineers, of Ordnance, of the Signal Service, and of Insular Affairs. The officials of all these bureaus were presented by the outgoing to the incoming Secretary of War. The outgoing and the incoming Secretary were Southerners; both were from Tennessee. Two more interesting examples of Southerners could hardly have been chosen than Luke E. Wright and Jacob McGavock Dickinson.

Watch Mr. Dickinson as he shakes hands with each official and gives each a kindly glance. He is a tall, muscular, wiry man. He looks like a Western pioneer with his huge frame, his shaggy hair and eyebrows and rather fierce mustache. A singularly simple, straightforward man in manner; a great good-humored man, as he responds instantly with a hearty laugh almost as infectious as the President's, and with a decided Southern intonation very pleasant to hear. In short, both a virile and a vivacious man.

Mr. Dickinson is emphatically a Southerner. He was born fifty-eight years ago in Columbus, Mississippi. His middle name, McGavock, was his mother's maiden name. He helped himself through his law school education by teaching. In 1871 he was graduated from the University of Nashville, topping his B.A. with an M.A. degree the very next year. But he was not satisfied with a mere college course. He wanted more. He got together enough money from teaching to go to the Columbia Law School, New York City. Subsequently he went to the University of Leipsic for a year. When his time at Leipsic was over, still unsatisfied, he went to France and studied at the École de Droit, the school of jurisprudence connected with the University of Paris, and attended lectures at the Sorbonne. His vision of education was large, but he felt that it must be realized, then or never. Returning to Tennessee, he was admitted to the bar in 1874, and entered, superbly equipped, into the practice of his profession and into his duties as a citizen. He quickly won eminence in both. For several years he was a member of the Board of Education of Nashville and Chairman of the Committee on Instruction. In his profession his distinction was such that he served several times by special commission on the Tennessee Bench. His work now attracted National attention; and in 1895 President Cleveland asked him to become Assistant Attorney-General of the United States. Judge Dickinson accepted, and remained in office until just before the advent of the McKinley Administration, when he resigned. He returned to Nashville, entered into general practice, became District Attorney for the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company, and Professor of Law in Vanderbilt University.

But Judge Dickinson's latest claim to fame comes from a later service; namely, from his service as counsel before the Alaskan Boundary Tribunal in 1903. This court was convened at the Foreign Office, Downing Street, London, under the treaty between the United States and Great Britain, concluded at Washington in January, 1903, for the settlement of questions between the two countries with respect to the boundary line between Alaska and the British possessions in North America. Our members of the Tribunal were Elihu Root, then Secretary of War, Henry Cabot Lodge, then, as now, Senator from Massachusetts, and George Turner, then Senator from the State of Washington. Great Britain was represented by an equal number of delegates: namely, Baron Alverstone, Lord Chief Justice of England; Sir Louis Jetté, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec; and Mr. Allen Bristol Aylesworth, one of his Majesty's Counsel. Counsel for the United States included Mr. Hannis Taylor, of Alabama; Mr. Watson, of Pennsylvania; and Mr. Dickinson, of Tennessee. The Hon. John W. Foster, ex-Secretary of State, was present in capacity of "agent" for the United States; and in a similar capacity for Great Britain appeared the Hon. Clifford Sifton, at that time Minister of the Interior in the Canadian Cabinet. The British side was ably presented by Sir Robert Finlay, the Attorney-General. Sir Robert's manner, however, was singularly unpicturesque. He was succeeded by Mr. Hannis Taylor, who introduced the American case, and the latter was followed by Mr. Christopher Robinson, who had some time previously presented the British case in the Behring Sea Arbitration. After Mr. Watson had spoken for the American side, Sir Edward Carson, Solicitor-General of Great Britain, summed up the case for England. He took up a great amount of time with his rather dry argument, and suddenly stopped the day before he was expected to conclude. Judge Dickinson was instantly called upon to sum up for the Americans. One of the American observers present in the audience thought that this might be a dodge to "put Dickinson in a hole." At all events, Mr. Dickinson arose amid general curiosity. His was a vivacious figure among those impassive-looking men, and their demeanor apparently made him only the more assertive of his own characteristics. As he said the other day: "I could not resist the temptation to break the ice by telling a story." So he began:

> Mr. President, when we adjourned yesterday afternoon, my understanding was that the Solicitor-General would continue throughout the day. In the effort to economize the time of the Tribunal, he has doubtless abbreviated his notes, and for that reason I have to come on somewhat unexpectedly. Possibly I should not regret this, as it gives me an additional claim upon the patience and forbearance of the Tribunal, all of which I shall need. . . . So far from feeling any sense of confidence, I am in a position very deeply to sympathize with the feeling of the Confederate soldier who, when the battle line was sweeping forward in the last fearful charge at Chickamauga, and a rabbit jumped up and ran through to the rear, cried out: "Run, Cottontail! If I did not have any more character at stake than you have, I would run too."

The learned counsel and the grave judges looked at one another in amazement. But the story was irresistible, and their faces broke into smiles and then laughter. The British sober-sides actually shook, and wigs were at a discount.

But this was only a pleasant beginning to an impressive end. As Lord Alverstone said to Judge Dickinson: "Your argument will not suffer by comparison with those that preceded on this or any other arbitration"—words of extraordinary praise and appreciation from one who knew the history of arbitration intimately. In truth, the argument had converted Lord Alverstone. Hence, his vote decided the case in favor of the Americans. In order to reach any decision the Americans must convert one from the British side, or they one from ours. Thus, as *we* think, Lord Alverstone gave high proof, not only of his personal independence, but of the impartiality of the British bench.

A good example of Mr. Dickinson's style is found in the closing paragraphs of his Alaskan argument:

> Looking to the greatness of the interests here involved, and the intensity of feeling that has developed in both countries, this Tribunal is unique. It is composed of six members, and a majority vote is required to reach any result. The Treaty provided that each Government should appoint three members. While it did not say that none of these should be foreign to both Governments, it may be accepted that such was its purpose. Each Government has acted on this understanding, and so the Treaty will entirely miscarry, and it must have been so understood when it was signed, unless at least one member shall decide against the contention of his own people.
>
> Notwithstanding this certain condition, the United States of America and Great Britain, as they expressed it in the Treaty, "equally desirous for the friendly and final adjustment" of the differences between them, have submitted their several contentions to a Tribunal so constituted, relying upon their considering the questions judicially and impartially, upon the arguments and evidence presented, and that each member will decide them "according to his true judgment."
>
> The faith thus manifested that judgment and justice will be exalted above the plane where the sympathies that move men have sway, challenges the attention of mankind and distinguishes this Tribunal above all others. . . .
>
> I have—I was about to say—another duty to perform, but it can never be a duty to express sentiments that come straight from the heart, and to speak words that struggle to the lips for utterance. For my associate Counsel and myself, I desire to thank opposing Counsel for the uniform courtesy they have extended us, the Tribunal for the patient and considerate hearing they have given us, and to thank you, Mr. President, for the impartiality with which you have directed our sessions. It is worth not merely an ocean voyage, but a long and painful pilgrimage, to enjoy what has been incident to this occasion.
>
> We esteem it as a rare privilege to feel at home, for a season, in these historic chambers, which for so many years have been associated with the diplomacy of the world, and our souls are filled with awe when in imagination we repeople them with the disembodied spirits of the mighty dead, to whose voices they once gave echo.
>
> The memory of having even for a short time moved in the same orbit with the great legal luminaries of this country, famed for so many centuries for its great lawyers, will always be cherished.
>
> Even if one shall have played, in his own esteem, his part lamely, it is worth the pang of a bitter disappointment to be in the cast

of such a drama, enacted upon such a stage, and in such presence.

The drama enacted in that presence resulted in the establishment of a boundary line, exactly defining the location of Portland Channel, and of certain mountain ranges referred to in the treaty between the United States and Russia in 1825, as situated "parallel to the coast." The decision was markedly in our favor.

Latterly, Judge Dickinson has been General Counsel for the Illinois Central Railway system, and it is believed that the system never had a more efficient legal adviser. These duties have taken Mr. Dickinson to Chicago, the Illinois Central headquarters, to live a large part of the year. But his Cabinet appointment is, of course, credited to Tennessee, where Judge Dickinson resides whenever possible, on his famous Belle Meade farm. The degree of Doctor of Laws has been conferred upon him by both Columbia University and the University of Illinois.

I WONDER!

BY NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH

I wonder if, in Samarcand,
Grave camels kneel in golden sand,
Still lading bales of magic spells,
And charms a lover's wisdom tells,
To fare across the desert main
And bring the Princess home again—
I wonder!

I wonder in Japan to-day
If grateful beasts find out the way
To those who succored them in pain,
And bring their blessings back again;
If cranes and sparrows take the shape,
And all the ways of mortals ape—
I wonder!

In Bagdad may there still be found
That blackish powder, finely ground,
Which changes all who on it feast,
Monarch or slave, to bird or beast?
Do Caliphs taste and, unafraid,
Turn storks and weeping night-owls aid?
I wonder!

I wonder if in far Cathay
The nightingale still trills her lay
Beside the Porcelain Palace door,
And courtiers praise her as before?
If emperors dream of bygone things,
And, musing, weep the while she sings?
I wonder!

Such things have never chanced to me.
I wonder if, to eyes that see,
These magic visions still appear
In daily living, now and here?
If every flower is touched with glory,
If e'en the grass-blades tell a story?
I wonder!

The Cost of Coal in Human Life

By

Robert Watchorn

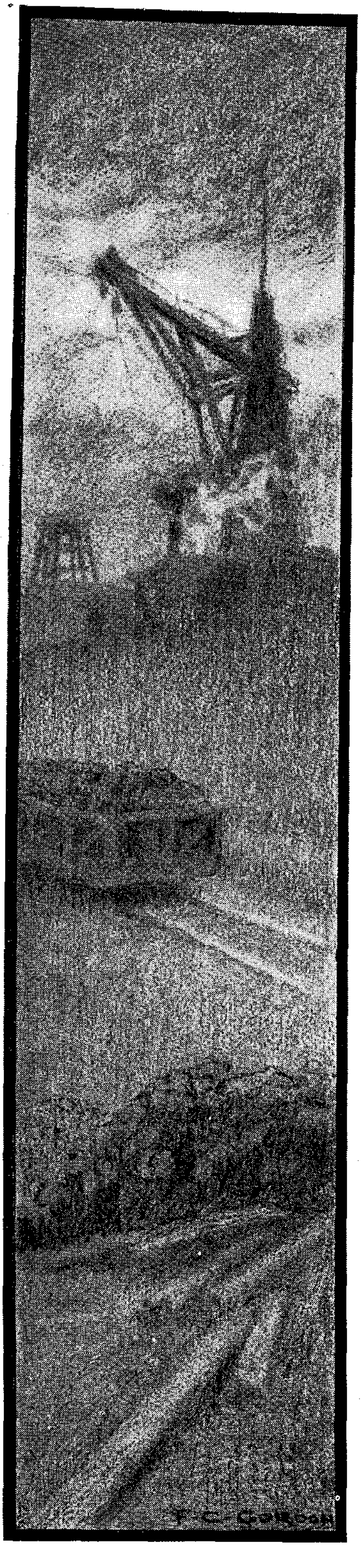
No one could speak with fuller knowledge and more positive authority on the subject of this article than its author. Mr. Watchorn came to America, an immigrant and little more than a boy, from the coal pits of Derbyshire, to work in the mines of Pennsylvania. The story of his advance through energy and intelligence from the ranks of labor to a position of leadership in the labor movement was told in The Outlook a year and a half ago in an editorial introduction to an article by Miss Mary B. Sayles called "The Keepers of the Gate," which accompanied an article by Mr. Watchorn himself on "The Gateway of the Nation." The value of Mr. Watchorn's services as Commissioner of Immigration at the great port of New York was at that time expressed by The Outlook in words which, now that Mr. Watchorn has retired from that office, may be repeated here: "The country has been fortunate in having in command of the sentinel forces at Ellis Island a man who combines with the force of character and the executive ability necessary for a rigid administration of the immigration laws, a broad human sympathy which insures to the incoming alien not only justice but kindliness, not only a stern protection of his rights but a warm-hearted care for his comfort."—THE EDITORS.

COAL is king! This aphorism is as old as steam-engines and as true as gospel. Without coal the world's marvelous commercial achievements would have been impossible. Civilized man everywhere enjoys the inestimable blessings which coal affords, though comparatively few men have even an approximate idea to what extent they are indebted to coal for the creature comforts of life.

It is not the purpose of this article to dilate on the by-products of coal, nor to dwell on the multiplicity of things—from the tints of bonnet ribbon to the medicine-chest—which are the results of coal production, but to deal with the naked fact that this blessing is enjoyed at an unnecessarily great cost in life and limb. The theme demands attention by virtue of the prodigious increase in the production of this precious mineral, and the deplorable consequent increase in the sacrifice of life. The coal output each year for nearly a decade has been twenty millions of tons greater than the preceding year, with a like augmentation of the shedding of blood and loss of limb.

In the actual mining and handling of our vast annual output more than a half-million of men and boys are employed, and two millions of wives, mothers, and children are dependent on them; so that the mining industry may be safely said to involve approximately three millions of persons. Every preventable death in a coal mine is equivalent to a case of manslaughter or homicide, and it is the State's business to put an end to the shocking travesty of dependent local juries presenting their monotonous verdicts of "unavoidable accidents."

When it was still lawful for children ten



years old to work twelve hours a day underground, exclusive of the time required to travel from home to the actual place underground, which practically made each working day fourteen hours, the writer began his career in England as a pit-lad, and followed it there and in this country continuously for a fifth of a century. The nineteenth century was nearly half spent before any word found place in the statutes of any country purporting to regulate and define coal-mining, that might by any degree of charity be construed as giving expression to humane views. Every act of Parliament bearing on the subject, until the close of the first half of the nineteenth century, was more like so many pages taken from a slaveholder's diary than serious legislation. No pen could adequately describe the conditions prevailing prior to 1850, when whole families (both sexes) were employed under conditions that beggar description. Women, by way of avoiding the cramped attitude assumed by miners when undercutting coal, were given the preference, and were allowed to carry coal up the shaft by means of a winding, tortuous stairway. The coal was loaded in wicker baskets, placed on their backs and made secure by means of bands passed round their foreheads, like the yoking of oxen in certain parts of Europe to this day; while others were geared by a belt round the hips and a chain passed between the limbs, and pulled the loads, sledlike, along wooden tracks. These were the methods also in vogue for boys at the time the writer became so painfully acquainted with the calling, and he knows that the records containing these accounts are not overdrawn. Indeed, the boys of that day who thus earned their daily bread know how impossible it would be for any historian fully to depict the experiences which were forced upon them from day to day, plus the "stint" they had to perform.

Before the Christian era men mined coal in England along the outcrops with oaken picks pointed with flint, but, for lack of better tools and knowledge, they could do no more than make a gash, as it were, along the hillsides, and thus for want of skill were spared the pains and perils of an underground life.

Not a word appears in any Parliamentary paper about mining or miners until a period slightly antecedent to the debates on the American Colonial Revolution, and from that date nothing of an ameliorating character was introduced until Lord Ashley (later Earl of Shaftesbury), in 1842, commenced a most intelligent, forceful, and efficient effort to emancipate women and children from the drudgery and demoralization of mining. Lord Ashley was opposed by the foremost mine-owner of that day, Lord Londonderry, and although he rescued women from its perils, he was compelled to compromise, and boys were sacrificed to the short-sightedness and greed of Lord Londonderry and his abettors. For all practical purposes it may be accepted as historically true that to Lord Ashley is due the credit of this genuine emancipation and its world-wide effect.

The statistics incident to the production of coal in America are not one whit less harrowing than any of the Old World coal records, and this is the more deplorable because we had the Old World's experience to guide us in our beginning. With the single exception of the employment of women, we have permitted every inattention to those provisions in the mining of coal which would have prevented the shedding of much precious blood and many bitter tears.

Strictly speaking, robbery and other forms of shameful treatment accorded miners may not be apropros of the title of this paper, but the matter would not be complete without reference to these features, in that they are quite in keeping with the negligent policy which has been so prolific of needless mortality.

It is less than twenty-five years since miners in many sections of our country were compelled to cut (without compensation) from timber lands the supports by which the top and sides of the mine were "propped up." It is less than twenty years since many of the mine-owners resisted, like Lord Londonderry, every reasonable proposal to amend the laws with a view to terminating intolerable conditions. To this day it can be truthfully said of many coal companies that they employ men for no other purpose than to earn dividends by their labor; hence the necessity for improving matters by new legislation and the enforcement of existing laws.

Twenty years ago a miner who would have asked permission to witness the weighing of his own coal (and he was paid by weight) would have been instantly discharged for casting aspersions on the honor of his employer; and his discharge would make others tamely submit to a continuance of the trickery which was practiced with the weighing of every car-load. When a bill was being discussed in the Pennsylvania Legislature in the eighties designed to permit miners to employ a check-weighman, arguments urged against the passage of the measure were too absurd to be believed; yet it was with great difficulty that such an eminently just measure was enacted; and no less difficult was it to obtain the legislation which made it mandatory for mine-owners adequately to supply suitable timber to keep the roof and walls from falling on, and crushing to death, miners who were excavating. The supplying of sufficient fresh air, the removal of water, and many other humane and necessary measures have all alike been opposed by misguided mine-owners,

and to the spirit which actuated them is due the undiminished death rate which still hangs like a perpetual shroud over the coal mines of all too many sections of our country.

Resistance to remedial legislation and cheating at the weigh scales are not the only forms of viciousness which may properly be charged against them. The following, from a book by Dr. Roberts—"The Anthracite Coal Industry"—will serve to throw light on another form of "thrift" among mine-owners:

"MINER'S MONTHLY DUE BILL"

Credit:		
Coal mined: 49 tons at 71½ cents,		$35.03
Debtor:		
Supplies	$8.25	
Blacksmith	.30	
Fixing two drills	.30	
Rent	6.00	
Groceries, etc.	20.18	$35.03
Balance due		$00.00

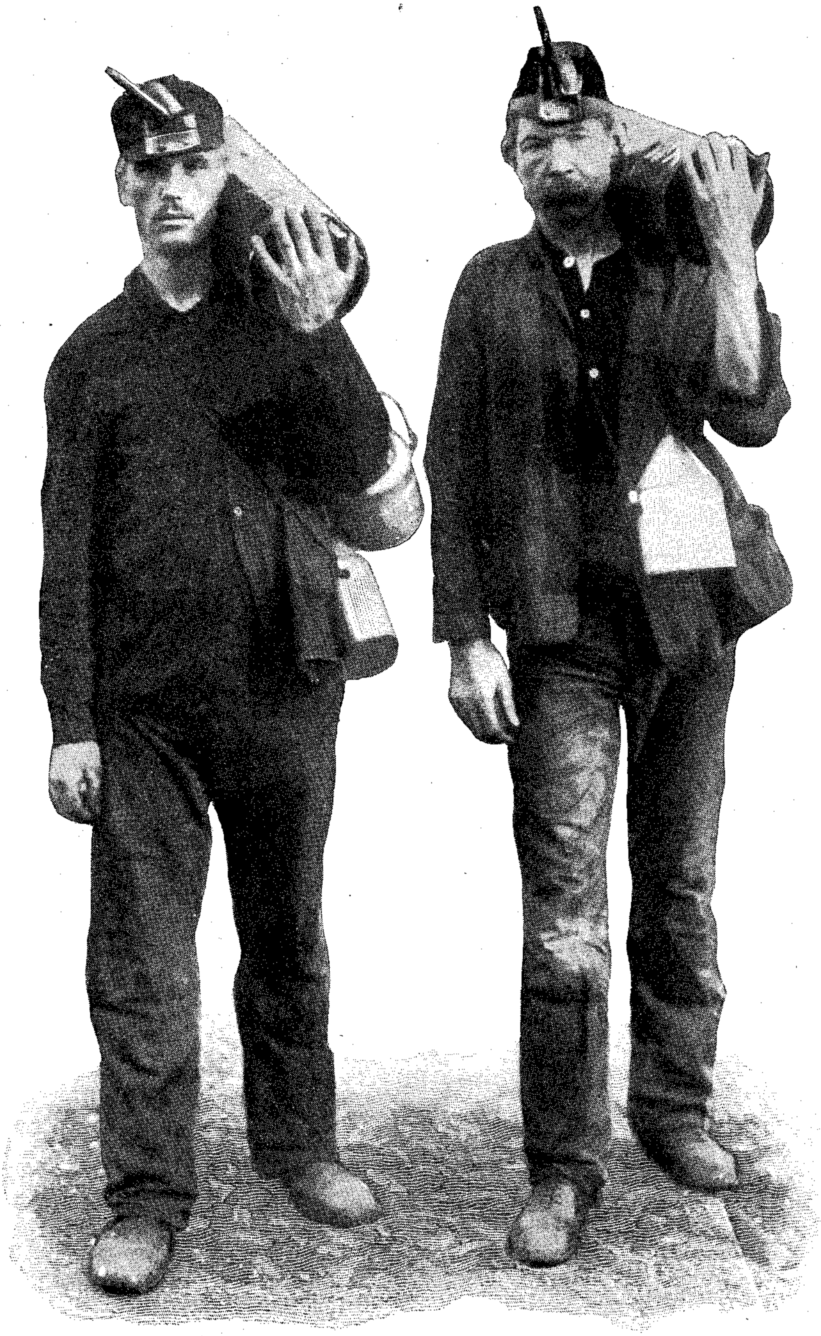
The due bill thus given by Dr. Roberts is by no means a rarity. There is scarcely a miner in the United States who has not been familiar with this kind of reward at the end of a month's perilous labor, and it requires no stretch of imagination to get an adequate picture of a miner's household dependent on such precarious remuneration as this for his hazardous toil.

As compared with 1842, giving due consideration to our present general enlightenment, the mining industry is as much in need of reform and improvement as it was at the time Lord Ashley became the advocate of the miners' cause and the real friend of the mine-owners.

From first to last our coal production has cost us more in loss of life than the Civil War, and, unlike the heroic men who dyed the fields of battle with their blood, these hardy soldiers of industry die in the forefront of a nation's peaceful battle, victims of a ghastly tragedy, and their only reward a place in some potter's field, or its equivalent. Ought not the widow of a miner thus slain to be as much the ward of the State as though he had fallen in battle? What is his desolate widow to do? What fate befalls his little brood? If an enlightened community does not feel itself called upon to answer this question, why not? The State is responsible, and no amount of indifference or shirking of responsibility will excuse it. Every preventable accident that occurs is an indictment of the State. Accidents will always happen so long as coal is mined, but they occur beyond all reasonable necessity now, and a new element of danger is being introduced which will unquestionably increase the casualties if persisted in. I refer to the use of electricity. The common opinion is that the emission of a spark or flame is necessary to explode fire-damp (explosive gas), when in reality the silent current, if of sufficient voltage, is all that is required; and when it is considered that a static condition is frequently produced by a change of atmospheric conditions—barometrical change—is it not criminal to permit the indiscriminate use of electricity in mines known to be gaseous? Electric currents subtly traverse crevices and nooks where no mine foreman can take his examining lamp. Electric wires and safety lamps are an ill-matched pair, and no such unequal or inappropriate connection should be permitted; as well might a miner enter the gaseous chambers with a safety lamp in one hand and a naked light in the other.

I have personally seen a row of ordinary gas jets lighted by an invisible current of electricity emitted from a hand battery of moderate capacity, although it was impossible to light a single jet by vigorously passing to and fro over the jets a steel bar heated to a white heat.

The State cannot be excused if so great neglect is to become chronic. There is no doubt that added legislation is a necessity, but the adequate enforcement of existing law would be very wholesome. Ventilation is the key to the situation now, as it has always been. The hurry to get dividends is responsible for both loss of life and waste of coal. More than fifty per cent of our total coal area is irrevocably lost by crude and unscientific methods of mining, and the waste incident thereto is as inexcusable as it is enormous. The State should not only design the methods of production, but should enforce its mandates relative thereto fearlessly and equitably. The State's authority in the premises cannot be doubted. Indeed, it is to be questioned whether the State can be held entirely blameless until it has not only allocated the blame for the dis-



POWDER MEN IN A PENNSYLVANIA MINE

astrous results incident to certain exceptionally dangerous callings, of which mining easily takes first place, but has also apportioned the burdens which they entail on the State.

Five cents per ton on the aggregate coal tonnage in Pennsylvania would afford a pension to each widow and orphan, and spare us a continuance of a part of those shocking experiences which are our shame and our disgrace. The assessment per ton might be graded into accord with such diminution of need as should occur.

Aliens, noted for their strength rather than their knowledge, are given employment with impunity in places where only the most skilled miners should be employed. To thus risk an alien's life is censurable in the extreme; but he in turn imperils the lives of hundreds of others, which makes his employment equivalent to a wholesale sacrifice of life. When an untutored alien is crushed to death (which occurs so frequently as to make up an aggregate annual death list that is truly appalling), his remains are brought to the surface and a coroner's jury records its own gross ignorance and incompetence and the bare fact that the man is dead, but "no one is held to be to blame." His poor surviving fellow-aliens "lay him away," and thus are the hopes of a strong Slav, Hun, or "Dago" crushed out.

The following is quoted from the report of the Chief Mining Inspector of the State of Pennsylvania for the year 1905:

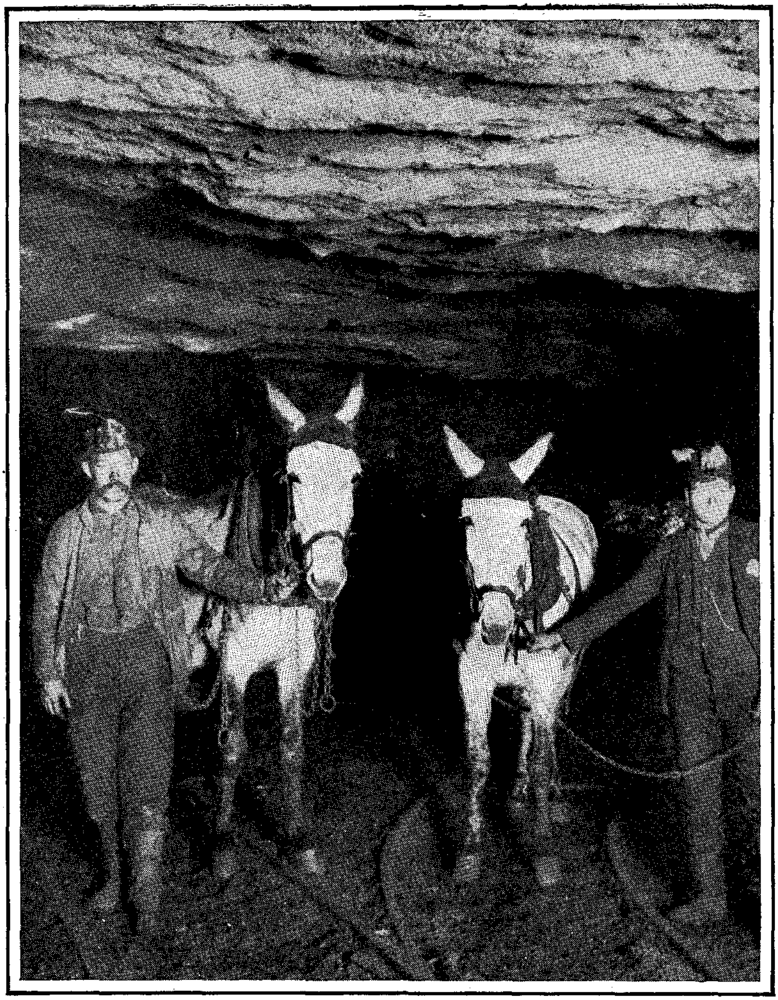
BITUMINOUS

The accidents from falls of coal, slate, and roof have constantly increased in number during recent years. Many reasons can be presented in explanation of this increased fatality. The introduction of coal-cutting machinery and the great influx of foreign labor [presumably non-English-speaking labor is referred to here] are two of the chief causes. When machines are used in under-cutting the coal, the propping of the roof is frequently neglected. . . . The great haste displayed in the effort to finish the cut so that the machine can be moved to another room is also a fruitful cause of disaster. . . . The only qualification deemed necessary seems to be, in many cases, a pair of strong and willing arms. When a victim is killed, the Coroner's jury generally brings in a verdict, "Killed by fall of coal, slate, or roof," or "Killed through neglect to prop the roof of his working place." Scores of foreign workmen annually meet their fate in this way, and the question arises, Who is responsible for this great loss of life? The reports of the inspectors show clearly that over 50 per cent of the accidents caused by "falls" are due to the carelessness of the victims. It is also a fact that 50 per cent of the employees, especially the miners and loaders, are men that cannot understand the language of this country, and are ignorant of the dangers that surround them. It is a sad commentary on the management of our coal mines that this class of persons is allowed to work in dangerous places before they have acquired sufficient knowledge to appreciate the danger. It would be a most humane act if the foreigners could be prevented from working in the mines until they have acquired at least the rudiments of the English language, unless they can be put to work with competent men of their own nationality. . . . It is my opinion that a foreman who allows incompetent foreigners to work together, who do not understand the English language, should be held guilty of manslaughter in case of fatal accident to any of these men. . . .

Of the 50 loaders killed by "falls" during the year 1905, only 5 were English-speaking persons. . . .

It may be stated here also that the number

A GROUP OF MINERS' DAUGHTERS



THREE MILES UNDERGROUND: DRAWING COAL CARS TO THE MOUTH OF THE SHAFT

of miners and loaders under the age of 21 years is increasing in Pennsylvania. In 1905, 30 persons, designated as miners, between the ages of 16 and 20 and 21 years were killed, and 5 designated as loaders, between the ages of 20 and 21 years. In 1905, 33 miners and 16 loaders between the ages of 16 and 21 were killed. It is a great wrong to young persons of this age to allow them to work as miners, and the foremen who are responsible for this state of affairs should be made amenable to the law and punished.

ANTHRACITE

In order to reduce the accidents there must be more frequent inspection by foremen and assistants. This inspection, in my opinion, should be made daily in every working-place in the mine, and there should also be insistence on the part of the foremen and assistants that the workmen take proper care of themselves when engaged in the dangerous labor connected with coal-mining. These foremen and assistants should see, as directed by law, that no incompetent persons are allowed to mine coal. The workmen, especially the miners, should see that their working-places are made safe before doing any work. They should by all means take care of the lives of the laborers put under their care, and should be punished by dismissal and by prosecution for criminal negligence.

It is to be regretted that we cannot commend the foremen and superintendents for their care of the workmen while actually engaged in the mining of coal at the face of the workings. Statistics show an awful loss of life among miners and miners' laborers during the past twenty-five years, 1881 to 1905 inclusive. During that time 4,424 miners and 2,452 miners' laborers, a total of 6,876, were killed in the anthracite coal field.

The widow of a foreign miner who has been killed in this country follows her daily round on the stony slopes of the Balkans, or the vine-clad hills of sunny Italy, surrounded by her laughing brood, and toils on in blissful anticipation of a remittance from far-off America; but, alas! dear ones, he who went to wrest a fortune from the mines in golden America, that you, as a family, might move up a notch in the scale of life, has paid an awful penalty, and yours—never a rosy prospect—is now one of desolation indeed. It is easier to imagine the grief of such a family than to attempt to describe it. Of all the tragic experiences of Ellis Island, none can equal that of the woman and her children who, instead of being met there by the husband, as they had so proudly expected, are informed that they can go no further, but must be deported as likely to become public charges, the husband having been killed while they were *en voyage.* They have no redress, no one to fight their battle, and if they had an advocate, what might they hope for where the death of the husband is “due to ignorance” or “carelessness,” and is recorded as occasioned by “contributory negligence”?

It is not a demand for generosity that we make, but for simple justice; and a proud distinction it will be for the State that sets the world a true example by being first to abate this burning wrong.

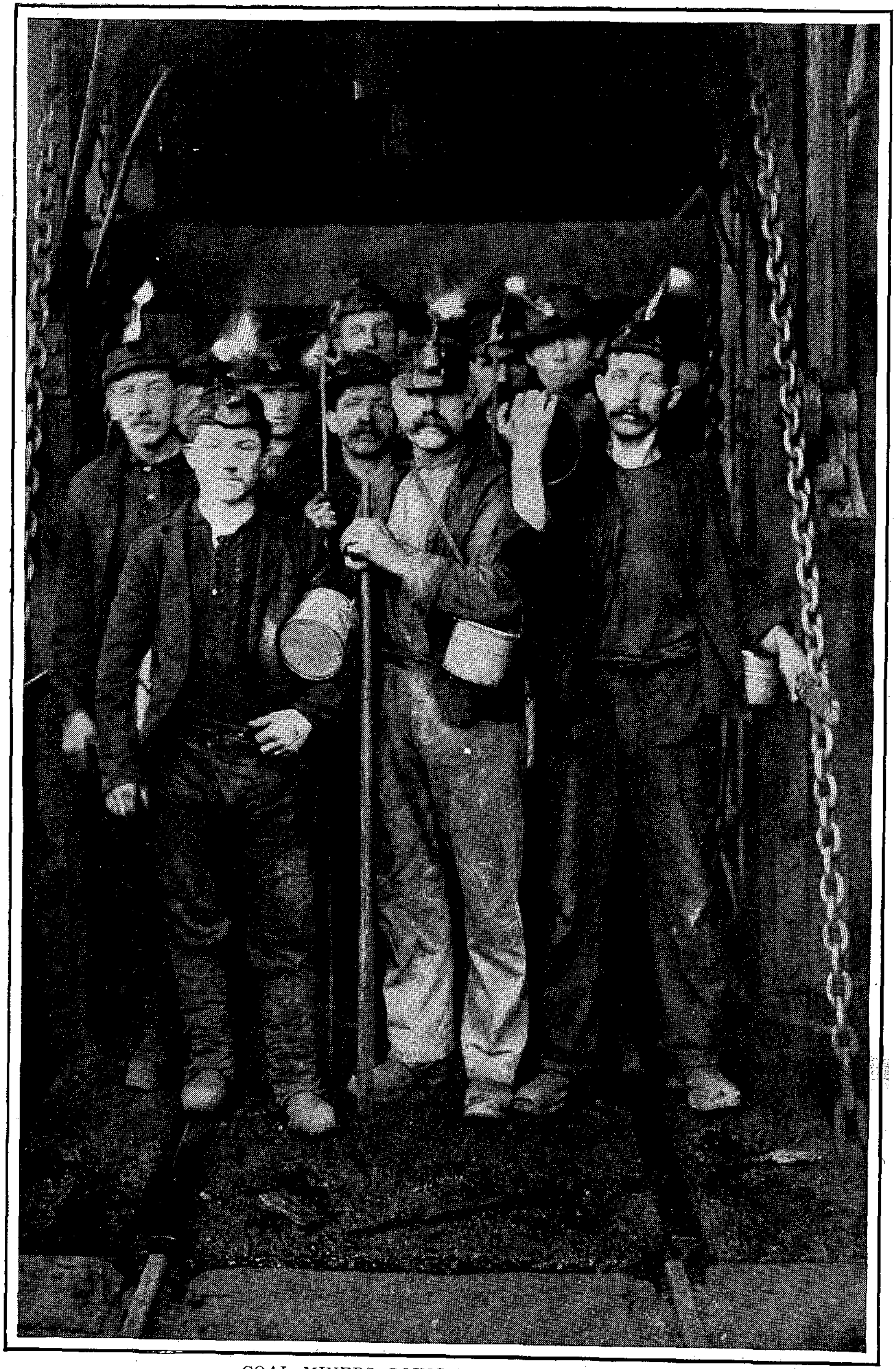
The State ought to demand five cents per ton as a condition precedent to issuing a charter to any mining company, and make every orphan its ward and every widow its pensioner, as a just recompense for the great loss sustained, or to maintain a family during the period of disability due to injuries received by a miner while following his employment. In the aggregate, seven counties in one State have a roll of 3,032 widows and 8,902 orphans from 1884 to 1899, and these deaths are less than fifty per cent of the whole for that period and area. The total list of widows and orphans in all the country may be estimated from the record of this limited section.

I dare boldly affirm that half of this frightful slaughter, with ordinary prudence, might have been averted; and by applying an equitable rule of treatment to those bereft, unspeakable privations might have been prevented.

The crudest methods of lighting a mine still prevail, and even mine managers sometimes get lost in the labyrinths of mines with which they are not familiar. It is not, then, to be wondered at that deaths in mines from car accidents are almost as numerous as those caused by mine explosions. Dark, dismal passageways (minus adequate “safety holes” or refuges), through which miners are compelled to travel to and from their working places in the mine, are the rule and not the exception. When it is considered that many mines have miles and miles of ramifications, narrow, low, and difficult to traverse, and that miners are forbidden to ride to and from their work-places, a cause for many such accidents is at least suggested. Take the official report of the Mining Department of the State of Ohio for 1905, in which the various causes of fatalities are given their respective percentages covering a period of seven years:

Falls of roof.........	48.4	per cent.
Falls of coal.........	15.9	“
Mine cars	29.9	“
Premature explosions	5.8	“

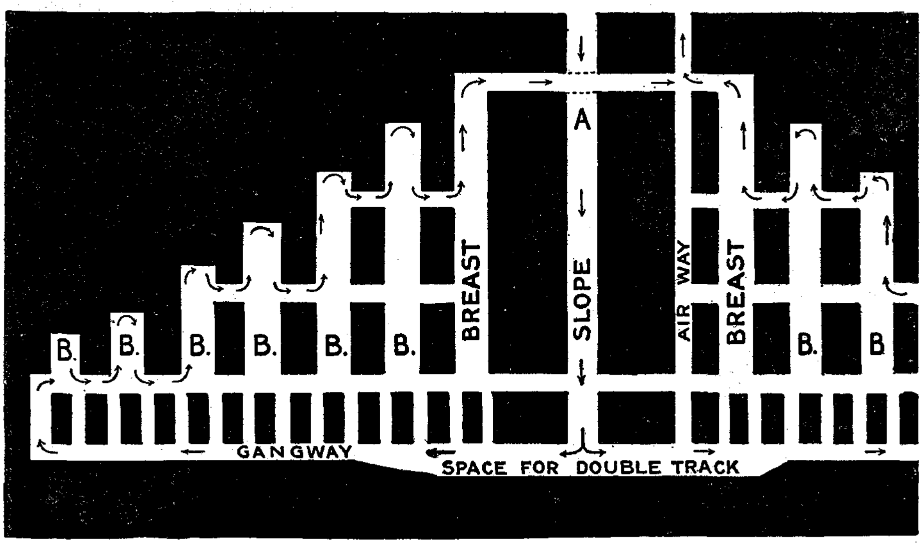
The 29.9 per cent affected 1,694 persons. It is almost impossible to draw a picture which would convey an intelligent view to the lay mind of the dangers incident to traversing the passageways in mines; but even a layman might well shudder at the thought of a man having to find his way through miles of “headings” or “gangways” with the feeble light which is allowed him in most mines, and pick his way as best he can, carrying his dinner-pail and his working tools, the passageway all too frequently being too low to admit of his walking erect, and too narrow to admit of his stepping aside in safety while a train of cars may pass him either way, empty trains in or loaded trains out (there being for the most part only single track). If he happens to meet a train-load of cars going out on a down grade, he must needs either beat a hasty retreat to the first available place of safety, or endeavor to secrete himself between the timbers which line the sides of the gangway. In his hurry his light is likely enough to be extinguished; and when all this is realized, the large death rate from mine car accidents will be the easier to appreciate.



COAL MINERS GOING DOWN THE SHAFT

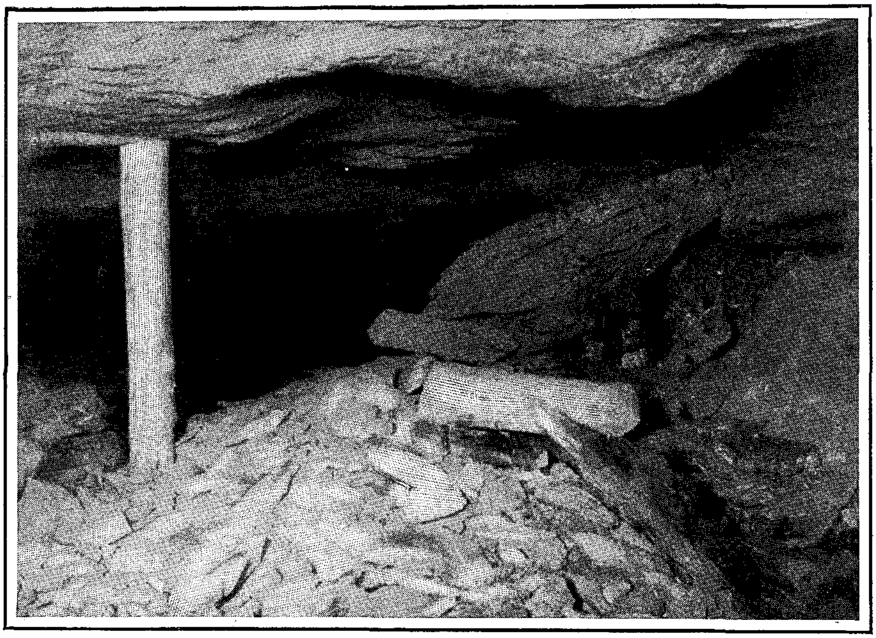
The fact is that every passageway should be as well lighted as a city's streets, there being no less need of it. A luminous lamp independent of the mine air for its oxygen is quite feasible and ought to be supplied, and all passageways always kept well lighted to aid men walking through them; and these provisions are still more necessary for the driver boys who traverse them frequently throughout the day. Precautions against explosive gases are even more imperatively needed than these necessary attentions to the gangways.

A so-called safety lamp is at best but a fragile safeguard (of such a precious thing as human life), and its limitations are very pronounced. Its so-called safety feature consists of a wire gauze round the flame of the lamp. The mesh of the gauze is of 784 apertures to the square inch. The breaking of one of these fragile divisions enlarges one or more of the apertures, and it is no longer a " safety." Even without any breakage whatever, it is a scientific fact that various forms of safety lamps become unsafe when the velocity of air is greater than sixteen feet per second, for it is known that they will pass flame (emit flame) in such a current. It will be seen from this on what slender threads the lives of miners daily and hourly hang. Indeed, there are so many senses in which a so-called safety lamp is not safe that the term may well be regarded as a misnomer. An ordinary safety lamp sheds a light about equivalent to one-sixth of one candle power. The principle on which its name "safety" relies or is based is that in a comparatively tranquil atmosphere it may be held in a perpendicular position with the top touching the roof of the working place, where explosive gases are prone to be found. The practiced eye of a miner can immediately detect the gas if any be present in excess of three per cent to ninety-seven per cent of air. If less than three per cent of the gas is present, it is difficult indeed, even with a safety lamp, to detect its presence; and herein is a very great source of danger in dusty coal mines, because three per cent of gas and great clouds of dust may develop an extremely explosive condition. If there be present nine or ten parts of gas to ninety parts of air, a most violently destructive condition prevails, and an experienced miner in facing such a contingency immediately smothers his lamp in his woolen shirt in order to extinguish it, for when the inside of the lamp gauze is filled with flame it naturally follows that the melting of the gauze would promptly ensue. It is greatly to be feared that many miners, lacking calmness in the face of danger, have shown great excitement in the presence of a lamp filled with blue flame, and have acted so abruptly and hastily that a disaster on a large scale has



THE WRONG WAY TO EXCAVATE

The excavation should begin at the farthest end of the gangway to insure proper ventilation and prevent explosions and cave-ins



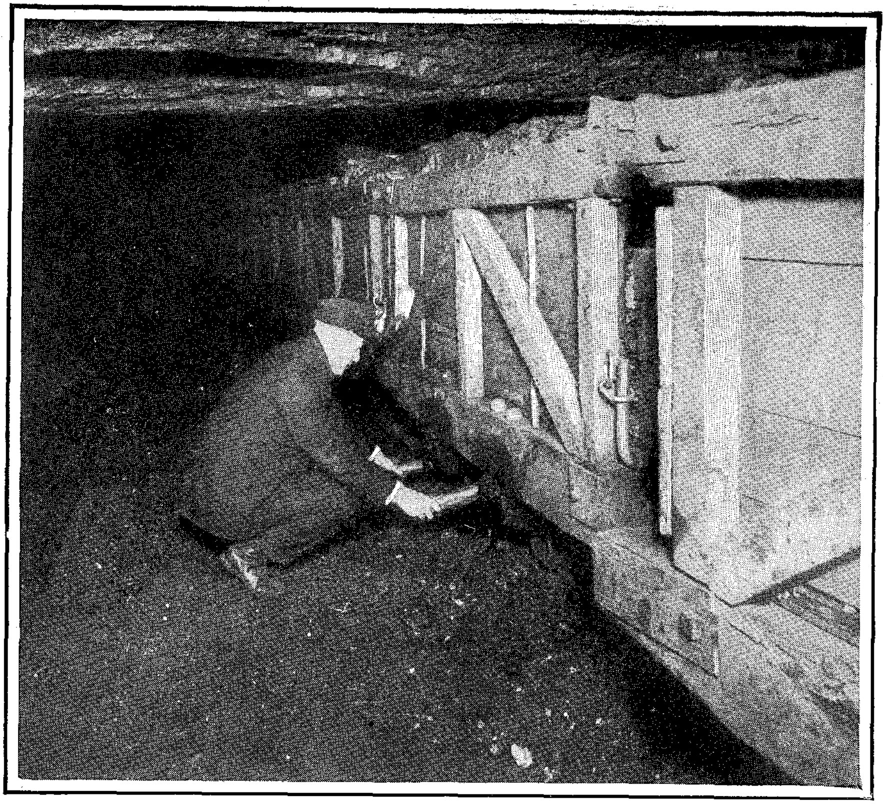
AFTER A CAVE-IN

resulted; later the coroner's jury has rendered a verdict which gives us a satirical termination to a heartbreaking catastrophe.

Fully to appreciate the force which produces some of the terrible effects which have characterized the great mine explosions of history, it should be borne in mind that fire-damp, when exploded, expands to seventeen times its natural volume; so that when hundreds of thousands of feet of gas are exploded, affecting an area less than one-seventeenth of the extent of the mine, it naturally follows that the destruction ensuing is both widespread and terrible; for in the face of this sudden expansion all movable things, and indeed many things supposed to be immovable, are demolished and swept away. Cages (elevators) on which were loaded mine cars have been known to be blown from the bottom of the shaft through the hoisting equipment into the open air, indicating the incomprehensible force developed by expansions on a large scale. The writer has been with those who barely escaped on a number of occasions, and has been present at the discovery of the dead and dying, and has often been almost as heartsick over the miserable work of the coroner and his jury as he was distressed over the calamity they were supposed to be investigating.

Gaseous mines should be flooded with at least three hundred to four hundred cubic feet of fresh air per minute per man, and twice that amount per horse or mule, *at the places where they work.* The great trouble is that air measurements are made at the intake and at the exhaust fan, which may mean certain death to scores of men in the same mine, because, through faulty trap-doors, "leaky stoppages," etc., the proportion of air due in a given place never reaches it. An adequate ventilating system is the first requisite of any mining plant, and a perfect method of distribution of air is also indispensable.

Escapement shafts should always be made adequate, and should be always as accessible as the main shaft which is daily in use. All dusty roads should be as regularly watered as a well-regulated city waters its dusty streets, for dusty mines are known to be more prone to explosions than non-dusty mines. The entrances to all abandoned working-places, as well as abandoned air-ways, should be hermetically sealed with masonry, and not with the rickety board stoppings which have characterized mining operations in the past. It is a well-known fact that aban-



CHECKING CARS

doned or exhausted mine chambers, or "breasts," as they are called, accumulate large quantities of gas, and when, in the course of time, the timbers decay and the roof falls (commonly called a "cave-in"), it naturally follows that the air is driven out through the flimsy stopping at the entrance, and the main gangways are filled with whatever poisonous or explosive gases those abandoned chambers contain. To circumstances of this nature are due, in very large part, many of the catastrophes which are reported to be "mysterious." In some instances the mine foreman has scarcely concluded his report that the mine is safe when the mine is blown to atoms. Many times the cause should be sought for in the careless, slipshod manner in which abandoned working-places are sealed.

The number of mine foremen, fire examiners, and shot-firers should be determined by the number of employees. Too much care and labor imposed on these responsible officials has been the cause of many accidents. All working-places near exhausted neighboring operations should be approached with the utmost caution, with a view to avoiding sudden inundations of water or a sudden inrushing of gas.

Shut up in the inner recesses of an American mine, a number of brave men slowly passed away; the last of the number to succumb lived in that torture chamber eight days, and before he expired, he wrote on a piece of blasting-paper a letter to his wife and children which is as sweet as it is pathetic, the last line being a most prayerful appeal to his younger boys to be good to Mamma and never work in a coal mine.

We shall probably produce 20,000,000 tons more coal in 1909 than we produced in 1908. We shall increase our death roll by many scores and our widows and orphans by many hundreds above the frightful slaughter roll of 1908. We shall waste valuable coal beds for want of scientific methods of mining, and thereby intensify our unthrift, which is already very shocking. We shall stand condemned before the world unless we accord our great army of underground workers a more humane consideration and deal justly with their widows and orphans.

Since Lord Ashley rendered the world so signal a service as to emancipate women from underground work, there has not been a greater opportunity for a heroic deliverer than now exists; and when he comes and does his work thoroughly and well, he will take his rank with that immortal nobleman. That the need is vast and immediate note the following extract from State official mining reports, 1907:

(Pennsylvania Anthracite)

"I am of the opinion that at least fifty per cent of the fatal accidents could be avoided with proper precautions."

(Pennsylvania Bituminous)

"During the years 1900-1906, 2,916 persons lost their lives in and about the mines. These casualties left 1,611 widows, and 3,410 orphans under fourteen years of age."

(West Virginia)

"At those mines where fatal accidents occurred there was an average of one life lost for each 42,705 tons of coal produced."

"Lack of competency and discipline is largely responsible for a number of the explosions and for many fatalities."

"During the year 1900 the ratio killed for each 1,000 employed was 6.09, but during 1907 the ratio was 7.34."

The official report for 1907 for the State of West Virginia discloses a remarkable disregard of ordinary prudence in the matter of exposed "live wires," incident to the installation of electric haulages, etc., which may in some measure account for the statement made by Mr. Andrew Roy, of Ohio, a geologist and recognized authority of high repute:

> More men are killed by explosions in the State of West Virginia than in any State of the Union, or in any country in the world. The Stuart explosion was due to a stoppage of the ventilating fan by an accident in the shaft. The fan was stopped while the shaft was being repaired. During the stoppage of the fan the gas naturally accumulated and a terrific explosion followed. There was but one opening to the mine, and that was not accessible to the men; sixty-eight of them were found dead at the bottom of the shaft. Where the men have no organization the mine-owners pay little or no attention to the law, generally speaking.

Mr. Roy is thoroughly familiar with the mining industry of the country in general, and with the States of Ohio and West Virginia in particular. Conditions which he reveals ought certainly to furnish serious work for the Grand Jury and the Department of Justice; and until public opinion is sufficiently healthy on this subject to make certain the taking of such action, there will be no decrease in the appalling death rate, no scaling down of the tremendous price that is being paid for the production of coal.

It is difficult to discuss patiently such supineness as these reports disclose. The thunderbolts of death are loosed, like so many dogs of war, and ignorant men are permitted to encounter them unarmed and unprotected. To protect our forests from untimely destruction is a splendid undertaking, but to conserve our coal fields is a still more laudable one, for there can be no replanting of our lost coal deposits. However, the stemming of the ceaseless flow of the mingled streams of blood and tears is a worthier undertaking than either.

The adoption and faithful observance of the following rules would be the means of saving possibly thousands of lives, and of preventing the making of many thousands of widows and orphans, during 1909:

To limit the employment of non-English-speaking miners to the less dangerous mines, and never to employ them except under the direction of competent, intelligent miners.

To light, adequately and separately, all gangways, independent of the lights carried by miners and mine employees.

To sprinkle all dusty roadways.

To make manholes adequate in size and sufficiently close together to insure ample means of escape from passing cars.

To close up solidly all abandoned workings and all break-throughs, insuring the proper ventilation of the remotest of working-places.

And, most important of all, to force into the mines sufficient fresh air to furnish each and every man a supply of not less than 300 cubic feet per minute, and each animal not less than 700 cubic feet per minute. The latter provision will not only tend to preserve their lives, but will almost certainly preclude the possibility of the accumulation and explosion of fire-damp.

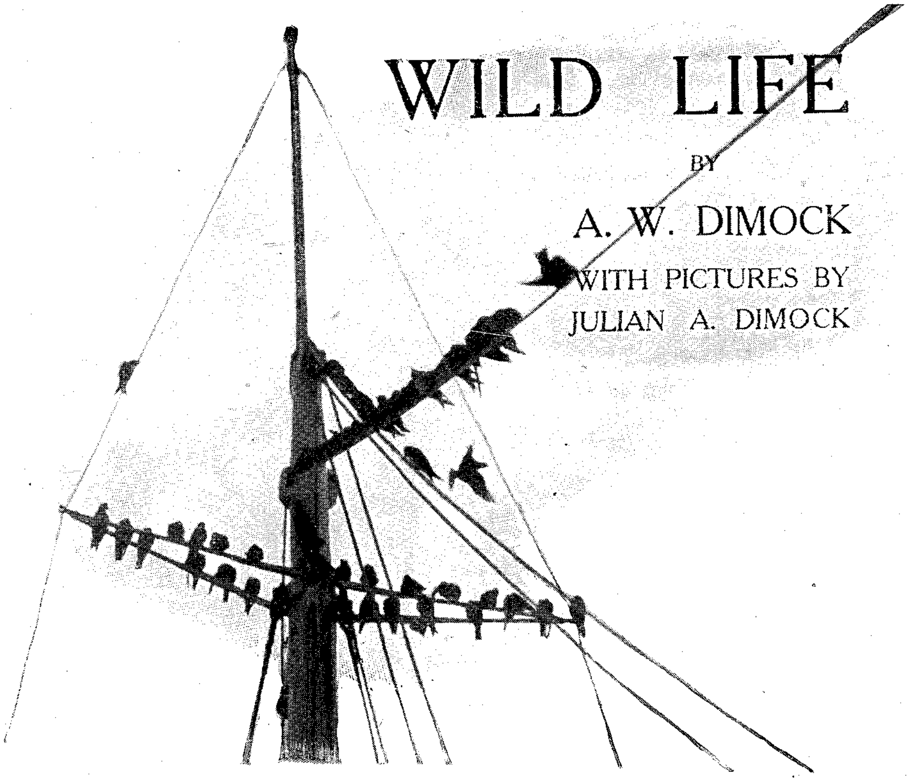
"A FOUR-LEGGED COON WHICH PROVED TRACTABLE AND FRIENDLY BUT MISCHIEVOUS. . . . HE HAD KILLED AND EATEN A SITTING HEN. . . . WHEN FOUND HE WAS SITTING ON THE EGGS"

WILD LIFE

BY

A. W. DIMOCK

WITH PICTURES BY
JULIAN A. DIMOCK



SWALLOWS SWARMED IN THE RIGGING

THE pioneer makes a clearing and then the settler plants trees. The former has about finished his job with the flora of the country and has scarcely left enough of the native fauna for seed.

Not all of this work has been vandalism. The forests had to be tamed, and it was needful for the ax to let in sunlight. The acres that cared for millions of buffalo now support millions of human beings. Bears, wolves, and other predatory beasts had to be killed to encourage domestic cattle. War was waged with depredating birds as, in parts of the West, it is now carried on against rabbits and prairie dogs. Armies of pigeons which darkened the air in their flight needed thinning out, but their extermination was an economic mistake.

Beasts and birds, which as game fed our ancestors, have outlived their usefulness as food, but it is imperative that such limitations be placed upon killing them for fun as shall, at the very least, prevent any further decrease in their number. The destruction of other birds, not harmful, should be penalized as acts of wanton vandalism.

Many varieties of insectivorous birds are of inestimable importance to the country, often making the difference between abounding crops and barren acreage. From the elm-shaded streets of New England to the cotton fields of Texas, from the orange groves of Florida to the vineyards of California, new armies of insect pests are recruited each year. Sometimes, when the very existence of a crop or a forest is threatened, a cumbersome, costly defense is essayed. But always we sit supine, while boys, idlers, and foreigners wage guerrilla war on our defenseless defenders, while the statutes of three States legalize, invite, and are responsible for the annual destruction of millions of robins. Even the corn-stealing, nest-robbing crow has saved many a crop from the cutworm, and, excepting the imported English sparrow, there are few species of birds in this country which we can afford to spare.

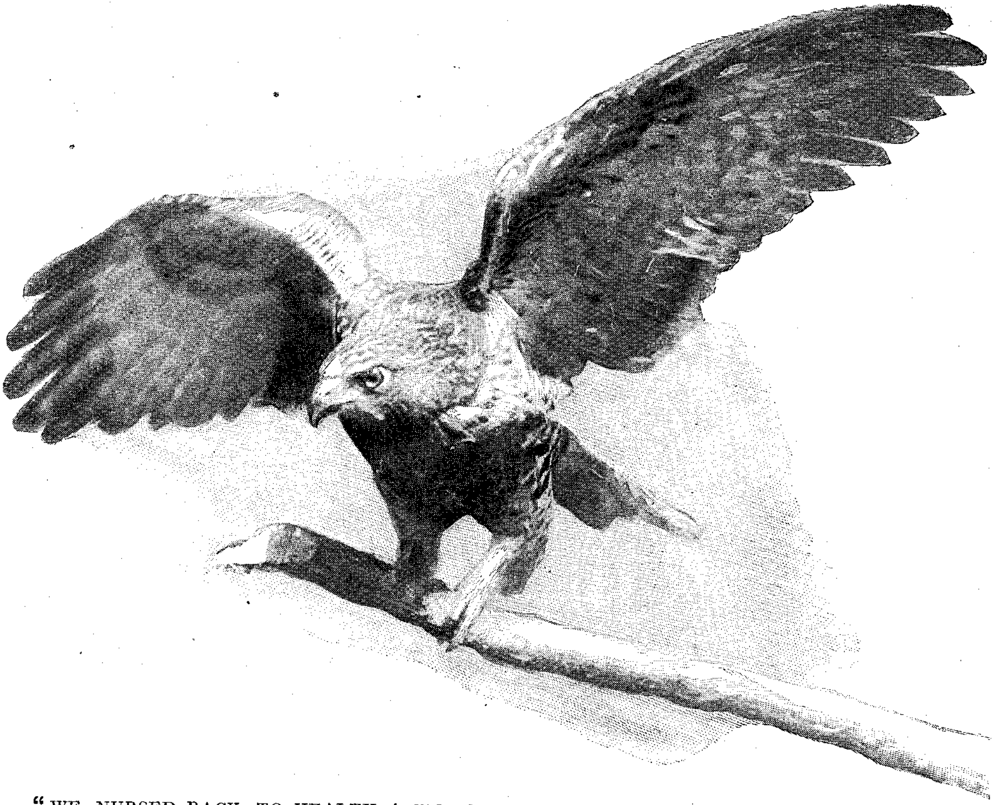
The well-being, even the very existence, of our race rests upon the products of the soil, and may soon depend for its continuance on the conservation of our natural resources, including the wild life of our forests and fields.

The spectacular building of battle-ships and the costly construction of the great canal are overlaid in usefulness by the unobtrusive accomplishments of the Government in the way of irrigation, drainage, and forestry. Without sound of cymbal or beat of drum, the wonderful work goes on. Destructive torrents are tamed and sent on beneficent missions to distant deserts, which they make to blossom as the rose. The results of comprehensive study of seeds and soils and exhaustive experiments in agricultural methods are given to the farmer, to his immense material advantage; conditions of weather and statistics of crops are placed at the service of the merchant and the mariner; spoliation of the forests has been in great measure stopped and destruction of their wild life checked, while the silent band of Forest Rangers saves annually to the Nation many millions of dollars and conserves a heritage that will be of inestimable importance to posterity.

The splendid audacity of Theodore Roosevelt in the work of preserving to the United States its forests will be a star in his crown for generations after his most thrilling exploits in Africa have been forgotten.

The conservation and restoration of wild animal life is of only less importance than the preservation of the forests and the retention of the soil, and pioneers of progress are laboring along that line. Yet, unless the public can be quickly educated out of inherited impulse to slay all wild creatures, most of the feathered and furry inhabitants of field and forest are doomed to early extinction.

"WHILE ONCE A TERN, COMING FROM A FLOCK THAT HAD BEEN FISHING NEAR US"



"WE NURSED BACK TO HEALTH A WOUNDED EAGLE, AND FOR TWO YEARS THE BIRD WOULD SWOOP DOWN FROM HIS EYRIE AT THE CALL OF A MEMBER OF THE FAMILY"

The slowly growing sentiment of humanity, common sense, and common honesty in respect to the fauna of the country needs electrifying into immediate, effective, and conclusive action, and a duty to that end rests upon every citizen. For public opinion is the court of last resort, and whenever popular sentiment frowns upon the taking of wild life which belongs to the whole people, and properly classifies it with robbing a hen-roost, poisoning a neighbor's dog, or stealing his cattle, the destruction will cease.

A forest filled with the life that Nature put in it compares with the same after that life has been destroyed, as a city with a cemetery. Fields that have been cleared of their native woods for agricultural needs have a new life of their own. Droves of horses, herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep give needed life to the landscape, but wild land without wild life is a body *without* a soul.

Few dwellers in cities apprehend the good fellowship which may exist between these creatures of the wild and human beings. Birds and beasts are alike quick to respond to friendly advances of humankind. Elk, antelope, and deer, which in Wyoming are distant and distrustful, act like bossy cows when within the imaginary lines inclosing the reservation of the Yellowstone National Park. Bears, black and grizzly, shyest of created things, soon become almost troublesomely tame within the protected area, and signs have been posted warning visitors against feeding the creatures, perhaps lest they injure with delicacies the delicate digestion of the plantigrades. Seldom, if ever, does a *wild animal wantonly attack* a human being. Seldom does a man neglect to attack a wild animal, if he finds him defenseless.

The little remnant of plumed and other feathered inhabitants of the rivers and forests of our semi-tropical States forget in a few weeks of friendly overtures the wrongs and deceptions of generations.

On one little oasis of three hundred acres in the Big Cypress Swamp of Florida is a plantation on which for several years it has been forbidden to kill or frighten a wild turkey. These birds have learned to recognize their sanctuary, and within its borders are as tame as the domestic fowl, whose food they often share. Yet on the prairie, or in the swamp outside, the native wildness of these birds is unabated.

The Camera-man and I spent a week, without a gun, beside a rookery of fifteen thousand nests of several varieties of heron, ibis, and other birds. Before the end of the week we had been accepted as members of the colony, and on our every appearance were welcomed and scolded in the friendliest family fashion. Young ibis took their breakfast from my hand, and then, roosting fearlessly on my finger, gave their orders for dinner, while mother water turkeys acted as if they had hired me to feed their babies and meant to get the worth of their money.

Day after day, when anchored beside the bank of a Southern river, redbirds and mocking-birds lit upon the spars and sung to me. I am sure that in time I could have changed their distant friendliness into fearless intimacy. Sometimes, as evening approached, swallows swarmed in the rigging, and occasionally a chuck-will's-widow called upon us as the light faded. When we cruised, graceful, high-soaring man-o'-war hawks swooped down to seize fragments of fish from the galley, and hung balanced in air behind our craft, almost within reach of our hands; while once a tern, coming from a flock that had been fishing near us, rested, unafraid, upon my hand.

The otter and the mink, by kindness mixed with much patience, can be made to forget the price resting on their furry heads; and although the former is a fighter, with the bite of a bulldog, he yet possesses an affectionate nature. I know of one which, after spending much of the day on the bank and in the water of his native river, was accustomed to crawl at night into the crib of a youngster and cuddle up to his human playmate. Taken young from their nests, otters can be brought up on the bottle, or otherwise, until they become pets faithful and affectionate as the family dog.

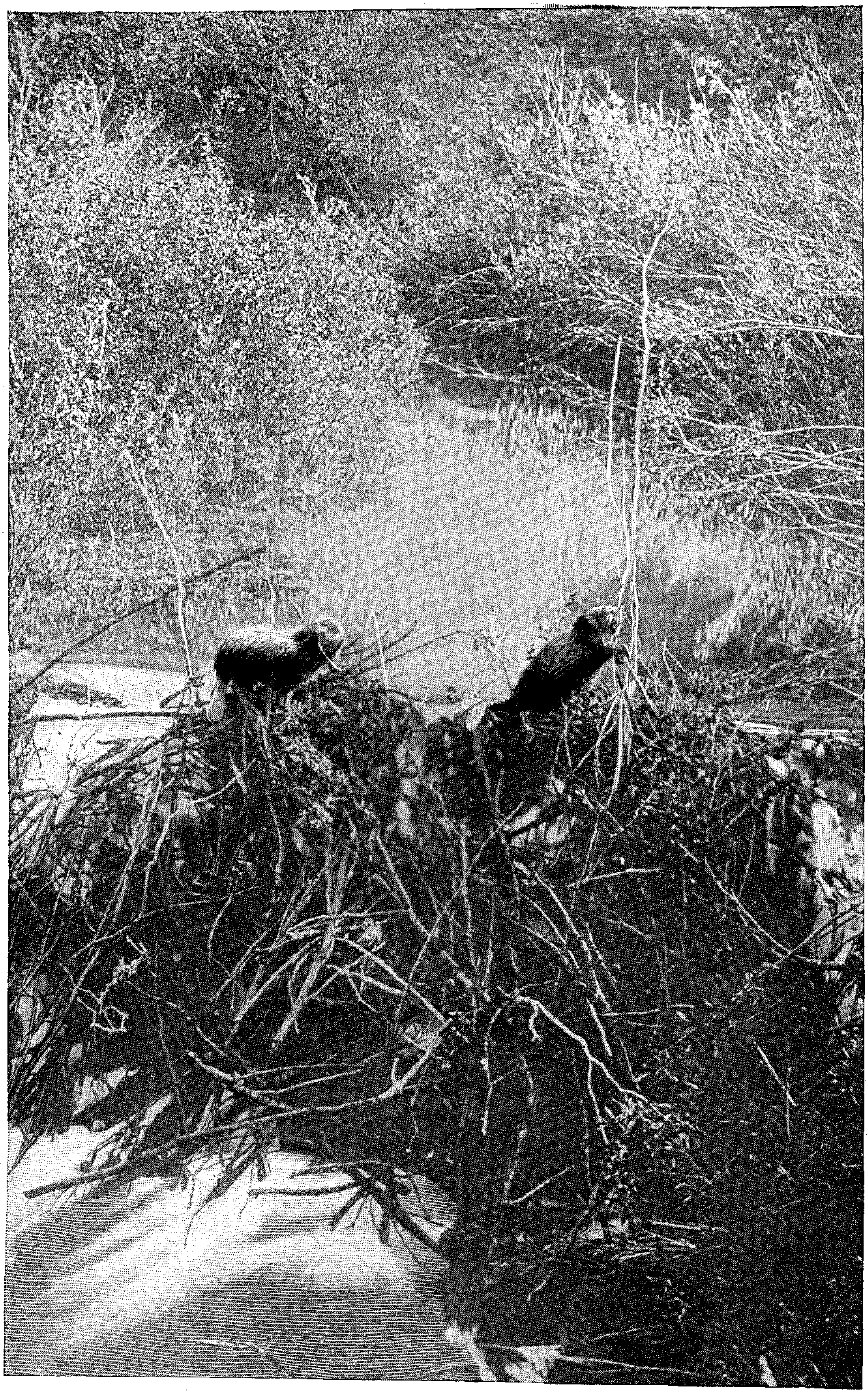
A Florida darkey caught for the Camera-man a four-legged coon which proved tractable and friendly, but mischievous. Some days later we were told by a Cracker neighbor that our coon had been caught in her poultry-house, where he had killed and eaten a sitting hen. She added that when found he was sitting on the eggs. This evidence of the intelligence of the coon so affected the Camera-man that he paid for the hen.

The friendly feeling of wild creatures for humans is pleasantly proved by the squirrels of Central Park in New York City, which sit upon the shoulders of visitors and fearlessly invade their pockets for food. When the Camera-man bribed one of these squirrels with a nut to pose for his portrait, the pretty little animal persisted in sitting on top of the camera. No feature, however costly, of this pleasure-ground is more attractive to the little men and women who chiefly frequent it than these graceful children of the forest.

When I revisit the scenes of my own childhood, the silence of the woods saddens me. Squirrels, rabbits, and birds have been nearly exterminated by the boy-with-a-gun. I am reminded of my grief when a boy called at my home to exhibit with pride the mangled body of a squirrel which he had shot with his new gun. I never told him that he had killed a pet of mine which, an hour before he murdered it, had been sitting on my shoulder and sharing my lunch.

A member of my own family used to win the confidence of birds until they would come to his hand from groups of their own kind in the trees in response to his call; and I have myself so tamed red, gray, and flying squirrels that the doors of the house had to be closed against their mischievous familiarity. I have reason to remember that a red squirrel, an especial pet of mine, once invaded my father's study, and, having upset a bottle of ink, left his inky sign-manual on the scattered sheets of a sermon that lay on the table.

In our Catskill home we nursed back to health a wounded eagle, and for two years the bird would swoop down from his eyrie on the mountain opposite the cabin at the call of a member of the family. It may have been "the gratitude of place expectants" that brought him, but even human motives are mixed—sometimes. Each year in that mountain home we adopted young crows from their nests, and



ONE OF THE TWO KNOWN PHOTOGRAPHS OF BEAVERS AT WORK ON THEIR DAM

"EVEN THE WILDNESS AND NATIVE FEROCITY OF A WILDCAT MAY BE SO MODIFIED . . . THAT HE CAN BE HANDLED WITH AN APPROACH TO SAFETY BY A CAUTIOUS MAN"

they became thereafter our familiars for the season. No walk could be taken without them. They hopped along the path, flitted from tree to tree, and plucked at the gowns of the dilatory. They shared the dinner of the dogs, and even jabbed with their bills the nose of a Great Dane, to rebuke him for greediness. Often he scolded but never harmed them. He was really fond of all our feathered pets, and used to referee with great dignity and intense gravity the frequent scolding matches between a pet blue jay and one of the crows. I believe that with a phonograph at one of these disputes a fairly complete record of bird profanity could have been obtained. When lying in a hammock shaded by blossoming vines, a humming-bird has rested for minutes on my finger, and then, flitting from flower to flower, has filled her bill with the honey food which soon she was thrusting down expectant throats in her nest in a near-by tree, while I watched with a field-glass the impartial order in which she fed her little insects.

Outside of the cat family I know of no wild creatures which are not in some measure responsive to friendly human advances. Even the wildness and native ferocity of a wildcat may be so modified by a few weeks of kindness that he can be handled with an approach to safety by a cautious man.

Excepting those of destructive species and on the rare occasions when they are really necessary for food, the killing of wild animals should cease. It is yet possible to restock reservations with most

"THE MAN WHO HAS ONCE COAXED TO CONFIDENCE A CREATURE OF THE WILD WILL NEVER BREAK THE FAITH HE HAS PLEDGED"

of the fauna native to the soil and reanimate forests with the feathered flocks that once filled them. But there is no time to lose, and upon all camp-fire, hunting, fishing, exploring, and other nature-loving organizations rests an especial responsibility. If the suggestion is too radical, or premature, that rifles and fowling-pieces be laid aside as archaic weapons, it may surely be urged that the work of hunting clubs be so directed as to promote and protect animal life to a greater extent than it is permitted to destroy it. At the least, members should take their own medicine, for when one of them violates a restriction which the club has sought to place on the community, an endless chain of retaliation is set in motion. The field force of a museum, sent out for the collection of rare pelts, plumage, and eggs, is sometimes as scientifically destructive a combination as can be turned loose. The evil that they do lives after them, the good is too seldom interred with their bones.

The excitement of danger to the hunter no longer exists. The weapons of the hunted compare with the armament of his enemy, as clubs with Gatling guns or canoes with battle-ships. But there is a modern weapon which is yet humane, and the patience, caution, and skill demanded of the hunter with a camera far exceed the requirements of the chase for pelts or carcasses.

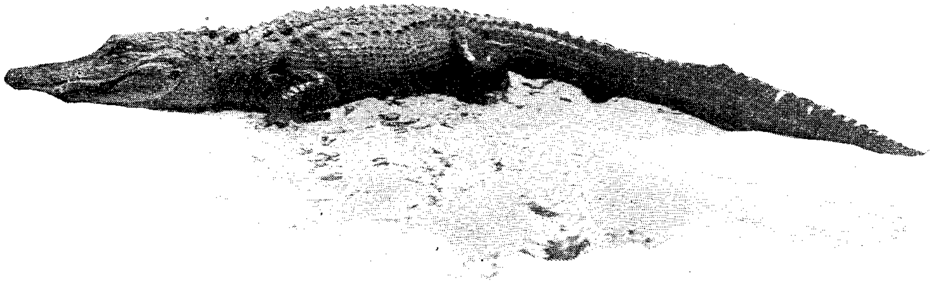
The creatures of the wild possess an æsthetic value far beyond their former material usefulness for food. The need of the twentieth-century man for the sim-

"HIS WANT IS OF THE WOODS AS NATURE MADE THEM, PEOPLED WITH SOFT-FOOTED ANIMALS AND JOYOUS WITH THE SONGS OF BIRDS" ple life, the restfulness of the camp-fire, and the frequent contact with Mother Earth increases with the complexity of his daily occupation in his business or profession. His want is of the woods as Nature made them, peopled with soft-footed animals and joyous with the song of birds. The call of the owl, the distant and lonesome cry of the loon at night, quiets the buzzing of the busy brain and soothes it to dreamless slumber. The liquid notes of a songful thrush waken him to the fragrant coffee and bacon of his breakfast by the camp-fire. He ceases to eat and sits motionless while a rabbit with sensitive, twitching nostrils watches shyly, and then, cautiously approaching, gathers crumbs at his feet; the chuckle of a red squirrel, or the bark of a gray, lures him to a game of hide-and-seek in the forest. The chirp of little chicks attracts him, and as he approaches them a partridge with a broken wing falls almost at his feet. He puts out his hand and she moves away, just out of his reach. He follows, and she side-steps again while he continues to pursue her, pretending much earnestness, in willing tribute to the beautiful instinct that guides the mother bird. A distant tapping leads him on until he finds the speckled-bodied, red-headed woodpecker that is beguiling him. He is even interested in the pretty black-and-white pussy in his path, which he knows to be harmless—if let alone. Time is wasted on the trail of that disappearing fox, but he creeps stealthily through thickets for an hour, guided by the beating of a drum that once in every six minutes comes to his ears. When at last he has ambushed the bird he pursues, and looks upon the cock grouse strutting upon a log, beating his breast with his wings, he feels the red blood course through his veins and the burden of the too strenuous life fall from his shoulders. After hunger has driven him back to his camp, it comes to his mind that he has not seen a morning paper—and he is glad of it!

The man who seeks Nature's cure must banish the machinery of modern life from his camp. The automobile or the motor-boat may defeat his purpose, and the telephone is a device of the devil. It is the life of the woods as well as the life in the woods that he needs, and the moose that crosses the bow of his canoe in a northern river, the alligator sunning himself on the bank of a southern stream, the deer that jumps up before him in the forest, the bear that hustles out of some rocky ravine, or the grouse that whirs over head, are as essential to the wanderer in the woods as salt to food.

The man who has once coaxed to confidence a creature of the wild will never break the faith he has pledged, and the hunter with a camera will seldom return to his former lethal weapon. No trophy of horn, hide, or pelt can take the place of his first blurred picture of an elk, of the big-eyed fawn that so innocently looked in his face when the button was pressed, or of that sight of a lifetime when, from a thicket of willow, he looked upon wild beaver at work on their dam.

We are now at the parting of the ways. Destruction travels like wildfire, and opportunity is melting away. Unless our civilization is a mockery and our selfishness incarnated, we will respond to the call of patriotism and humanity which demand at our hands the restoration to the earth of the wild life which pertains to it and helps make it humanly habitable.



"THE ALLIGATOR SUNNING HIMSELF ON THE BANK OF A SOUTHERN STREAM . . . AS ESSENTIAL TO THE WANDERER IN THE WOODS AS SALT TO FOOD"

A PRELUDE

BY MARIAN WARNER WILDMAN

These on a day in springtime, when the world,
Beyond all hope of telling, grows more fair
For every hour of sunshine and warm wind!

For sheer heart-lightness I no more could stay
My feet upon the earth, but fain must climb
High up into these dark and plumy pines;
And here, among the sun-warm, fragrant boughs
That gently sway me, cradled and serene,
This nest I found me—a sweet privacy
Where I may dream and let the world go by;
Where I may hearken to the windy choir
Of all the singing branches; where, perchance,
I may grow quiet to my last soul-deep.

How airy delicate these needle lines
Through whose dark tracery I search the sky
To find the goldfinch that in passing sings!
Beneath me spreads a faintly shimmering sea
Of stirring boughs that now and then reveal
A glimpse of earth brown-needled, strewn with cones,
And here a grass tuft of long, waving blades,
And there a gleam of dandelion gold.

Oh sweet this place to dream in! I shall dream.
Oh sweet this place to sing in, could I sing
Such perfectness as this of the young leaves
That gem with green the pearly, trailing sprays
Of birch, or share with tasseled blossoming
The branches of yon oak, or hide away,
Half lost in drifts of crimson, white, and rose,
Upon the orchard trees that bud and bloom
So close that I may watch the happy bees
From cup to cup their honeyed path pursue.
If I could sing it! If I could but hint
The drifting perfume of the apple flowers!

O Thou who dreamed of May till May came true!
Who dreamest now of June, nor June shall fail!
Grant Thou my little, longing dream to be
So part of Thy great dream that, lost therein,
Therein it find fulfillment! Grant that I—
Though faint my song as the least needle-string's
On these Thy harp-voiced pines—may yet sing true,
As each of them sings true, my destined note,
My little part in Thy vast symphony!

THE FINAL SUMMIT OF MONT BLANC

A FIRST EXPERIENCE IN THE ALPINE ICE WORLD

BY EDWIN ASA DIX

OF travelers in Switzerland very few, comparatively speaking, climb the peaks or clamber over the glacier passes. The majority are content to view the greater glories from the train, carriage, or path, or from the hotel terrace. They are quite right in this, for a visit to the real mountain fastnesses is not an affair of a morning's stroll or even of an ordinary day's tramp. It requires a certain amount of outfit and preparation, as well as of discomfort and hard work; and calls for a physical and mental fitness which the casual traveler does not always happen to have.

But these amounts, though "certain" in one sense, are not of necessity very great, and doubtless a good many persons who look longingly up at the snows would experiment a little in that direction if they knew more fully just what the undertaking might involve, and whether it would prove in reality less difficult than they vaguely suppose. A new sensation appeals to nearly every one, and this penetrating into nature's stern and lofty domains of rock and ice, where no human sound is heard and where the world seems suddenly to have been left behind, is assuredly a very interesting and impressive sensation. At just what cost, then, of danger and toil can such an experience be had by the newcomer?

The item of danger can be safely eliminated. Even on the most difficult summits of the Alps the list of accidents is small. On the more ordinary expeditions made every summer by hundreds of professional and amateur climbers the only casualties are a blistered face or a frostbitten toe, and even these can be securely avoided by a little care. Guides are of course indispensable. A good guide takes the entire responsibility of his *Monsieur*, holding himself accountable, much as a captain does for the lives of his passengers. It is quite needless to dwell on the merits of the Swiss guides. They are a class of men by themselves, sober, hardy, seasoned, and thoroughly experienced; they are strong of limb and amazingly sure of foot, and may be relied upon implicitly. An accident means as much to a guide as to the traveler himself, for the guide's reputation for skill and prudence is the chief asset in his calling.

The item of toil cannot be summarily eliminated in the same way. When the railway up to the top of the Jungfrau is

"ONE CROWDED HOUR OF GLORIOUS LIFE"
A Rest at the Summit of the Jungfrau

completed, the traveler will be able to reach one snow-summit without toil; but then he will not find at the top the sense of aloofness, of mystery, which constitutes the real fascination of the ice world. In trips to the upper Alps there is necessarily work to do, and there always will be, so long as the laws of gravitation hold and one has to lift one's own weight a mile or two miles up into the air.

The first thing that we realize, in planning a little glacier trip for the first time, is that there is a good deal of special costuming to be arranged for. Requirements are quite different from those on the lower levels. As the snows form an august and isolated world of their own, they demand fitting vestments, priestly copes and stoles, as it were, to be worn by those who would enter their presence. "Take off thy shoes from off thy feet"—in order to put on a far weightier and differently made pair. This, for one thing, is enjoined. Proper mountain boots are made of thick cowhide, broad in the toes and heavy in the soles; the soles studded with formidable and closely set nails or spikes. The boots should be unusually large, admitting two pairs of woolen socks or stockings—one pair a size larger than the other, so as to have no binding or wrinkling. The shoes are lavishly coated with grease to repel moisture, and are not beautiful enough to be available for home decoration after use.

Warm underclothing is the next requisite. We cannot wear overcoats in mountain-climbing, and must make up for their absence by thick underwear, a heavy suit, and a sweater or a cardigan. Woolen gloves or mittens are necessary, and so is an arctic cap which can be drawn down to envelop the head, neck, ears, and nose, leaving only openings for eyes and mouth. We must not forget huge dark spectacles, which fit roomily around the eyes like automobile goggles; nor a tube of lanoline or one of the specially prepared pastes, for smearing on the face at such times as the arctic cap is not needed. The glare of the sun on the upper snows, where the stratum of atmosphere is thinner and the light fiercer, will cause painful face-burns unless precautions are taken. As to ropes and ice-axes, the guides will themselves furnish these necessaries without charge. All outfitting can readily be done in any of the noted climbing centers, such as Chamonix, Grindelwald, Zinal, Pontresina, or Zermatt.

The cost of guides is high, though it must be said that they earn their pay. Considering the hard and hazardous nature of their work, and the many days in the season when bad weather deprives them of opportunity for it, the summer's total income is generally small enough, and it must cover an ensuing nine months of idleness. For most expeditions there is a fixed tariff, adhered to by every member of the neighborhood association of guides. For great peaks like Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn, one hundred francs is the charge per guide; for a few ultra-dangerous summits, such as the famous Grépon or the Dru, the Dent Blanche or the Gabelhorn, the tariff runs as high as a hundred and thirty francs. For lesser snow-summits the price ranges from fifty down to twenty francs. On the difficult climbs it is obligatory, and on others customary, to have a second man acting as porter; three men on a rope forming the smallest practicable unit of safety alike on rock and on glacier. The charge for a porter is usually one-half of that for the guide. The employer does the provisioning for the party, and pays the expenses at such over-night mountain shelters as the Grands Mulets or any of the now numerous Alpine Club huts erected at strategic points.

For one wishing to make a trial trip above the snow line and to experiment on an easy and perfectly safe mountain route, there is nothing better than the fine Breithorn at Zermatt. This great four-crested wall is of sufficiently imposing proportions, its highest point being 13,685 feet above the level of the sea, and its mass huge enough to outweigh a dozen Matterhorns. Yet its ascent is one of the simplest and least arduous in the Alps, while the view from the top is almost unequaled. Let us, then, pick a promising day and "do" the Breithorn.

We will leave Zermatt village promptly after lunch, bound for the upper inn on the Théodule Glacier, where we are to pass the night. Nearly every snow trip requires a part of two days at least, a night being spent at one of these high-

EDGING AROUND A STEEP BUT SAFE SNOW SLOPE

"Nearer and nearer we climb to the summit, like mediæval knights in armor"

level cabins on the way up. This of itself raises the affair from a day's jaunt to the dignity of an "expedition;" and the effect is enhanced by the procession of guide, porter, mule-boy and mule that is awaiting the traveler just outside the village. The mule-boy and mule are not an integral part of the equipment; but it is a long, stony, and hot afternoon climb from the valley to the edge of the glacier five thousand feet above, and it is good policy to save one's muscular powers for the after-work on the upper slopes.

All the morning the guide has been keeping a keen eye on the weather indications. The guides are their own weather bureaus, and their predictions are rarely in error. Switzerland is a land of constant changes in the upper atmosphere, the warm valleys and frozen peaks producing frequent and often sudden fluctuations in condensation and precipitation. A heated, moisture-laden air blowing from the south or southwest condenses as it crosses the icy ramparts of the Alps, and rain falls. If the Matterhorn displays a long cloud-pennant streaming to the northeastward, it is sign of unsettled conditions. Though the day is calm and bright below, and though the pennant seems to float idly and scarcely to move in the air, there is nevertheless a strong gale raging at the summit, probably with bitter cold, or possibly even with thunder and lightning. If there is a dull gray patch of cloud coming sluggishly through the Trift Gorge west of the village—a patch that renews itself as fast as it seems to drift away—it is no

CHALET AND MOUNTAIN

A striking view of the Wetterhorn, "the Peak of Storms"

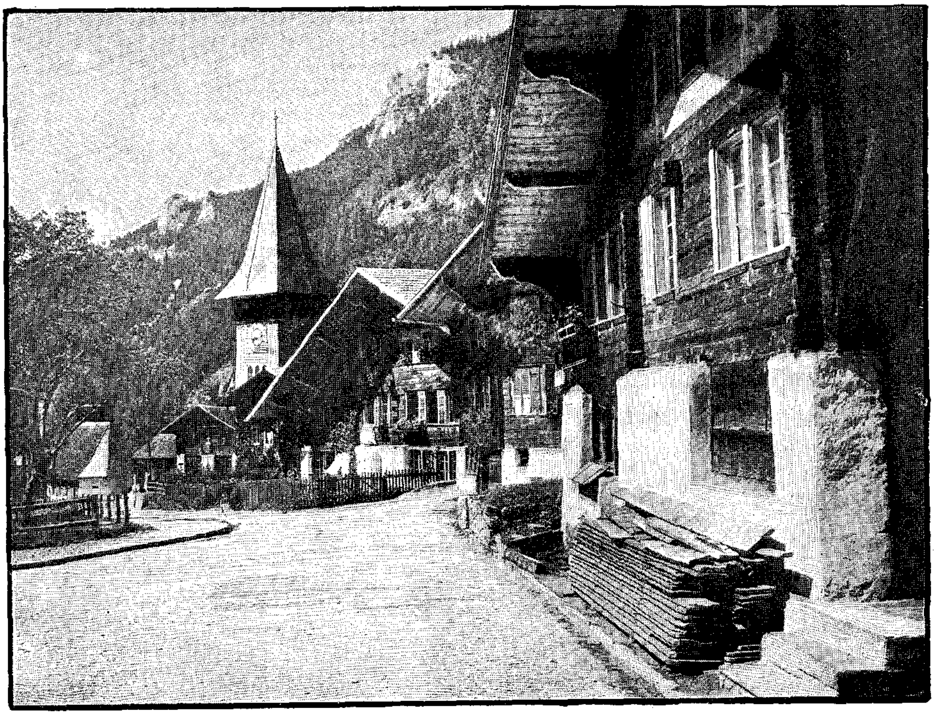
time for an overnight trip, for the next day will almost surely bring rain. So, too, if there is a peculiar clearness, a lustrous brilliance, in the atmosphere, bringing distant objects very near and deepening the blue of the lesser hills to a purple; the air is heavily moisture-laden, and there is mischief afoot. On the other hand, when the breeze blows cool and not too fresh from the north, and the whole western sky is clear and blue, we may start without misgiving, regardless of any quantity of ugly-looking clouds slowly disappearing toward the east.

In the porter's rucksack is stowed most of our Polar outfit, even to the heavy underwear. We shall not need it this afternoon. In fact, we shall not be long in divesting ourselves of coat and waistcoat and handing them also to the porter; for the early afternoon sun shines ardently down on the unshaded bridle-path. The little caravan starts up the valley, and slowly mounts the well-trodden path that leads to the Schwarzsee. The guides look very businesslike with the long coils of rope over their shoulders and their ice-axes in their hands. They smoke vigorously, speak seldom, and march slowly but steadily. We begin to feel a pleasing sense of the importance of the undertaking, mingling with some natural uncertainty as to the task ahead of us.

The mountain mules are unerringly sure-footed; to be sure, they grunt and pant at times just like a human being, but they toil upward foot by foot and minute by minute, perhaps discontentedly wondering why they should have to do this thing, but not dreaming of rebellion. Soon the valley begins to drop below us, and the path zigzags up that mighty spur of the Mont Cervin which divides the Zmutt and Gorner Glaciers. At the end of an hour or more the village of Zermatt is "hull down" in the distance, and we come to a little refreshment-booth where a few minutes' halt seems to be welcomed both by beast and men. The route now divides, the broader and better path to the right going on upward to the Schwarzsee Hotel, while the left-hand fork leads up to the Théodule Pass.

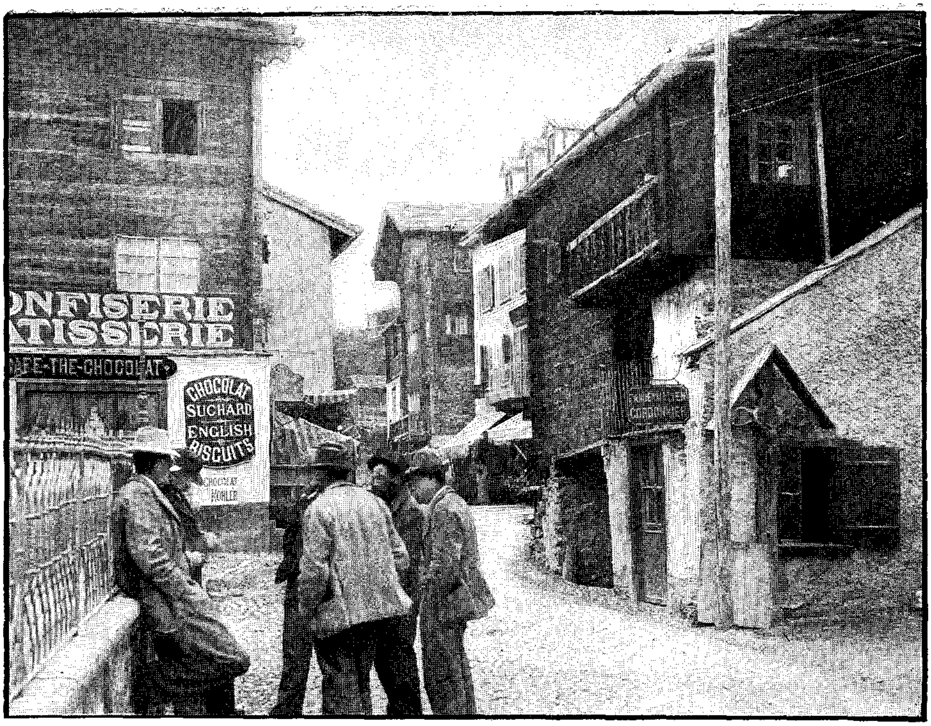
The path remains fairly good for another hour, during which time the scenery is growing wilder and grander, the surroundings more barren and desolate. The trees cease, and gradually even the rich green of the grass fades and becomes thin. Mountain-tops and snow peaks one by one have begun silently to reveal themselves over intervening hills. Behind, on the right, as we turn in the saddle, we see the three pyramidal forms of the Weisshorn, the Rothhorn, and the Gabelhorn. The Dent Blanche and Matterhorn are hidden; but across the Gorner Valley at the left are seen Monte Rosa and the Lyskamm, while at the southeast, almost in front, rises our own objective, the Breithorn, a huge, rounded, dome-like summit, dazzlingly white against the rays of the afternoon sun, and still looking quite as high and as disdainfully inaccessible as when viewed at starting from Zermatt.

Now the path deteriorates, first in width, then in surface. It becomes stony and rough, and at times one's left foot and stirrup seem to jut perilously out over space; but fear not, for Nina the mule has never made a misstep in her short but active life, and she is not going to begin now. Led by the sturdy donkey-boy, she performs miracles of sure-footed gymnastic feats, stepping from stone to stone, wading through vehement little mountain torrents, clambering always higher and higher, while the guides plod steadily on ahead or behind. The path goes on degenerating, and becomes a shameless trail of broken stones and shale; but ever it mounts as the afternoon wanes, and finally, three hours and a half from Zermatt, we



IN THE VALLEY

One of the charming villages you encounter on a Swiss walking trip



A GROUP OF GUIDES AT ZERMATT COMPARING NOTES ABOUT THEIR CLIMBS

find ourselves at the first Théodule inn, ten thousand feet above the sea, on the edge of the vast glacier of the same name. It is a bleak and bare inn, looking anything but inviting after the comfortable hotels down in the village; but we are not to pause here, except perhaps for some bread and tea or other light refreshment.

There are still two hours of daylight, and we shall need a good part of it to ascend the long but slight slope of the glacier to the inn or cabin at the crest of the pass. We part from Nina with relief and esteem on both sides, boy and mule turning to retrace the long path down to Zermatt. Now come interesting preliminaries for our first ice-work. Puttees are rolled snugly around the ankles, and a sweater thankfully donned, for it is perceptibly chilly already at this height. We uncork the lanoline tube, and gingerly spread the white, unpleasant stuff over the face; then we put on goggles and gloves, and grasp the ice-ax which the porter hands us. Meanwhile the guide has been uncoiling his rope, and he now takes a turn of it around our breast, just under the arms, adjusting it with an ingenious knot at a tension that holds securely but does not bind. One end of the rope he makes fast to himself and the other is passed to the porter, who ties himself up behind.

Thus accoutered, we set forth, making our way over rocks and débris to the edge of the ice, and thence stepping directly upon the glacier-field. We feel like some mediæval knight in armor, trussed up as we are with breastplate and greaves, and a helmed visor in the shape of snow-glasses; encumbered with rope and ax, and with pounds of shoe-leather and nail-studded soles. The sun seems to be in partial eclipse behind our glasses, a hush has settled over the world, gay Zermatt seems but a reminiscence of another life, and all is dark and cold and still as we begin to "mush" slowly uphill along the far-stretching expanse of ice and snow.

The Théodule Glacier is almost free from crevasses, and there is a well-trodden route leading over it. The walking is nowhere difficult, the snow is hard and in good condition, and we are surprised and pleased to find progress so far comparatively easy. It would undoubtedly be a relief to unburden ourselves of all our newly donned paraphernalia—to fling it carelessly aside and be able to "travel light" and walk more briskly and naturally; but that must not be. Once or twice the guide pauses, carefully inspects the snow in front of him, sounds it with his staff, and then moves on quickly for a few steps and waits. At the same moment the porter behind slackens his pace, and the rope draws taut from each man to the next. We step forward in the guide's paces, he drawing in the rope and the porter cautiously following. That was a snow-bridge across a crevasse; the latter completely concealed by the crust of snow, and to be detected only by the guide's practiced eye and step. These bridges have a treacherous way of breaking through under added weight, and a man alone or unroped stands a chance of being swallowed up in a yawning ice-cleft underneath.

After an hour or an hour and a half of snow-trudging, we near a black, rocky islet rising out of the white—the Théodulhorn, on a flank of which the upper Théodule inn is situated. The sun is setting as we scramble up a steep, rocky rampart and find ourselves at the evening's destination. It has become sharply cold. Thankfully we unrope, remove the goggles, and survey our surroundings.

If the lower inn, the Gandegg, seemed plain, this one seems primeval. It is a short, low structure of roughly piled stones, with an apology for a roof of stone slabs, and a most uninviting entrance. Within, the effect is equally primeval. There is a narrow, low-roofed passageway, across which we see a little room which seems to be the central gathering-place and eating apartment; while a few other rooms open off here and there, each with two or three pine bedsteads, a chair or two, and a washstand. All is icy cold, save in the central room, where a small stove heats the close air to suffocation.

One rightly expects to find primitive conditions in the numerous little club-huts and climbing-shanties in the Alps, and is often properly thankful even for a shelf and a shelter; but this Théodule route is a glacial highway between Switzerland and Italy, and is yearly traversed by hundreds of people, most of whom spend the night in one or other of the two inns. It is also the rendezvous for climbers bound for the Breithorn and other near-by summits. When it is found that the charges are six francs for a bed and five for the evening meal, with other items in proportion, one is at a loss to account for the extremely simple outlines of the accommodation offered.

The meal is poor, and the bed is hard and cold, despite the hay mattress and a plentiful supply of horse-blankets above the cotton sheets. All night long the wind howls outside amid the Polar solitudes, and our casual room-companions, an Austrian, an Italian, and a German, snore in their respective languages. It is scarcely a night of sweet repose, and we are glad when our guide raps on the door and calls, "Herr, it is four o'clock."

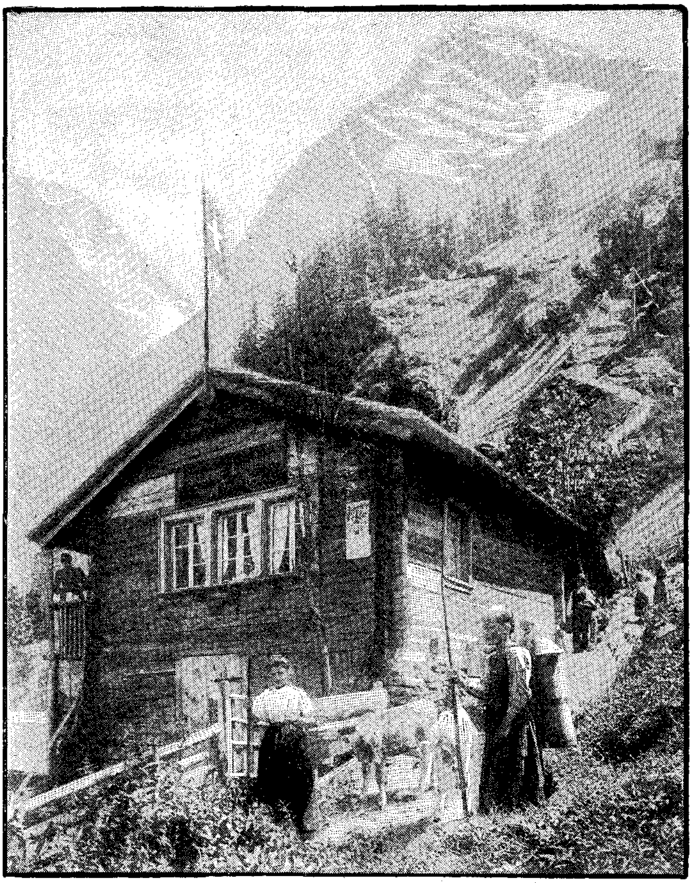
Four o'clock in the morning, eleven thousand feet above the sea! Who shall describe the immeasurable cold that seems to pervade every fiber of one's being? Now of a truth is the time for the heavy underwear and the two pairs of socks and the chamois waistcoat and the thick knitted sweater (we wish there were six instead of one), as well as the mitts and the Arctic cap. By half-past four we have swallowed some rolls and hot coffee, and, going outside into the inky darkness, submit again to be roped up. The guide and porter each lights his portable lantern, and we start forth on the real business of the "expedition."

The wind has blown itself out; it was not a storm-wind, and all conditions are promising. We are distinctly glad of this, for it is impossible to repress a shudder at the thought of having to spend a day or more tempest-bound in that cheerless caravansary.

Picking our darksome way cautiously down the rough rocks, we are again upon the glacier, and bear upward in a southeast direction. Two little lights twinkle out, some distance ahead; they are those of another party which started before us. They are too far off to mar the impressive sense of solitude, which here in these vast icy wastes, in the faint gray of the hour before the dawn, comes powerfully upon us, and constitutes of itself an unforgetable experience.

The way leads to the crest of the glacier, and thence bears high to the left, behind a peak known as the Petit Mont Cervin, to a large interior ice-field called the Breithorn plateau, 12,500 feet high. The walking proves to be no more arduous than on the day before; the snow is in excellent condition, the slope is nowhere severe, and, barring occasional innocent-looking ice-bridges, there are no difficulties nor dangers in the path. Not a step needs to be cut. It is not always so; but at all times the Breithorn is distinctly an easy mountain. One would not like to slip, on this slanting reach that we are traversing now; but if one did, even if unattached to the rope, he would probably come to no harm worse than an involuntary glissade for a few hundred feet. There is no chance, however, for a slip. The strong shoe-spikes bite firmly into the snow-crust; and the guides hold like limpets, behind and before, so that one could cling to the rope in an emergency as to a railing. There is work in the climbing; in this high, thin air it is more taxing than down below, and the heart beats more quickly, the breath comes more pantingly.

The daylight slowly brightens, and at length the lanterns are put out. Now we are at the base of the final ascent. The big round dome soars above us, very big still, for all its nearness; it is only a thousand feet above, and that is but a matter of another hour. The black specks constituting the party in advance are already half-way to the summit, crawling upward slowly like ants. We follow in their footsteps, pausing now and then for needed breath, or to stamp the feet and swing the arms, for it is still cold. And at last, three hours after quitting the cabin, we conquer the last long rise and stand on



IN THE MADERANERTHAL

An invitation to rest and have a glass of milk the top of the Breithorn. We have "done" a snow mountain, and at the cost of only a little discomfort and some steady exercise.

What a view! The sun is up now, and everything is flashing in splendor. Eastward, close to us, stand the Lyskamm and Monte Rosa, one only twelve hundred, the other sixteen hundred, feet higher than ourselves. In fact, we are but two thousand feet lower than the summit of Mont Blanc itself, were that austere monarch near enough to make comparison, instead of being but a far-off tip on the western line of serrated peaks. Our next-door neighbor on the west is the grim and gaunt Matterhorn, looking quite as grim and gaunt from this near viewpoint as from Zermatt or the Riffel. We are almost on a level with the famous "shoulder" on the Matterhorn, where occurred, over forty years ago, that tragic slip which sent to their death four members of the bold party of seven who had just accomplished the first ascent ever made of the mountain. Southward we gaze over and down into the land of Italy, filled here with a misty concourse of higher and lower Alps, the Grivola and the Grand Paradis being noteworthy among them. And northwardly, in a great half-circle, tower the Mischabel, the Weisshorn, Rothhorn, and Gabelhorn, which we saw yesterday, and the sinister Dent Blanche, one of the most formidable and treacherous mountains of all to ascend.

This is the very heart of the Alps. Nowhere else is there such an impressive assemblage of peaks of the first rank. The distant Chamonix *massif* boasts one peak higher than any of these—Mont Blanc; but the panorama before us commands, close at hand, the next six highest of the entire range, while far off among the sharply cut outlines of the Bernese giants we catch sight of the eighth, the obelisk-like Finsteraarhorn, among a group of its fellows which includes the Jungfrau. And farther still, on the eastern edge of the horizon, rises another group of monarchs of high rank, the Engadine group, with the Piz Bernina as their center.

The Valley of Zermatt runs away northward, like a cañon, nearly two miles below us; and its sides are bordered with the soft green of the grasses and the pines, forming a contrast to the limitless sweep of white and gray, overarched by the brilliant blue of the morning sky.

But there is more than the view, on a summit like this. There is that strange awe in the presence of Nature in her sublime moods; that curiously thrilling sense of detachment from the world and its concerns. We are in another planet. The earlier party has started down, and the stillness is profound. Nothing interrupts it; nothing *can* interrupt it, save the rush of wind or the roar of thunder.

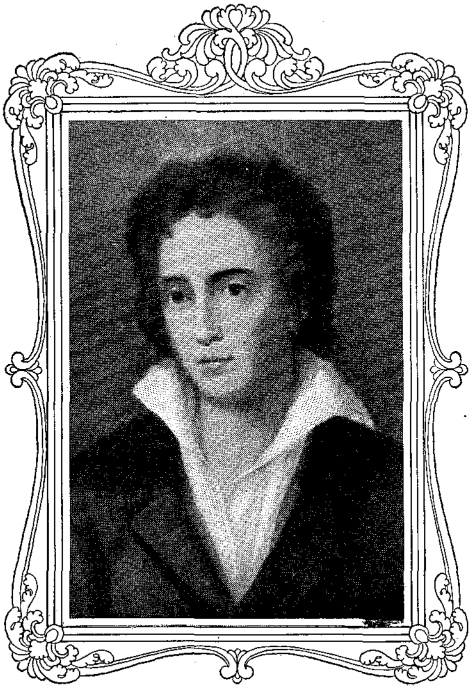
So we pause on the summit of the Breithorn, and gaze, and muse, and perhaps worship. The sun has mounted higher, there is no wind, and the sting of the night's cold has gone. We take off the mitts and the Arctic cap, and have a little well-earned repast there in the snows. Far below there are three or four more little black specks visible against the dazzling white—another party ascending. It is time for us to leave. The going down will be but a pleasant stroll, and in the afternoon, a little tired and footsore perhaps, we shall be in Zermatt. Yes, the experience was assuredly worth while.

"FAR BELOW THERE ARE SOME LITTLE BLACK SPECKS VISIBLE AGAINST THE DAZZLING WHITE"

TO A SKYLARK

BY

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY



THE SIXTH OF A SERIES
OF GREAT POEMS
WITH INTRODUCTIONS BY
HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

SHELLEY was a child of the Revolution and became its prophet; hence the extraordinary hold of his verse on later generations; hence also the wide divergence of opinion regarding the poet and the man. He had the spirit of a child—joy in nature, faith in impulse, guileless belief in men; a kind of radiant lawlessness that made the universe the playground of its imagination and artlessly re-formed it as if it were plastic to the hand. He had the mind of the prophet—intent on the realization of certain passionately held convictions and with an indifference to actualities that effaced them. There are those who love him as a pure, unworldly, disinterested spirit, filled with an unquenchable hatred of tyranny and an ardent love of men; and these things are true of him. There are those who think of him as a moral anarchist, a lawbreaker, and a violator of the sanctity of the home; and these are also true of him. Clearly, here is a case not so much for charity as for the largest view of human responsibility.

Shelley had a most unfortunate parentage; his grandfather was an adventurer who had led a shadowy career in this country, and later laid the foundations of a great estate in England by eloping with two heiresses. His father was a well-meaning, conventional, and stupid person, with as little comprehension of his son's temperament and genius as an owl has of the aerial instincts and ethereal singing qualities of the skylark. "Tamed by affection but unconquered by blows," the sensitive boy found himself in the guardianship of a father who believed that men of his son's position in English society could be made as dull and externally respectable as himself by arbitrary authority. Timothy Shelley was of the earth, earthy, and his morals had no deeper rootage than social custom. He found his view of life adequately expressed by Lord Chesterfield, whose style he imitated in his letters; he held himself securely based on fundamental principles, while "the exalted mind of the Duke of Norfolk protects me with the world;" and he was ready to provide for as many illegitimate children as his son chose to bring into the world, but a *mésalliance* he would not condone! Shelley was unfortunate also in his friends; they were mainly, to put it in plain English, a bad lot; it was not that they were unconventional in morals as well as in habits of life, but they were sordid, selfish, without a keen sense of honor or delicacy of feeling. Matthew Arnold speaks of "Godwin's house of sordid horror," and it must be confessed that the spectacle of Godwin preaching freedom from all social and family ties as the evidence of the emancipated spirit, and Godwin continually borrowing money and making shift to live on his friends, is a sorry spectacle. Hogg had his good points, but was suspected of vile treachery in the house of his friend; and the tawdry selfishness of Byron is relieved only by his recognition of the unselfishness of Shelley. Of the Westbrooks, the unfortunate Harriet, who had a brief happiness with Shelley, bore him two children, lived unhappily through a few months of separation and then drowned herself, is the only tolerable human being. The story of these emancipated spirits is so unwholesome and repellent that it almost reconciles one to the Philistinism of the conventionally respectable. Shelley, whose spirit was compounded of fire and mist, of soaring aspiration and impatience with every kind of restraint, was as a shining angel in this motley company.

The young poet's characterization of his father was unpardonable; but the father had done all that lay in a man's power to break the parental tie, and to irritate, humiliate, and blast the reputation of his son. Shelley has been held in abhorrence as an atheist by a host of people. At Oxford, where he saturated himself with Hume, he wrote a pamphlet on "The Necessity of Atheism," sent copies of it to the Vice-Chancellor and heads of the houses, and was promptly expelled. Later he wrote "Queen Mab," at the mature age of eighteen. These performances made an immense local sensation and put his name permanently on the black list. People did not realize, apparently, that he was a boy in years; nor did they understand that he never really came in contact with God at all. He was raging against an irresponsible, tyrannical, incredible deity who bore as little resemblance to the God of the New Testament as did Baal or Moloch. So far as this aspect of Shelley's career was concerned, it is not too much to say that it was the dawning of the true God-idea in his mind which set him in battle against the tribal God of a partialistic and dying theology. "Change the *name*," said Robertson, one of the most saintly spirits of our time, "and I will bid that *character* defiance with you."

The real stain on Shelley's fame is his separation from Harriet Westbrook and his "free-union" with Mary Wollstonecraft. This act, which inevitably brought tragic consequences in its train, is not to be justified on any ground; but while it cannot be condoned, it can be explained. In Shelley's revolt against what he believed to be the tyranny and injustice of society he rejected legal marriage as a form of conventional slavery for women, the source of many oppressive and unjust laws. In this position there is no doubt of his entire sincerity; it was a moral conviction, not a disguised plea for license. Mr. Woodberry puts the case admirably when he says, "The belief of Shelley in love without marriage was an extreme way of stating his disbelief in marriage without love." So deep and so sincere was his horror of a legal relation without the justification of love that he disowned the relation itself. Neither he nor Harriet believed in marriage, and lived together before legal marriage had taken place; when he left Harriet, he explained his position to her with entire frankness, and made provision for her support; he went to Switzerland with Mary Wollstonecraft, who had derived the same indifference to marriage from her parents, and he had the incredible bad taste to invite Harriet to join them there! All this was in entire harmony with Shelley's principles, but entirely out of harmony with the moral order of life, in defiance of fundamental social law, and in violation of sane human feelings.

Shelley's career is a striking illustration not only of the futility but of the immorality of shaping life by impulse, however noble, without reference to actual conditions. This world is not only an idea but a reality; it has not only a spirit but a body; and health, sanity, and freedom are found only in submitting the impulse to law and bringing the abstract idea into working relations with realities. Shelley was a spirit of singular generosity and unselfishness, but he fell into the slough of lawlessness, because he disregarded the twofold relations of the human soul. He understood this more clearly than some of his unwise apologists: "You might as well go to a ginshop for a leg of mutton as expect anything human or earthly from me." This was not only a very shrewd piece of personal comment; it was also an illuminating piece of literary criticism, and touches the fundamental defect of his work: its lack of reality. Whatever we are to become in the future, it is quite certain that we get our growth and fulfill our destiny here and now only by being thoroughly human; this is the quality of Homer and Shakespeare. Shelley often seems like a disembodied spirit unable to establish working relations with actualities, and so to gain the perception of truth which comes only as the result of experience; he was sometimes unmoral because morality—the real and enduring order of things—is possible only when the spirit understands and accepts the conditions on which all sound and sweet human relationships are based.

Shelley left England for the last time in the early spring of the year 1818, went first to Milan, and later, after various changes of residence, settled at Pisa, or in its neighborhood. These closing years, though not without shadows, were probably the happiest in his troubled life. They were also the most fruitful in work of lasting value and growing maturity. To this period belong the "Œdipus Tyrannus," "Hellas," the "Epipsychidion," that poignantly beautiful elegy the "Adonais," the "Sensitive Plant," the Odes. On July 8, 1822, he was lost in a sudden tempest in the Gulf of Spezia.

The "Ode to a Skylark" was one of a brood of aerial poems which seemed to ascend out of his glowing imagination as the skylarks sometimes mount to the upper sky in quick succession when the July heat shimmers over English fields. This Ode, with those to Liberty and Naples, sounded new notes in English literature. Their eloquence and mounting music reveal Shelley's winged imagination, which was at home only in the sky. He was akin with the elements, the air, the sky, the ocean; a fiery ardor burned in his veins, and in his great moments he was like an old poet possessed by the gods. There was something mysterious and incalculable in his genius; something divinely beautiful in his nature and his poetry.

"There was a softness, a delicacy, a gentleness, and especially (though this will surprise many) that air of profound religious veneration that characterizes the best works and chiefly the frescoes (and into these they infused their whole souls) of the great masters of Florence and Rome," were Hogg's words in describing the expression of Shelley's face.

He was the child of the Revolution in his fierce hatred of tyranny, his passionate sense of injustice, and in the lawless assertion of his own will; he was the prophet of the later and deeper movement for the liberation of humanity in his sense of human brotherhood, his instinctive espousal of the common fortunes of humanity, his ardent love of freedom. H. W. M.

TO A SKYLARK

HAIL to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire,
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight:

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody;—

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen
it from the view:

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these
heavy-wingèd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awaken'd flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music
doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so
divine.

Chorus hymeneal
Or triumphal chaunt
Match'd with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some
hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance
of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
  Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
  Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

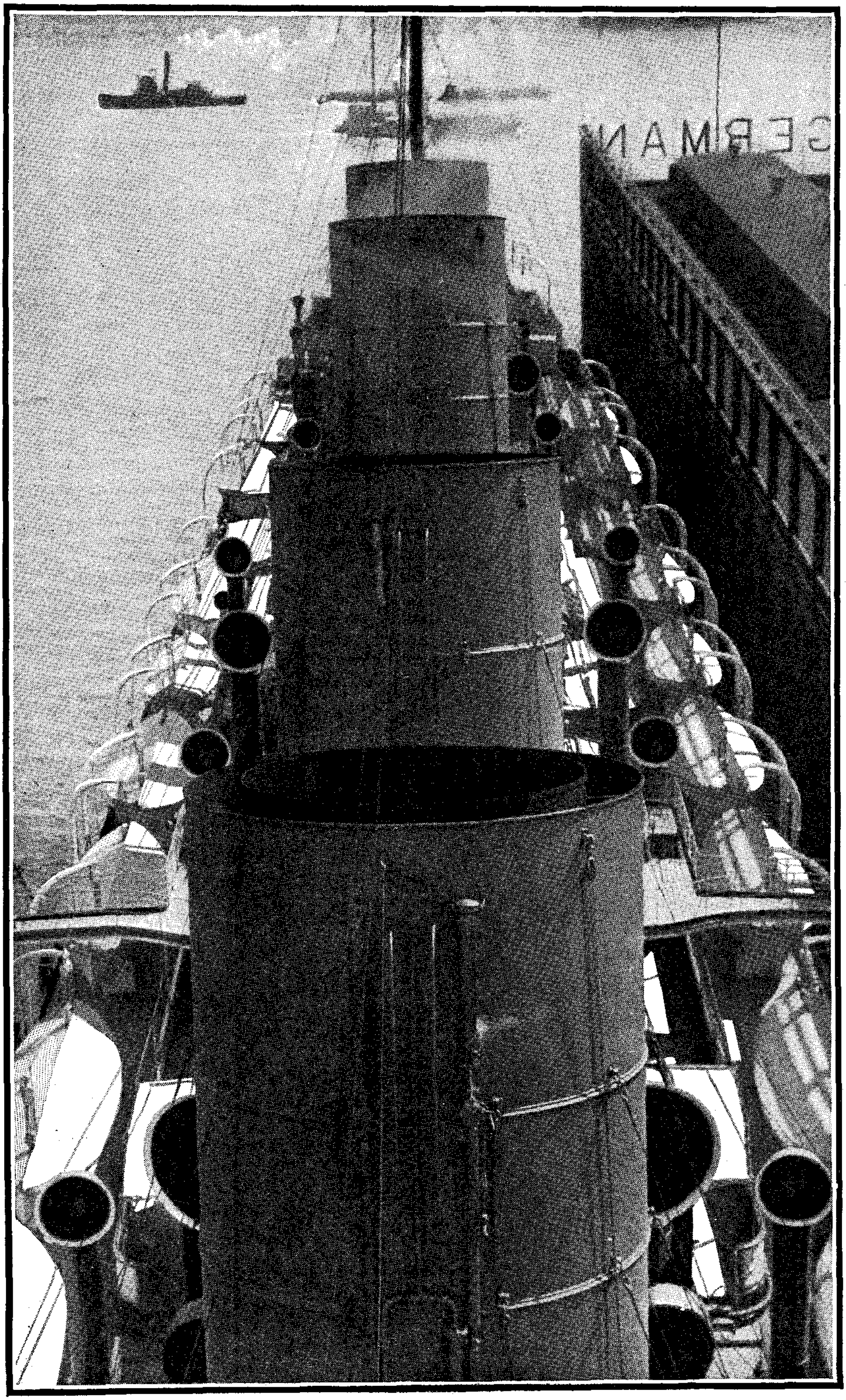
Waking or asleep
  Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
  Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
  And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
  With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

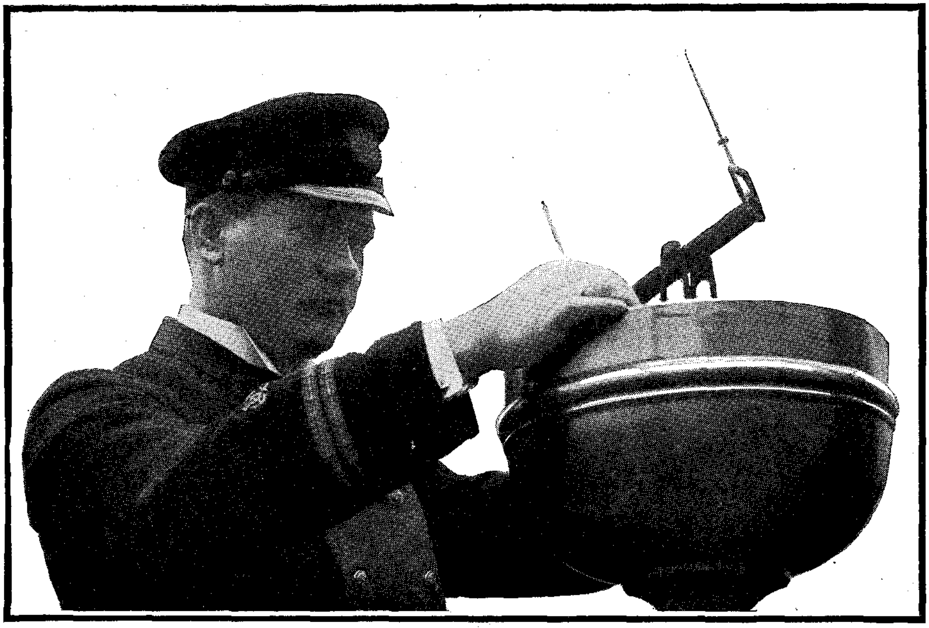
Yet if we could scorn
  Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
  Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
  Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
  That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
  That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
  From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now!



THE KRONPRINZESSIN CECILIE FROM THE UPPER CROW'S-NEST
This shows the lifeboats in perfect order on both sides of the deck



TAKING OBSERVATIONS OF THE STARS TO DETERMINE THE SHIP'S POSITION

THE SAFER SEAS

BY ARTHUR HEWITT

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THE way of a ship in the midst of the sea has ever been a thing of mystery and romance, before and since the unknown writer of the Proverbs named it as one of the quartet of things beyond his understanding. We comprehend it better now; and our better comprehension has robbed it of a deal of its mystery. But surely we have only added to its romance. The swift gathering from the four quarters of the sea of the ready helpers in response to the appeal flung across the ocean of the ether by the stricken Republic has as much of romance in it as any tale of Golden Fleece or Flying Dutchman or Columbian caravel. The conquest of man over the sea is wonderful in the matters of speed and endurance, but it is little less remarkable in the point of safety.

During the past few years, with the immensely increased value of ships as one powerful incentive, and the rapid advance of science and invention as a means, the factor of uncertainty and danger has been reduced to a minimum. For instance, navigators for years had been discomfited by the vagaries of the fog-horn. Sound does not travel in a straight line through fog, but tunes itself to certain air-currents, which often bear it, arc-like, over ships and render it inaudible. The wind, too, often carries it in a direction contrary to where it would be of use. Now experimentation has proved that better than the fog-horn is the exploding at definite intervals of dynamite bombs, But better even than that is the tiny tinkle of the submarine bell which spreads out in a circle under the water for a radius of fifteen miles and is caught up by the telephonic receiver of the fast-traveling ship.

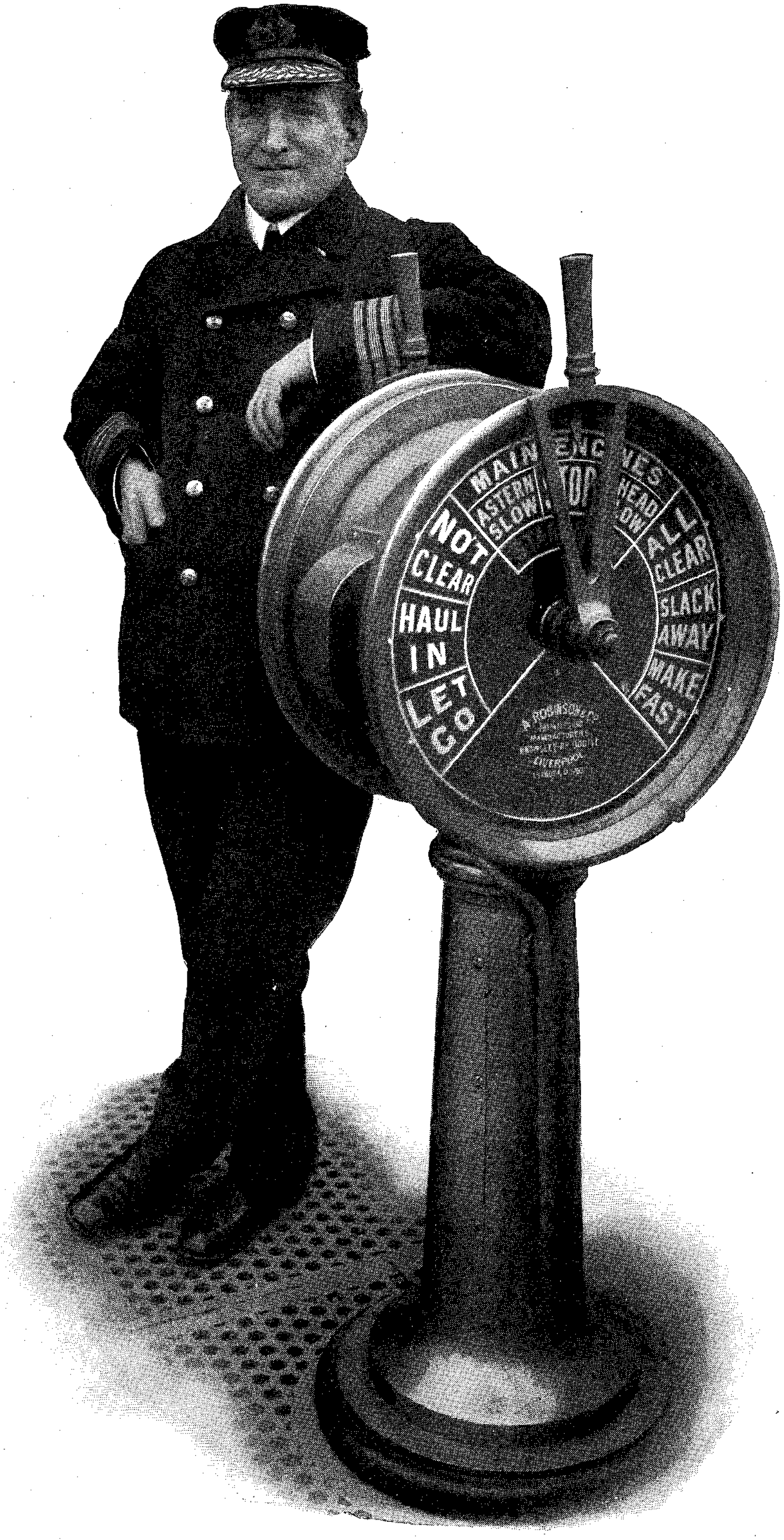
There are many other recently added devices on board the ships themselves that give greater security to the sea-goer. If he falls overboard, an alarm is given, the officer on the bridge touches a small hand lever, an electrical current is switched on, and a life buoy drops on the instant from the stern of the ship. Close on its heels falls a carton which the touch of the water, by chemical action, turns into a brilliant flare of light. Combined with this a perfectly arranged drill throws over the ship's side (all in a few seconds) a lifeboat, perhaps only a cockleshell on the waves, but fully stocked with provisions and water and manned by a crew expert to the highest point of seamanship. If fire breaks out in any one of the holds of a modern ship, the beginning of it is immediately registered under the very nose of the officers on the bridge. If a vessel is struck in sudden collision, with the pulling down of a lever or the twist of a wheel the officer on watch can shut with certainty every bulkhead door throughout the vessel, and thus save her from at least immediate sinking. I must not forget the wireless, next in importance to the submarine bell, quick to call and to save in time of danger with the now proverbial "C. Q. D.," so recently proved sure in protection.

These things, already heard of, I went down to see for myself.

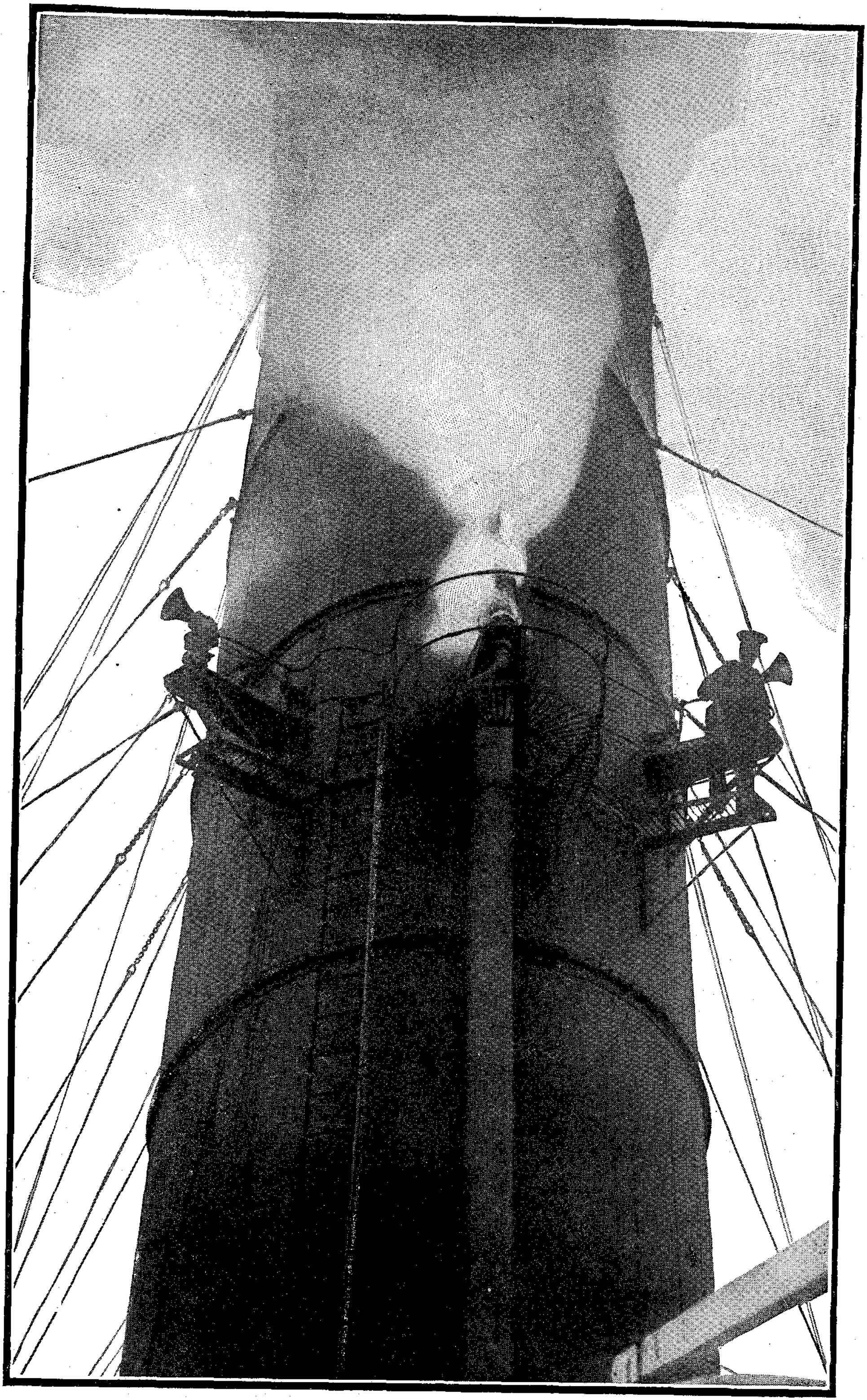
After the necessary interviews with the officials of the Cunard Line, I met and chatted with Captain Turner, R.N.R., of the Lusitania. He was simple, affable, and quiet, and we talked of ships and signals. "Yes," he said, "I am tired of the old fog-horn. We can't hear it half the time, and it is always uncertain. The birds may hear it over our heads, but not we. I remember some time back that I was taking her [the liner] across, and I hadn't been able to make an observation, because of fog, during the whole voyage, but I knew by dead reckoning that I must be somewhere near the other side, so I stopped her, took an up-and-down sounding, with the lead I mean; but that didn't do me much good. It was still thick weather, so I just headed her round—went dead slow—and pointed for the shore. Presently I heard two guns in quick succession to starboard. I threw her helm over to port a bit, and told the officer on the bridge to time me off on his watch six minutes; and, sure enough, after the interval I heard again the two guns, and it meant to me the Head of Kinsale. We don't often have to do it that way, and it is lucky we don't. But I like these explosive signals, and I believe they will be adopted more generally by many of the lightships and lighthouses. No," he said, turning to me with a quiet, searching look on his calm face, "people don't know the danger very often, but we on the bridge know it only too well. The bell is the thing, the submarine bell. I heard the one on the Boston Lightship in a storm once ten miles to sea. Another time, from the North West Lightship in a dangerous fog I picked up the sound eleven and a quarter miles off. But if you will come aboard I will show you more of our safety appliances; and if you keep out of my way when we sail next Wednesday, you can come down the Bay with us, if the pilot will promise to take you off when he leaves." I looked at Captain Turner and thought that, after all, the problem was only half solved by that which was inventive and automatic. It still required a man who made no error of judgment; who was cool, calm, collected, and who knew the seas as if they had been the streets of a mapped-out city.

I boarded the liner the following Wednesday morning as she lay at her dock with the blue-peter hoisted at her fore-truck, signal of her near departure. She looked doubly huge in the dense fog that held the city and harbor that morning, with her details in shadow and only her great sweeping lines outlined. Down on the wharf there was the rush and hurry of the passengers, and in gangs at every hatchway four hundred men were trundling, heaving, straining to get on board the last of the cargo which was billed to go. They take no chances as to the weather, for when the hour of sailing has once come, and there is a clearing, she will be off in a jiffy on her five-day flight across the Atlantic. For me the fog was the weather of fortune; it gave time to make the pictures, talk to the officers, and study the ship.

Spick and span, with all in perfect readiness, the hour of sailing passed, and still she did not go; the fog thickened and thinned in streaks. It blurred the eyes and tried to make my pictures gray. By turns it cleared up, and gave the vision of a sick sun that leered out and then fled; until suddenly, an hour and a half late, when there was a rift in the semi-darkness, her giant whistles on the fore smoke-stack screamed the note warning of departure. The Lusitania has two steam sirens and one six-inch steam whistle, and it was a wonderful noise indeed that they hooted

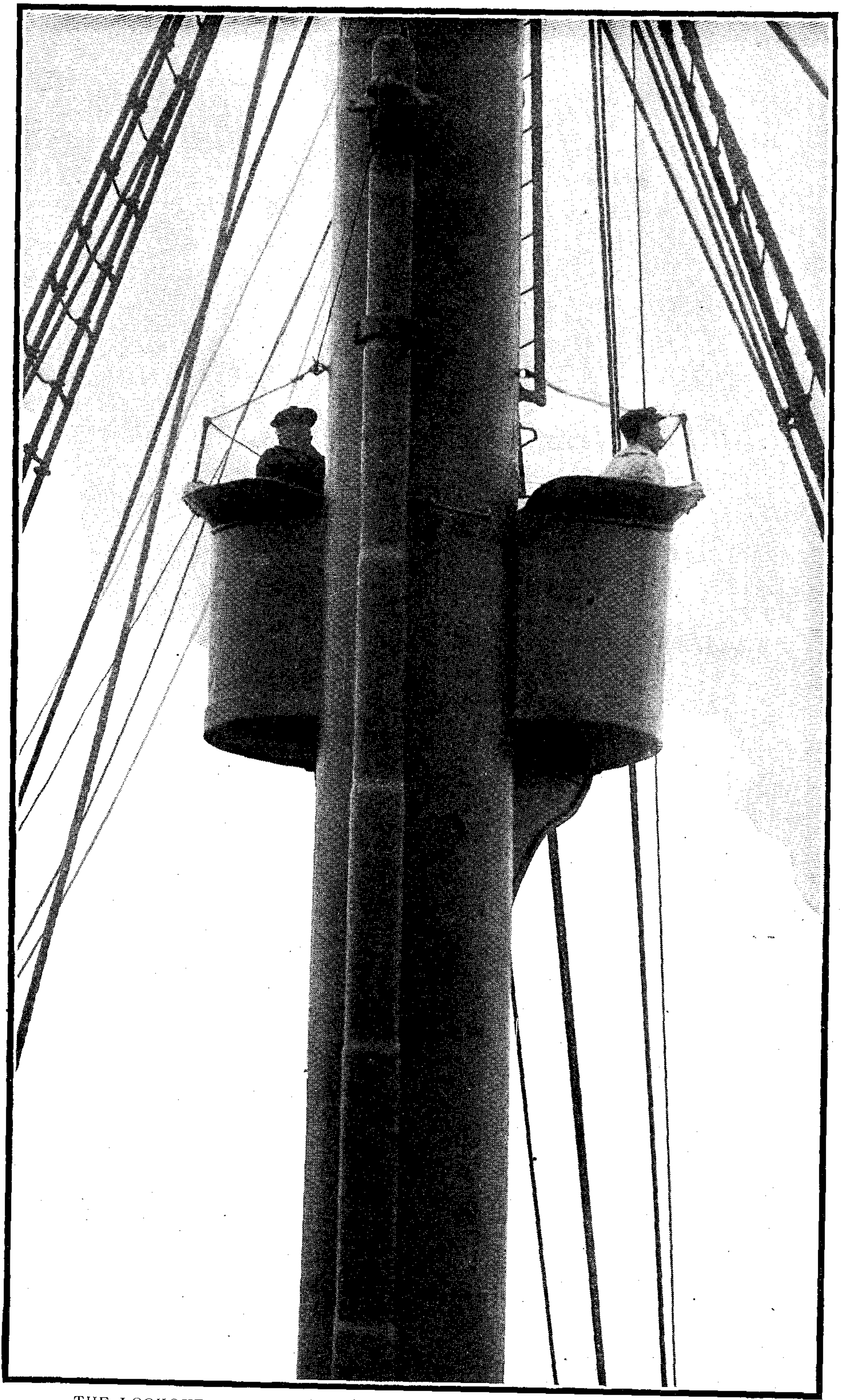

MAIN
ASTERN SLOW
NOT CLEAR
HAUL IN
LET GO
ALL CLEAR
SLACK AWAY
MAKE FAST
LIVERPOOL

CAPTAIN TURNER, R.N.R., UPON THE BRIDGE OF THE LUSITANIA

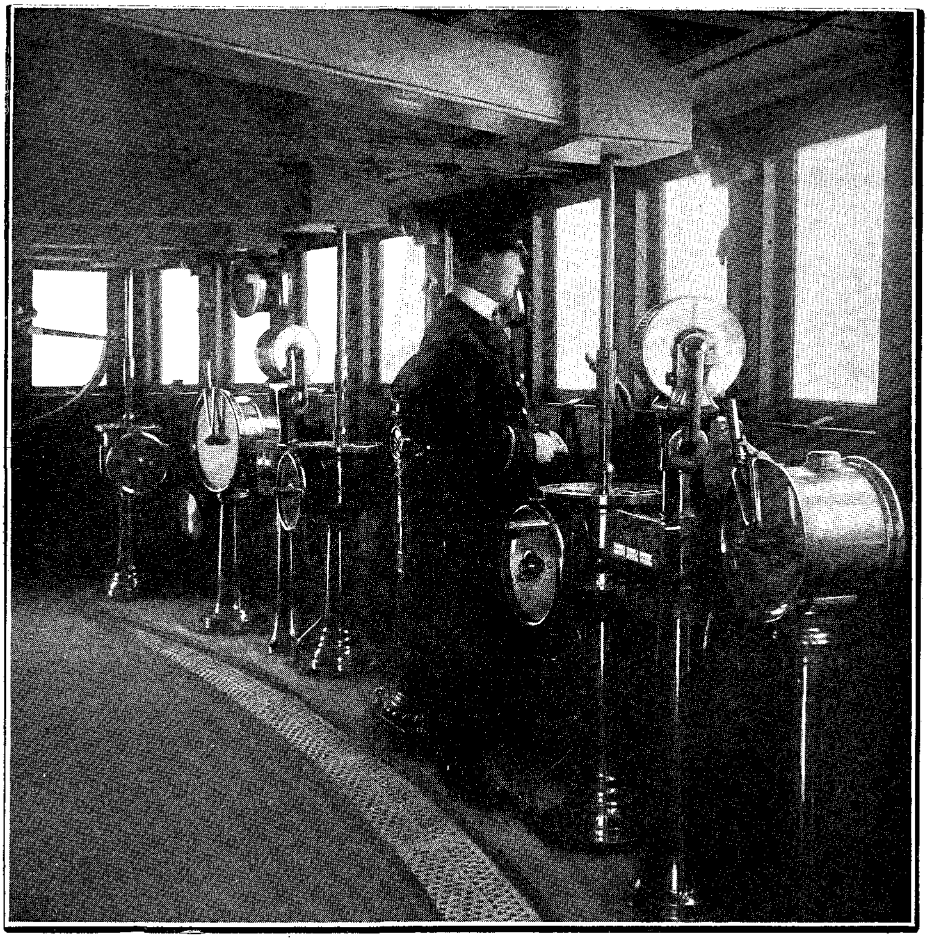


THE FOREMOST SMOKE-STACK OF THE LUSITANIA

This smoke-stack has three fog-horns—two sirens and one six-inch steam whistle—which are all used together in a fog



THE LOOKOUTS IN THE CROW'S-NEST OF THE KRONPRINZESSIN CECILIE



THE NAVIGATING OFFICER IN THE WHEEL-HOUSE OF THE LUSITANIA

This wheel-house has the most modern instruments and safety devices for controlling the ship in all her movements

out. How could she, with such shrill notes, ever get tangled up with other craft?

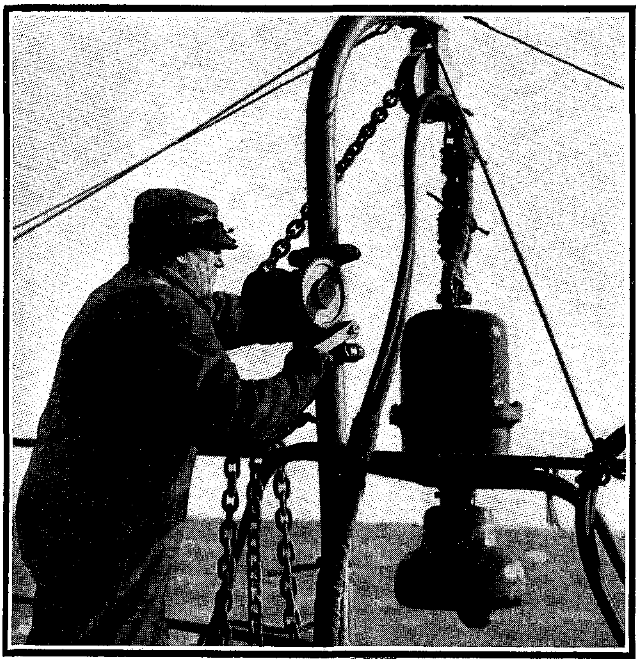
What didn't she have, that liner, in the way of mechanisms that were the antidotes of danger? The submarine bell telephone, of course, heads the list, and warrants a full description. The bell itself is not carried by the steamers, but hangs submerged to a depth of twenty feet from the side of each lightship on some dangerous shoal. It is struck by pneumatic machinery so many times and at varying intervals coincident with a signal code which mariners know, and which denotes each particular lightship. The accompanying illustration of the bell was made on the Ambrose Channel Station. Water being an excellent conductor of sound, the notes of the bell are thereby carried long distances in all directions, until they reach and strike the side of an approaching or passing ship. The receiving apparatus on the vessel receiving the signal consists simply of square iron tanks filled with water set inside and against the hull of the ship on either bow, having open communication with the water outside. From the tanks the sound is carried through microphones (and thereby intensified) to the telephonic receivers in the wheel-house. Here it may be listened for by two earpieces, one coming from the tank on either side of the ship. It is easy thus to learn on which side of the receiving vessel the transmitted signal is arriving, and in like manner also the position of the signaler or lightship is determined.

I will run over the other safety appliances quickly, for there were many: the special device for detecting fire, a little

LISTENING FOR THE TAP OF THE SUBMARINE BELL

The two telephonic receivers (one of which the officer has at his ear) connect with the two receiving tanks on each side of the ship. If the bell is heard with both receivers the lightship is dead ahead; if with only one, or stronger with one than the other, the lightship is on that side

trimly constructed bird-cage of a box with an electric fan within, which, started by a clock attachment every quarter of an hour, by its revolutions would suck up a sample of air from each compartment below. If there were fire in any compartment, a film of smoke would come out of the funnel-like top of the pipe leading from that compartment, and the officer on duty would know instantly of the danger and its exact location. Each hold could send smoke by a separate pipe to this box and thus the fire could easily be located, whether it was in the mail-room, passengers' baggage-room, in the fore or after holds. And should this by chance ever happen, within a minute a valve could be opened and a rush of high-pressure steam, the best fire extinguisher possible, would be fighting the flames below. There were also many methods of signaling. One could use the semaphore by day and by night the blink and flash of electric lamps spelling messages in the Morse code.



THE SUBMARINE BELL ON THE AMBROSE CHANNEL LIGHTSHIP

The keeper is about to lower it into position

Clockwork machinery blew the ship's fog-whistles in six-second blasts separated by silent intervals of fifty-four seconds, and with one winding the apparatus would run for a week. If it failed, there were other hand-geared mechanisms to take its place. Steam steering-gear helped the helmsman, with two sets of steering engines, one above and one below water level, and both again in duplicate. By Graham's famous telephone any part of the ship could be rung up from the bridge and the orders spoken direct to it.

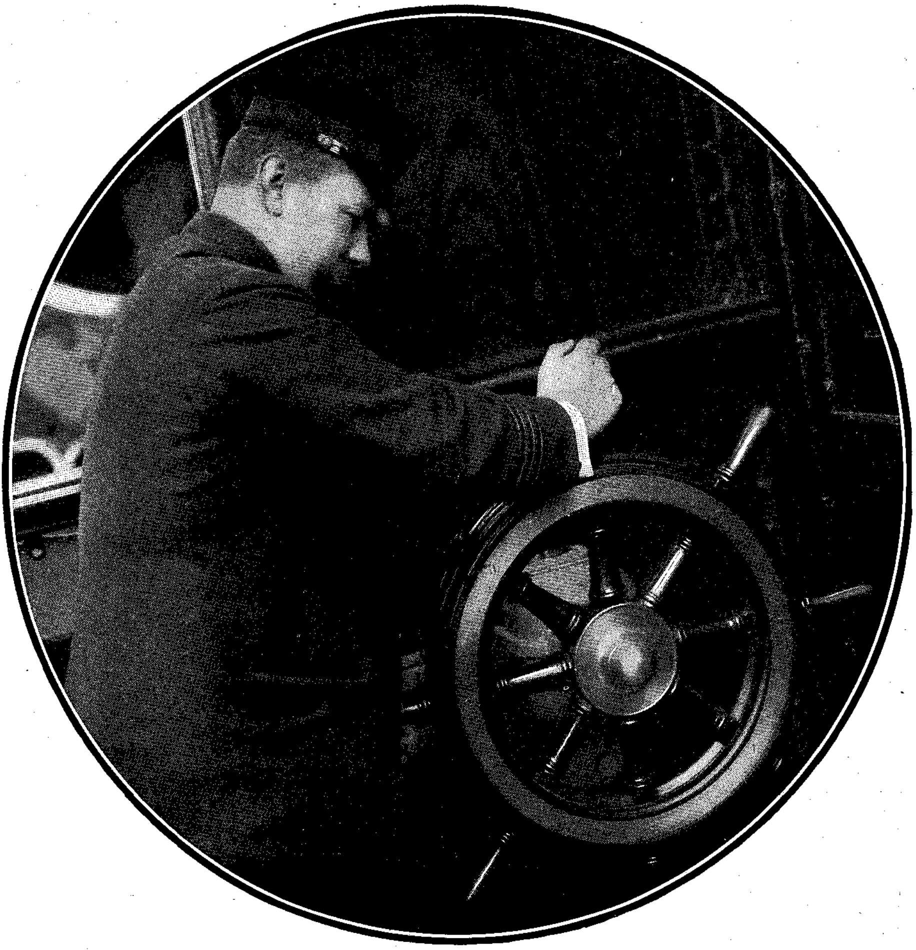
Lastly, I interviewed

THE WIRELESS MAN

" Why," he said, " we can transmit a message 500 miles and receive one direct 2,000 miles "

the Wireless Man. He told me the marvels of his apparatus and of the certainty and correctness of it. " Why," he said in answer to my questions, " we can transmit a message five hundred miles and receive one direct two thousand miles. On the second day out we publish a paper with press news from both sides the Atlantic. We are never out of touch with two or more ships during the entire voyage, and the captain advises both London and New York every day at noon the exact position of his ship." In answer to a query of mine whether he often made mistakes, the wireless man showed me a reprimand from his officials for the tiny fault of leaving out an " r " in a word. " We are just as good as a land wire," he went on to explain. " We are able through the wireless to buy and sell stock in Wall Street and transact important business for our passengers all the time."

The great ship had flung itself out in the stream until she almost seemed to bridge the North River. There was still a heavy fog, yet with wonderful care she was straightened out on her course and cautiously made for the open sea. By some miracle of intuition, as it seemed to a landsman, the captain had judged right, and just as we struck the Ambrose Channel (and you must *see* the buoys there before you can go ahead), the weather cleared and the sun shone brightly and we gathered speed and all was well. There was just one little let-up in the ship's outward course when the pilot's tiny boat



CLOSING THE WATER-TIGHT DOORS

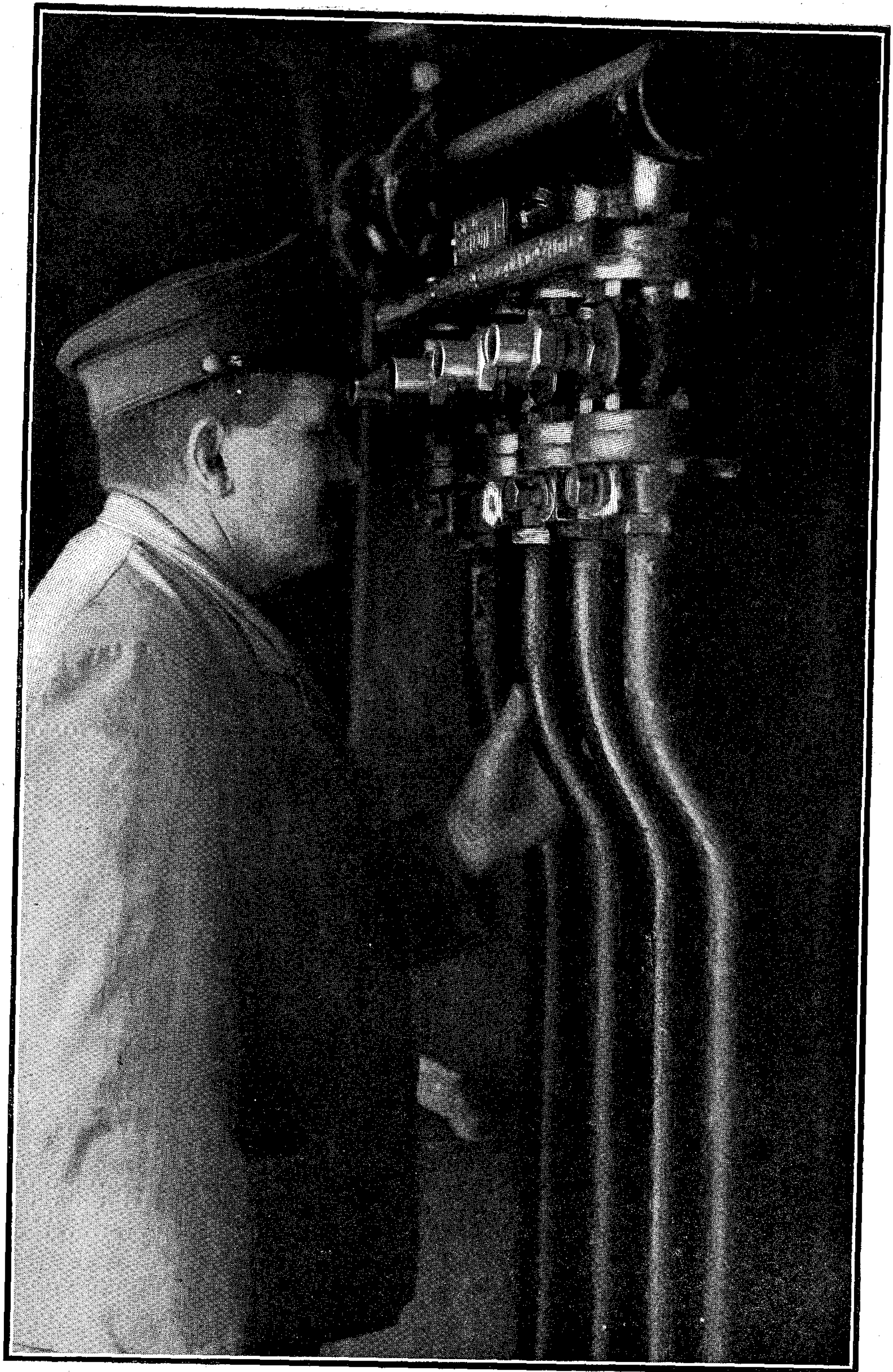
With this device the ship in a few seconds can be divided into a score of water-tight compartments, so that a hole in one spot will flood only a small fraction of the vessel's hull

impudently came alongside to take off him and the writer.

The Kronprinzessin Cecilie being in port, I chose her to glean any further details of safety appliances. On her I found all that is most modern in this art of protection, and her immense size, her gayly painted yellow funnels and deck gear, made her most picturesque. The type of her men and officers seemed to me to be particularly noteworthy—the *esprit de corps*, the pride in their ship, were ever in view.

I heard again wonderful stories of the extreme importance of the submarine bell. I was told how it had once guided the Kronprinzessin Cecilie on her eastward journey through the English Channel and up on through the North Sea to her home port, Bremen, the whole course being in dense fog. I give the report of Captain D. Hogemann as extracted from the log of that voyage:

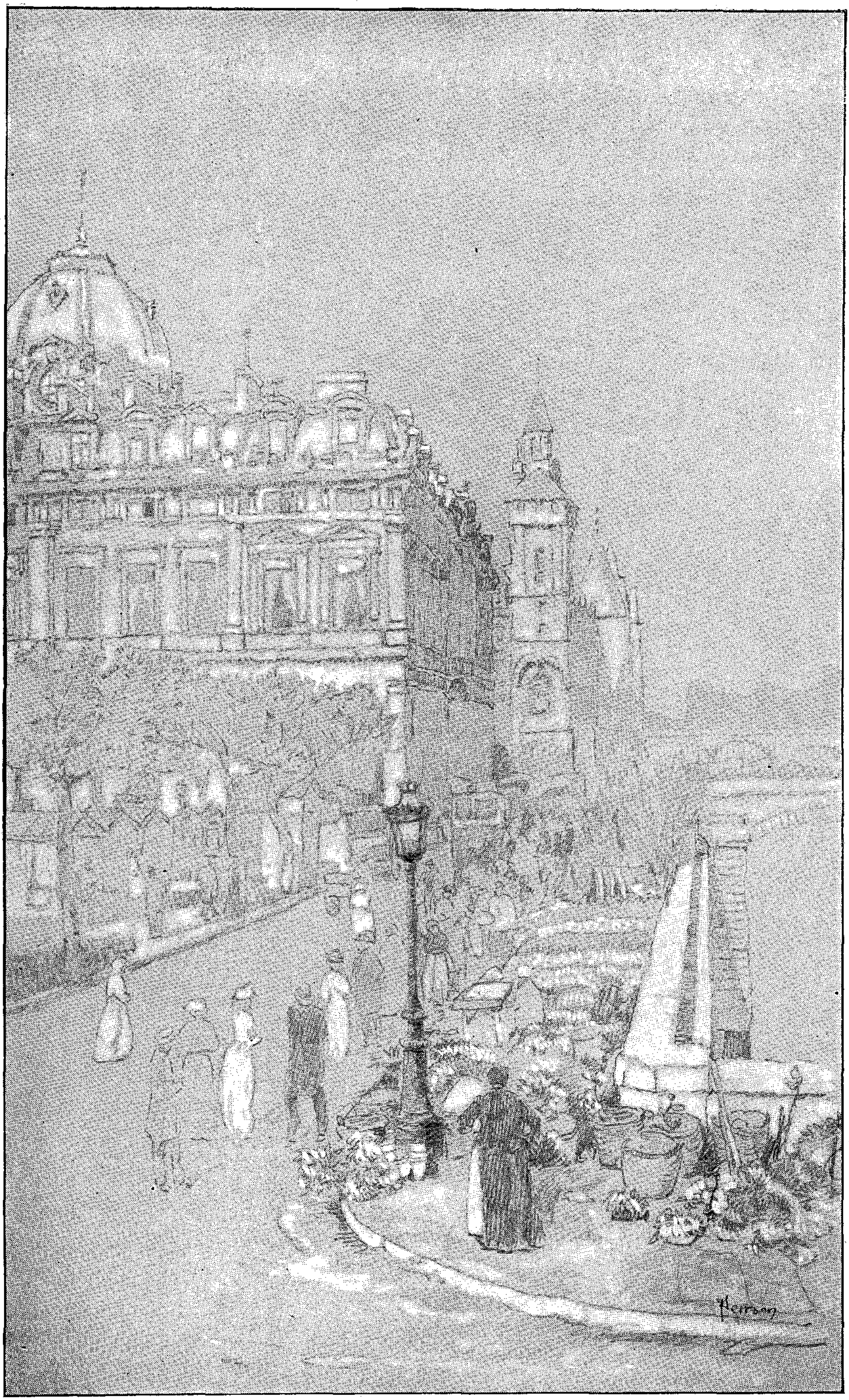
> A heavy fog enveloped us between Dungeness and Terschellinger Bank Lightship in the North Sea about 8:35 o'clock at night. It was 10:30 o'clock, judging by the fog signal, when we passed Dover. At 11:25 o'clock we received quite distinctly the sounds from the submarine bell from East Goodwin Lightship, about seven miles distant. We could get no perceptible sound through the starboard receiver. As we approached the lightship the sounds became plainer, until they were quite distinct. At 12:17 o'clock the sounds were the plainest, and, because of this, we felt it was safe to assume the light vessel was directly opposite us.
>
> After this the sounds gradually decreased until at 12:52 o'clock we heard them no more. The fog-horn on the light vessel was not heard by us at any time.



THE ARRANGEMENT FOR DETECTING FIRE ON BOARD THE KRONPRINZESSIN CECILIE
It is the carpenter's duty to smell the vent pipes to test for smoke. These pipes lead from the various holds of the ship

> When, in our judgment, we were opposite the East Goodwin Lightship, we heard the bell of the Sandettie Lightship very faintly and only through the starboard receiver. The sounds became more distinct and clear and were without an echo. The distance was between nine and ten nautical miles. The fog-horn on the lightship was first heard at 12:59 o'clock, about three miles distant. We passed the lightship at a distance of about two miles, judging by the sound of the fog-horn, and at 1:48 o'clock heard the last sound.
>
> We also heard the bell on Noord Hinder Lightship, about ten nautical miles distant, faintly, and only through the starboard receiver. As we should pass Noord Hinder Light at a distance of about seven nautical miles, the sounds were faint, although now and then louder, increasing and decreasing in volume. It was impossible to judge by the sound whether or not we were opposite the lightship. The fog-horn on this lightship was not heard.
>
> At 11:25 the bells of Haak Lightship were heard about fifteen miles distant. The sound came faintly at first, through the starboard receiver. Later the sounds were plainly heard through the starboard receiver, but were not perceptible through the port receiver.
>
> By frequently changing course it was possible to determine the direction of the lightship to within one point of the compass.

This ship had all the apparatus that I have previously mentioned, but added to it I noticed that extra care was used in the matter of lookout stations, both in the manner of their positions and the appliances in connection with their use. On her foremast were two crow's-nests, one three-quarters of the way up, which could hold two watchers, and the other, a smaller one, near the top. Both were fitted with telephones. The lower was reached by an iron scaling ladder which ran up the center of the steel mast, while the upper crow's-nest was far more difficult of approach. It could be reached only by climbing out from the lower one on to the rigging, and by ascending a small iron ladder fastened flat against the mast. It was an acrobatic feat to get there. Yet a sailor lad mounted to this sky-high position with certain ease to entertain me and my camera safe on the deck below. The jovial officers had been discussing what a splendid view of the ship could be got from the masthead. So an adventure invited me, and, after some argument as to danger, I was allowed to make the ascent to get a picture from the fore-truck. I did it, and a certain ancient epigram alone saved me from disaster—"Hold on till you can't hold on any longer, and then still hold on." I shall not do it again. And yet the men of the ship have to get there and watch for hours from this high vantage point, especially in storm and tempest. And it is all done to make "the safer seas," and I suppose the passenger in the sumptuous staterooms below seldom thinks or even knows of the loyal watchers in this giddy-set crow's-nest.

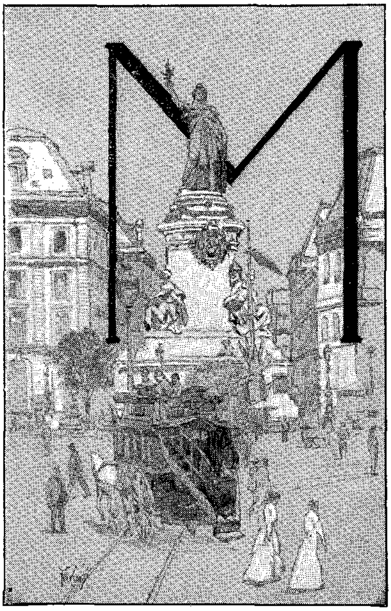


"ON A FINE MORNING IN MAY OR JUNE"

From a Paris Note-book

BY EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS

WITH DRAWINGS BY ALDEN PEIRSON



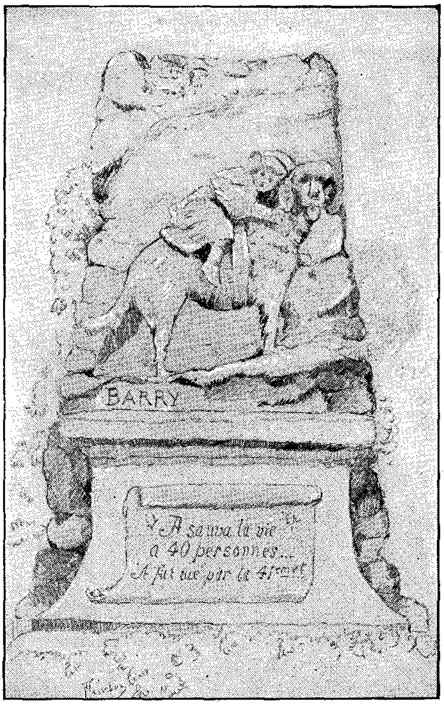
MOST travelers from London enter Paris in the evening, and I think they are wise. I wish it were possible again and again to enter Paris in the evening for the first time; but since it is not, let me hasten to say that the pleasure of re-entering Paris in the evening is one that custom has almost no power to stale. Every time that one emerges from the Gare du Nord or the Gare St. Lazare one is taken afresh by the variegated and vivid activity of it all—the myriad purposeful self-contained bustling people, all moving on their unknown errands, exactly as they were moving when one was here last, no matter how long ago. For Paris never changes—that is one of her most precious secrets.

The London which one had left seven or eight hours before was populous enough and busy enough, Heaven knows, but London's pulse is slow and fairly regular, and even at her gayest, even when greeting royalty, she seems to be advising caution and a careful demeanor. But Paris—Paris smiles and Paris sings. There is an incredible vivacity in her atmosphere.

Sings! This reminds me that on the first occasion that I entered Paris—in the evening, of course—my cabman sang. He sang all the way from the Gare du Nord to the Rue Caumartin. This seemed to me delightful and odd, although at first I felt in danger of attracting more attention than one likes; but as we proceeded down the Rue Lafayette—which nothing but song and the fact that it is the highroad into Paris from England can render tolerable—I discovered that no one minded us. A singing cabman in London would bring out the Riot Act and the military; but here he was in the picture; no one threw at the jolly fellow any of the chilling deprecatory glances which are the birthright of every light-hearted eccentric in my own land. And so we proceeded to the hotel, often escaping collision by the breadth of a single hair, the driver singing all the way. What he sang I knew not; but I doubt if it was of battles long ago; rather, I should fancy, of very present love and mischief. But how fitting a first entry into Paris!

An hour or so later—it was just twenty years ago, but I remember it so clearly—I observed written up in chalk in large emotional letters on a public wall the words "*Vive les femmes!*" and they seemed to me also so odd—it seemed to me so funny that the sentiment should be recorded at all, since women were obviously going to live whatever happened—that I laughed aloud. But it was not less characteristic of Paris than the joyous baritone notes that had proceeded from beneath the white tall hat of my *cocher*. It was as natural for one Parisian to desire the continuance of his joy as a lover, even to expressing it in chalk in the street, as to another to beguile the tedium of cab-driving with lyrical snatches.

I was among the Latin people; and, as I quickly began to discover, I was myself,


BARRY
Il sauva la vie
a 40 personnes...
Il fut tué par le 41me!

" WHAT AN EPITAPH TO STRIVE FOR "

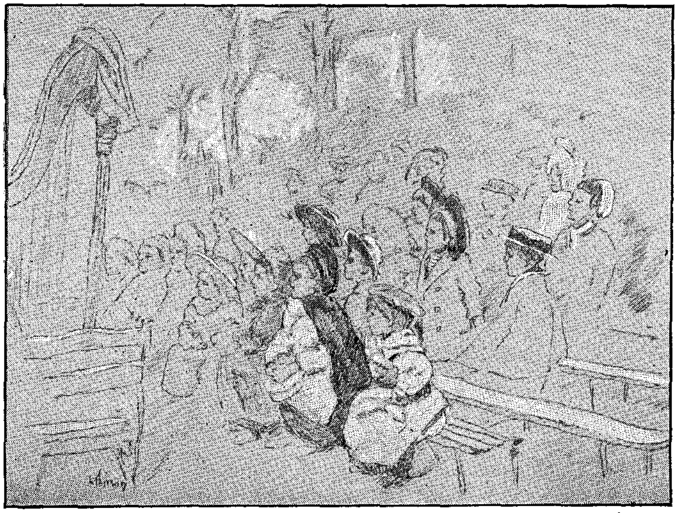
for the first time, a foreigner. That is a discovery which one quickly makes in Paris.

But I have not done yet with the joy of entering and re-entering Paris in the evening—after the long, smooth journey across the marshes of Picardy or through the orchards of Normandy and the valley of the Seine—whichever way one travels. But whether one travels by Calais, Boulogne, Dieppe, or Havre, whether one alights at the Gare du Nord or St. Lazare, once outside the station one is in Paris instantly; there is no debatable land between either of these termini and the city, as there is, for example, between the Gare de Lyon and the city. Paris washes up to the very platforms. A few steps and here are the foreign tables outside, and the foreign waiters, so brisk and clean, flitting among them; here are the cabs and wagons meeting and passing on the wrong or foreign side, and beyond that knowing apparently no law at all; here are the deep-voiced news-venders shouting those magic words "*La Patrie! La Patrie!*" which, should a musician ever write a Paris symphony, would recur and recur continually beneath its surface harmonies. And everywhere the foreign people in their ordered haste and their countless numbers.

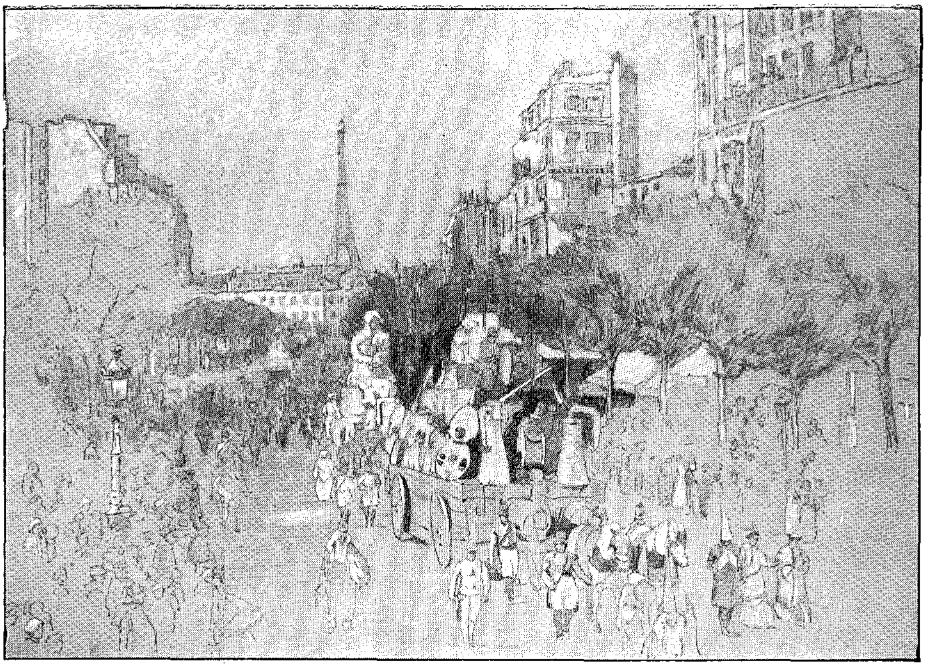
THE NEXT MORNING

The pleasure of entering and re-entering Paris in the evening is only equaled by the pleasure of stepping forth into the street the next morning in the sparkling Parisian air and smelling again the pungent Parisian scent and gathering in the foreign look of the place. I know of no such exhilaration as one draws in with these first Parisian inhalations on a fine morning in May or June—and in Paris in May and June it is always fine, just as in Paris in January and February it is always cold or wet. His would be a very sluggish or disenchanted spirit who was not thus exhilarated; for here at his feet is the holiday city of Europe, and the clean sun over all.

And then comes the question, "What to do?" Shall we go at once to "Mona Lisa"? But could there be a better morning for the children in the Champs Élysées? That beautiful head in the His de



" THE CHILDREN IN THE CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES "



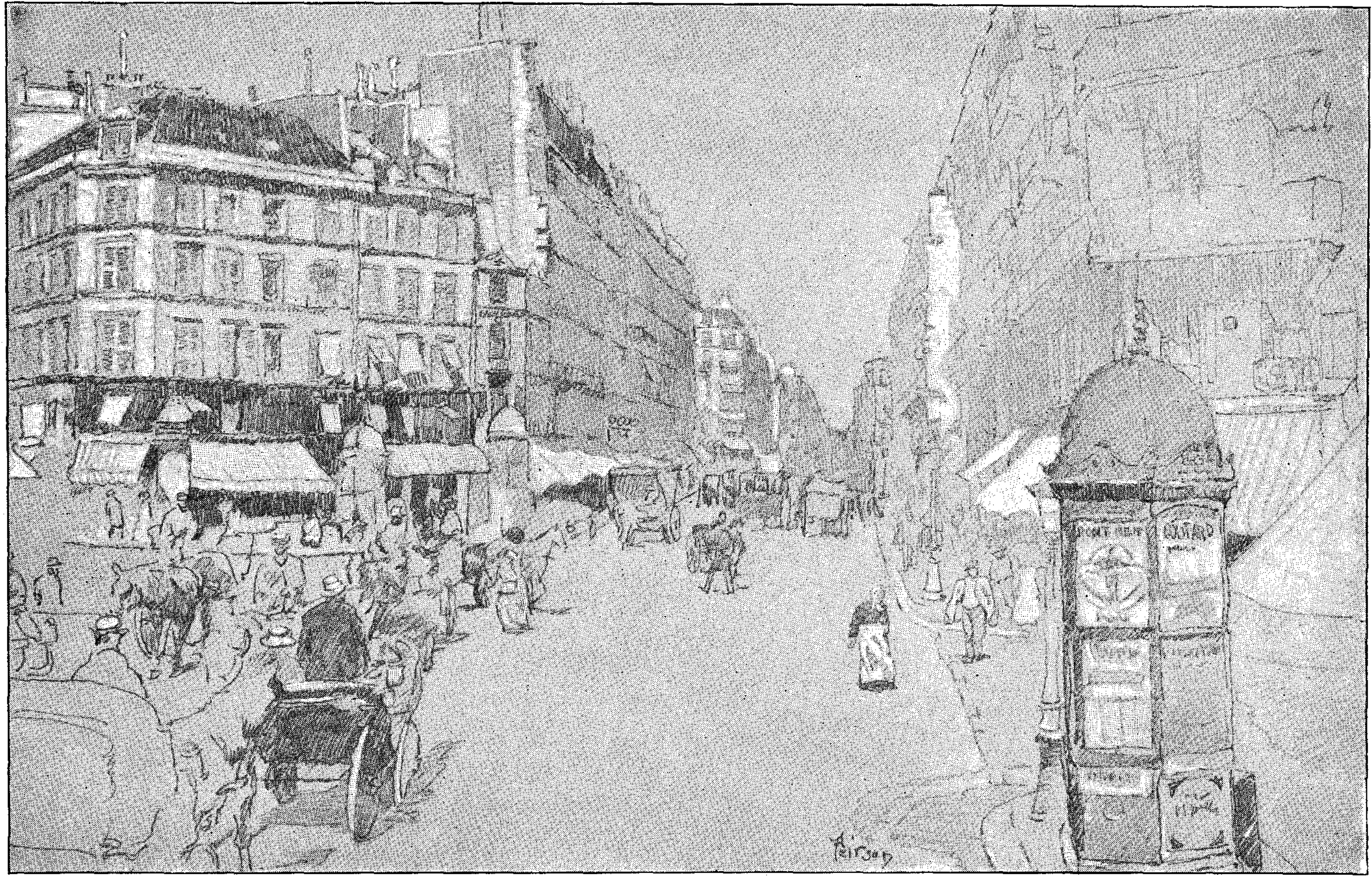
"THE HOLIDAY CITY OF EUROPE"

la Salle collection—attributed to the school of Fabriano! How delightfully the sun must be lighting up the red walls of the Place des Vosges! Rodin's "Kiss" at the Luxembourg—we meant to go straight to that. The wheel window in Notre Dame, in the north transept—I have been thinking of that ever since we planned to come.

So may others talk and act, but I have no hesitancies. My duty is clear as crystal. On the first morning I pay a visit of reverence and delight to the ancient *auberge* of the Compas d'Or at No. 64 Rue Montorgueil. And this I shall always do until it is razed to the earth, as it seems likely to be under the gigantic scheme, beyond Haussmann almost, which is to renovate the most picturesque, if the least sanitary, portions of old Paris at a cost of over thirty millions of pounds. Unhappy day—may it be long postponed! For some years now I have always approached the Compas d'Or with trembling and foreboding. Can it still be there? I ask myself. Can that wonderful wooden hanger that covers half the courtyard have held so long? Will there be a motor car among the old diligences and wagons? But it is always the same.

From the street—and the Rue Montorgueil is, as a whole, one of the most picturesque and characteristic of the older streets of Paris, with its high white houses, each containing fifty families, its narrowness, its barrows of fruit and green stuff by both pavements, and its crowds of people—from the street the Compas d'Or is hardly noticeable, for a butcher's and a cutler's shop occupy most of its façade; but the sign and the old carvings over these shops give away the secret, and you pass through one of the narrow archways on either side and are straightway in a novel by the great Dumas. Into just such a courtyard would d'Artagnan have dashed, and, leaping from one sweating steed, leap on another and be off again amid a shower of sparks on the stones. Time has stood still here.

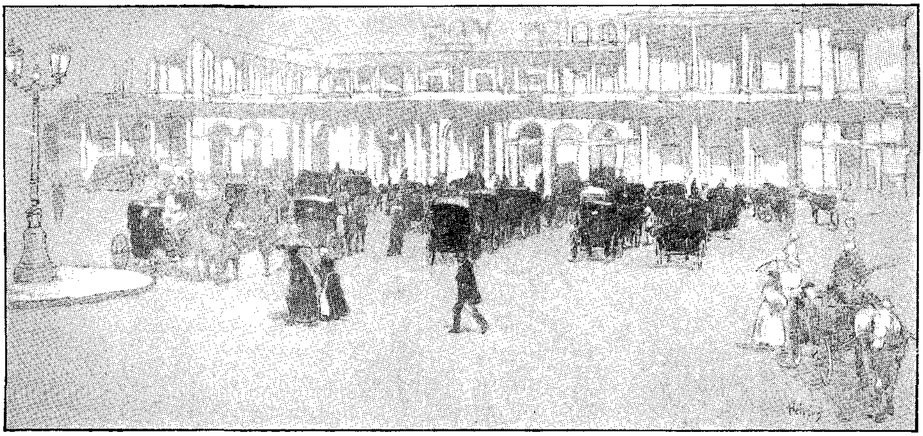
There is no such old inn left in Paris. The coach to Dreux—now probably a carrier's cart—still regularly runs from this yard, as it has done ever since the beginning of the sixteenth century. Rows of horses stand in its massive stables and fill the air with their warm and friendly scent; a score of ancient carts huddle in the yard, in a corner of which there will probably be a little group of women shell-



"DOWN THE RUE LAFAYETTE"

ing peas; beneath the enormous hanger are more vehicles and masses of hay, on which the carters sleep. The ordinary noise of Paris gives way, in this sanctuary of antiquity, to the scraping of hoofs, the rattle of halter bolts, and the clatter of the wooden shoes of hostlers. It is the past in actual being—civilization, like time, has stood still in the yard of the Compas d'Or. That is why I hasten to it so eagerly and shall always do so until it disappears for ever. There is nothing else in Paris like it.

And after? Well, the next thing is to have lunch. And since this lunch—being the first—will be the best lunch of the holiday, and therefore the best meal of the holiday—for every meal on a holiday in Paris is a little better than that which follows it—it is an enterprise not lightly to be undertaken. One must decide carefully, for this is to be an extravagance; the search for the little out-of-the-way restaurant will come later. To-day we are rich. This article is not a guide to the gastronome. (How indeed could it be, even though, when Heaven sends a cheerful hour, one would scorn to refrain?) But none the less it would be pleasant, in this commentary upon a city illustrious for its culinary ingenuity and genius, to say something of restaurants. But what is one to say here on such a theme? Every one has his own taste. For me Voisin's remains, and will, I imagine, remain, the most distinguished, the most serene, restaurant in Paris; in its retired situation at the corner of the Rue St. Honoré and the Rue Cambon, with its simple decoration, its unhastening order and despatch, its Napoleonic head waiter, its Bacchic wine waiter (with a head that calls for vine leaves), and its fastidious cuisine. To Voisin's I should always make my way when I wished not only to be delicately nourished, but to be quiet and philosophic and retired. Only one other restaurant do I know where the cooking gives me the satisfaction of Voisin's—where excessive richness never intrudes—and that is a discovery of my own and not lightly to be given away. Voisin's is a name known all over the world: one can say nothing new about Voisin; but the little restaurant with which I propose to tantalize you, although the resort of some of the most thoughtful eaters in Paris, has a reputation that has not spread. It is not cheap; it is little less dear, indeed, than the Café Anglais or Paillard's, to name the two restaurants of renown which are nearest to it; its cellar is poor and limited to half a dozen wines; its two rooms are minute and hot; but the idea of gastronomy reigns—everything is subordinated to the food and the cooking. If you order a trout, it is the best trout that France can breed, and it is swimming in the kitchen at the time the solitary waiter repeats your command; no such asparagus reaches any other Paris restaurant, no such *pré salé*, and no such wild strawberries. But I have said enough; almost I fear I have said too much. These discoveries must be kept sacred. But for lunch to-day? Shall it be *chez* Voisin? or *chez* Foyot, by


"THEIR BACKS ENTIRELY FILL THE LANDSCAPE"

the Sénat? or *chez* Lapérouse (where the two Stevensons used to eat and talk) on the Quai des Augustins? Or shall it be at my nameless restaurant?

Voisin's to-day, I think.

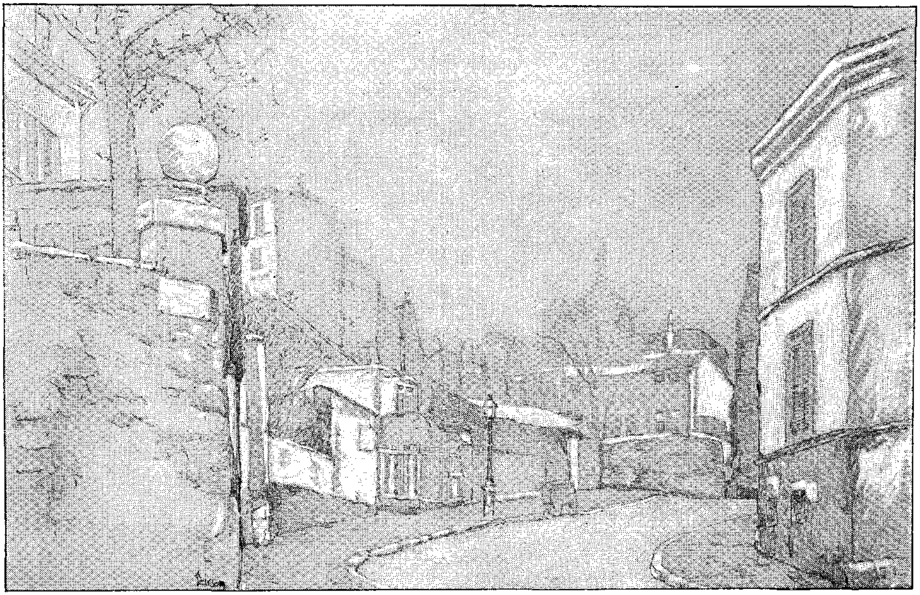
THE DOGS' CEMETERY

The Parisians may be kind fathers and devoted mothers: I am sure that they are; but to the observer in the streets and restaurants their finest shades of protective affection would seem to be reserved for dogs. One sees their children with *bonnes;* their dogs are their own care. The ibis of Egypt is hardly more sacred. An English friend who has lived in the heart of Paris for some time in the company of a fox-terrier tells me that on their walks abroad in the evening the number of strangers who stop him to pass friendly remarks upon his pet or ask to be allowed to pat it—or who make overtures to it without permission—is beyond belief. No pink baby in Kensington Gardens is more admired. Dogs in English restaurants are a rarity: but in Paris they are so much a matter of course that a little *pâté* is always ready for them.

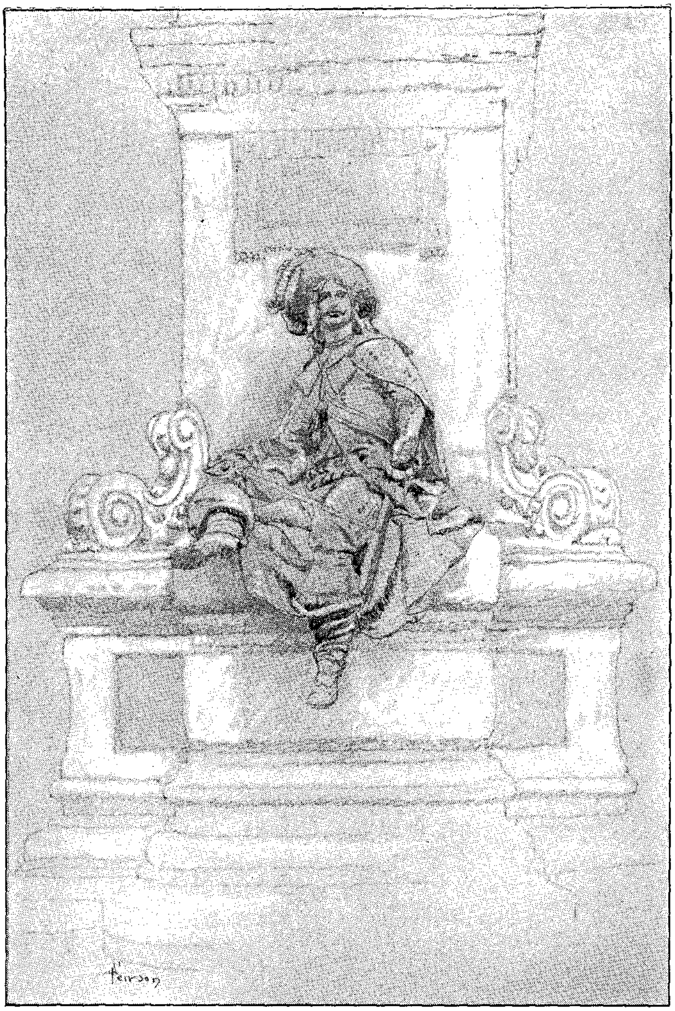
The Parisians not only adore their dogs in life; they give them very honorable burial. We have in London, by Lancaster Gate, a tiny cemetery for these friendly creatures; but that is as nothing when compared with the cemetery at St. Ouen, on an island in the Seine. Here are monuments of the most elaborate description, and fresh wreaths everywhere. The most striking tomb is that of a Saint Bernard who saved forty persons but was killed by the forty-first—a hero of whose history one would like to know more, but the gatekeeper is curiously uninstructed.

I walked among these myriad graves, all very recent in date, and was not a little touched by the affection that had gone to their making. I noted a few names: Petit Bob, Espérance (whose portrait is in bas-relief, accompanied by that of its master), Peggie, Fan, Pincke, Manon, Dick, Siko, Leonette (aged 17 years and 4 months), Toby, Kiki, Ben-Ben ("*toujours gai, fidèle et caressant*"—what an epitaph to strive for!), Javotte, Nana, Lili, Dedjaz, Trinquefort, Teddy, and Prince (whose mausoleum is superb), Fifi (who saved lives), Colette, Dash (a spaniel with a little bronze sparrow perching on his tomb), Boy, Bizon (who saved his owner's life and therefore has this souvenir), and Mosque *(regretté et fidèle ami).* There must be hundreds and hundreds altogether, and it will not be long before another "God's Acre" is required.

Standing amid all the little graves, I felt



"A STREET IN MONTMARTRE"



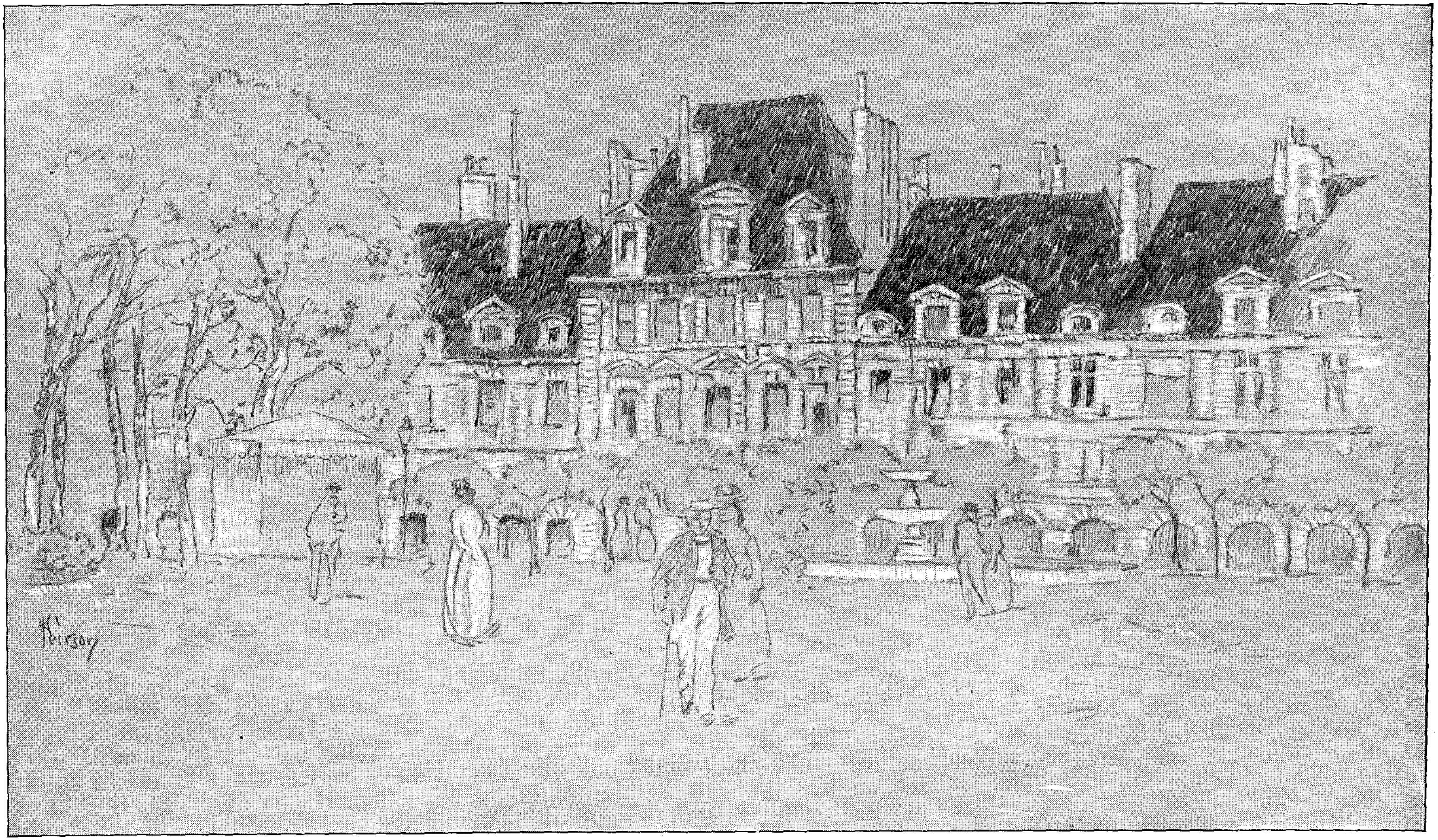
"WITH D'ARTAGNAN AT THE BASE"

that the one thing I wanted to see was a dog's funeral. For surely there must be impressive obsequies as a preparation to such thoughtful burial. But I did not. No melancholy cortège came that way that afternoon; Fido's *pompes funèbres* are still a mystery to me.

But to my mind the best dogs in Paris are not such toy pets as are here for the most part kept in sacred memory, but those eager pointers that one sees on Sunday morning at the Gare du Nord, and indeed at all the big stations, following brisk, plump sportsmen, with all the opera bouffe insignia of the chase—the leggings and the belt and the great satchel and the gun. For the Frenchman who is going to shoot likes the world to know what a lucky devil he is; he has none of our furtive English unwillingness to be known for what we are. I have seen them start and I have waited about in the station towards dinner time just to see them return, with their bags bulging and their steps springing with the pride and elation of success, and the faithful pointers trotting behind.

THE CABMEN

My impression now is, writing here in England, that the Paris *cochers* are all exactly alike. They have white hats and blue coats and bad horses and black mustaches, and their backs entirely fill the landscape. Also they never have an accident, and also never look as if they were going to avoid one. That is partly



"HOW DELIGHTFULLY THE SUN MUST BE LIGHTING UP THE RED WALLS OF THE PLACE DES VOSGES" because they are a weary and cynical folk, and partly because in France the roads belong to vehicles, and not, as in England, to foot-passengers. In England if you are run over you can prosecute the driver and get damages; in France if you are run over the driver can prosecute you for being in the way.

No matter with what fervor is the *entente* fostered and nourished, the Parisian cabman will see to it that the hatchet is never too deeply interred; that the racial excrescences are not too smoothly planed. Polite hotel managers, obsequious restaurateurs, smiling *sommeliers*, and irradiated shopkeepers may do their best to assure the Anglo-Saxon that he is among a people that exist merely to do him honor and adore his personality; but directly he hails a cab he knows better. The truth is then his. Not that the Parisian *cocher* hates a foreigner. Nothing so crude as that. He merely is possessed by a devil of contempt that prompts him to humiliate and confound us. To begin with, he will not appear to want you as a fare; he will make it a favor to drive you at all. He will then begin his policy of humorous pin-pricks. Though you speak with the accent of Mounet-Sully himself, he will force you to pronounce the name of your destination not once but many times, and then very likely he will drive you somewhere else. You may step into his cab with a feeling that Paris is becoming a native city; you will emerge wishing it at the bottom of the sea. That is the *cocher's* special mission in life—subtly and insidiously to humiliate the tourist. He does it like an artist and as an artist—for his own pleasure. It is the only compensation that his dreary life carries.

The inability of the *cocher* to understand a foreign instruction the first time is, when it honestly is inability, a proof that the French are not less capable of stupidity than any other people. There is an idea current that they are the most intelligent of races, but I believe this to be a fallacy proceeding from the fact that the French language lends itself to epigrammatic expression and that every French child dips his cup into the common store of engaging idioms and adroit forms of speech. This means that French conversation, even among the humblest, is better than English conversation under similar and far more favorable conditions; but it means no more. It gives no real intelligence. The incapacity of the ordinary Frenchman to get enough imagination into his ear (so fine that it can distinguish between the most delicate vowel sounds in his own language) to enable it to understand a foreign pronunciation is partly proof of this. But take him at any time off his regular lines, present a new idea to him, and he can be as dense as a Sussex farm laborer.

HUGO'S HOUSE IN THE PLACE DES VOSGES

Although Hugo occupied only a small portion of this house, the whole of it is now dedicated to his spreading memory. Let us enter. There is nothing in England like the Hugo Museum. I have been to Carlyle's house in Cheyne Row, to Johnson's house at Litchfield, to Wordsworth's house at Grasmere, to Milton's house at Chalfont St. Giles, to Leighton house at Kensington; and the impression left by all is that their owners lived very thin lives. The rooms convey a sense of bareness. One is struck not by the wealth of relics but by the poverty of them; while for any suggestion that these men were pulsating creatures of friendship one seeks in vain. But Hugo—Hugo's house throbs with life and energy and warm, prosperous amities. Every inch is crowded with mementos of his vigor and his triumphs; yes, and his failures too.

Here are portraits of him by the hundred, at all ages, caricatures, lampoons, play bills, first editions, popular editions, furniture by Hugo, decorations by Hugo, drawings by Hugo, scenes in Hugo's life in exile, wreaths, busts, portraits of his grandchildren (who taught him the exquisite art of being a grandfather), his deathbed, his death mask, the cast of his hands. Hugo, Hugo, Hugo, everywhere, always tremendous and splendid and passionate and French.

Among the more valuable possessions of this museum are Bastien-Lepage's charcoal drawing of the master; Besnard's picture of the first night of "Hernani" with the young romantic on the stage taking his call and hurling defiance at the gods; Steinlen's oil painting (there are not many oil paintings of this great draughtsman and great Parisian), "Les Pauvres Gens;" Daumier's cartoon, "Les Châtiments;" Henner's "Sarah la Baigneuse" from "Les Orientales;" allegories by Chifflart; beautiful canvases by Carrière and Fantin Latour; and Devambez's "Jean Valjean before the Tribunal of Arras," in which Jean is curiously like Gladstone in a bad coat; Vièrge's drawing of the funeral of George Hugo, during the siege; and Yama Motto's curious scene of Hugo's own funeral, of which there are many photographs, including one of the coffin as it lay in state for two days under the Arc de Triomphe. There are also a number of Hugo *reliques* which the Camelots of that sad day twenty-four years ago were selling to the crowds.

Hugo, it is well known, nursed a private ambition to be a great artist, and in my opinion he was a great artist. There are drawings from his hand on these walls which are magnificent—mysterious and somber fortresses on impregnable cliffs—scenes in enchanted lands with more imagination than ever Doré compassed, and some of the sinister cruelty and power of Méryon. Hugo was ingenious, too: he decorated a room with colored carvings in the Chinese manner, and he made the neatest folding-table I ever saw—hinged into the wall so that when not in use it takes up no floor space whatever.

It is amusing to follow Hugo's physiognomy through the ages, at first beardless, looking when young rather like Bruant, the *chansonnier* of to-day; then the coming of the beard, and the progress of it until the final stage in which the mental eye now also sees the old poet—white and strong and benevolent—the Hugo, in short, of Bonnat's famous portrait.

On a table is a collection of literary souvenirs of intense interest: Hugo's pen and inkstand, and the great Dumas's pen, which he presented to Hugo in 1860, after writing with it his last "fifteen or twenty" volumes. (Fifteen *or* twenty! how like him!) . Lamartine's inkstand, offered to "the master of the pen;" George Sand's match-box for those endless cigarettes, and with it her traveling inkstand. In another room upstairs are the six pens used by Hugo in writing "Les Humbles."

Dumas's pen is not by any means the only Dumas relic here; portraits of him are to be seen, one of them astonishingly negroid. Had he too worked for liberty, and carried in his breast, or even on his sleeve, a great heart that, like Hugo's, responded to every call and beat furiously at the very whisper of the word injustice, he too would have his museum to-day not less remarkable than this. But to write romances was not enough; there must be toil and suffering too.

Dumas and Hugo were born in the same year, 1802. Balzac was then three. In 1809 came Tennyson and Gladstone; in 1811 Thackeray, and in 1812 Browning and Dickens. What was the secret of that astounding period? Why did the first twelve years of the last century know such energy and abundance? To walk through the rooms of this Hugo museum, however casually, is to be amazed before the vitality and exuberance, not only of this man, but of the French genius. It is truly only the busy who have time. I wish none the less that there was a museum for Alexandre the Great. I would love to visit it; I would love to see his kitchen utensils alone. The generous, glorious creature, "the seven and seventy times to be forgiven!" As it was, no one being about, I kissed the pen with which he had written his last "fifteen or twenty novels" (the splendid liar!).

I wish, too, that we had a permanent Dickens museum in London—say at his house in Devonshire Terrace, which is now a lawyer's office. What a fascinating memorial o' Merry England it might become, and what a reminder to this attenuated specializing day of the vigor and versatility and variety and unconquerable vivacity of that giant! Just as no one can leave Hugo's house without a quickening of imagination and ambition, so no one could leave that of Charles Dickens.

In addition to the museum Hugo has his monument in the Place Victor Hugo, far away in a residential desert in the northwest of Paris—a bronze figure of the poet as a young man seated on a rock, with Satire, Lyric Poetry, and Fame attending him; while in the façade of the house where he died, No. 124 Avenue Victor Hugo, is a medallion portrait. He figures also in a fresco in the Hotel de Ville. Dumas's monument is in the garden of the Place Malesherbes in the Avenue de Villiers. Doré designed it, as was perhaps fitting. The sturdy Alexandre sits pen in hand on the summit, his West Indian hair curling vigorously into the sky, with d'Artagnan at the base at the back and three engrossed readers in the front. It is not quite what one would have wished; but it is good to visit. His son, the dramatist, the author of that adorable joke against his father's vanity—that he was capable of riding behind his own carriage to persuade people that he kept a black servant—has a monument close by; and the gallant general of whom one reads such brave stories in the first volume of the "Mémoires" is to be set there too, and then the Place, I am told, will be renamed the Place of Les Trois Dumas.

THE HOTEL DES MONNAIES

Having contemplated the statue of Voltaire in his robes outside the Institut, the next building of importance after the Beaux Arts, you may, if you so desire, gaze upon the same philosopher in a state of nature, by entering the Institut itself and ascending to its Bibliothèque. There he sits, the skinny cynic, among the books which he wrote, and the books which he read, and the books which would not have been written but for him. I was glad to see him thus, for it showed me where our own Arouet, Mr. Bernard Shaw, found his inspiration when he too subjected recently his economical frame to the maker of portraits. Mr. Shaw sat, however, only to a photographer (although a very good one, Mr. Coburn); when he visited Rodin, it was for the head, a replica of which may be seen at the Luxembourg. Speaking of heads, the Institut is a wilderness of them: heads line the stairs; heads line the walls, not only of its own Bibilothèque, but of the Bibliothèque de Mazarin, which also is here, a haven for every student who cares to seek it; heads of the great Frenchmen of all time and of the Cæsars too.

The Pont des Arts, which leads direct from the old Louvre to the Institut (a connection, if ever, no longer of any importance), is for foot-passengers only. One is therefore more at ease there in observing the river than on the noisy bridge of stone. But it is inexcusably ugly, and leaves one continually wondering what Napoleon was about to allow it to be built—and of iron, too—in his days of good taste. Looking up the stream, the Pont Neuf is close by, with the thin green end of the Cité's wedge protruding under it, and, in winter, Henry IV riding proudly above. In summer he is hidden by leaves.

The Hôtel des Monnaies, close by the Beaux Arts, is a surprise. One would expect in such a country as France, with its meticulously exact control of public offices, that its Mint, the institution in which its money was made, would be a miracle of precision and efficiency. Efficiency it may have, but its proceedings are casual beyond belief; the workmen in the furnaces loaf and smoke and stare at the visitors and exchange comments on them; the floors are cluttered up with lumber; the walls are dirty; the doors do not fit. A very considerable amount of work seems to be accomplished—there are machines constantly in movement, which turn out scores of coins a minute, not only for France, but for her colonies and other countries; and yet the feeling which one has is that France here is noticeably below herself.

I was shown around by a very charming attendant, who handled the new coins as though he loved them and took precisely that pride in the place that the Government seems to lack. The design on the French franc, although it ought to be cut, I think, a little deeper, a little more boldly, is very attractive, both obverse and reverse, and it is a pleasant sight to see the bright creatures tumbling out of the machine as fast as one can count. Pleasanter still it is to the frail human eye when the same process is repeated with golden louis, baskets full of which stand negligently about as though it were the cave of the "Forty Thieves."

A compatriot's perhaps indiscreet questions as to what precautions were taken to prevent leakage amused the guide beyond all reason. "It is impossible," he said. "The coins are weighed. They must correspond to the prescribed weight." "But who," my countryman went on to ask in the relentless English way, "checks the weigher?" "Another," said the guide. "But a time must come," continued the Briton, who probably had a business of his own and had suffered, "when there is no one left to check—when the last man of all is officiating. How then?" Our guide laughed very happily, and repeated that there were no thieves there. And I dare say he is right. "Perhaps," I said to the English inquisitor, "like assistants in sweet-shops, they are allowed at first to help themselves so much that they acquire a disgust for money." He looked at me with eyes of stone. I think he had Scotch blood. "Perhaps," he said at last.

My own contribution to the guide's entertainment was the production, before a machine that was shooting five-franc pieces into a bowl at the rate of one a second, of the four bad *démonétisé* coins of the same value which had been forced upon me during the few days I had then been in Paris. They gave immense delight. Several mintners (or whatever they are called) stopped working in order to join in the inspection. It was the general opinion that I had been badly treated; although, of course, I ought to have known. Three of the coins were simply those of other nations no longer current in France, and for them I could get from two to three francs each at an exchange. Unless, of course, as a man of the world put in, I liked to sell them to a waiter, and then I should get perhaps a slightly better price. "Be careful, however," said he, "that he does not give them back to you in the next change." The fourth coin was frankly base metal, and ought not to have taken in a child. That, by the way, was given to me at a post-office, the one under the Bourse, and I find that post-offices are notorious for this habit with foreigners. The mintners generally agreed that it was a scandal, but they did so without heat, bearing, indeed, my misfortune very much as their countryman La Rochefoucauld had observed men to do.

TWO ZOOS

On the day of one of my visits to the Jardin des Plantes I lunched at the Tour d'Argent, a restaurant on the Quai de la Tournelle, famous among many others for its delicious *canard à la presse*. No bird on this occasion passed through that luxurious mill for me; but all around the engines were at work distilling essential duck with which to enrich those slices from the breast that are all that the epicure eats. Over a simpler repast I studied a bewildering catalogue of the "creations of Frédéric" —Frédéric being M. Frédéric Delais, a venerable *cordon bleu* with a head like that of a culinary Ibsen, stored with strange lore of sauces.

By what means one commends one's self to Frédéric I cannot say; but certain it is that if he loves you he will immortalize you in a dish. Americans would seem to have a short cut to his heart, for I find the *Canapé Clarence Mackay*, the *Filet de Sole Loïë Fuller*, the *Filet de Sole Gibbs*, the *Fondu de Merlan Peploe*, the *Poulet de Madame J. W. Mackay*, and the *Poire Wanamaker*. None of these joys tempted me, but I am sorry now that I did not partake of the *Potage Georges Cain*, because M. Georges Cain knows more about old Paris than any man living, and who knows but that a few spoonfuls of his *potage* might not have immensely enriched this article! The *Noisette de Pré-Salé Bodley*, again, should have been nourishing, for Bodley is the author of one of the best of all the many studies of France. Instead, however, I ate, very simply, ordinary dishes —foundlings, so to speak, named after no one.

On the way to the Jardin des Plantes from this restaurant it is not unamusing to turn aside to the Halles des Vins and loiter awhile in these genial catacombs. Here you may see barrels as the sands of the seashore for multitude, and raw wine of a color that never yet astonished in a bottle, and I hope, so far as I am concerned, never will: unearthly aniline juices that are to pass through many dark processes before they emerge smilingly as *vins*, to lend cheerfulness to the windows of the *épicier*, and gayety to the French heart.

Even with the most elementary knowledge of French one would take the Jardin des Plantes to be the Parisian Kew, and so to some small extent it is; but ninety-nine per cent of its visitors go not to see the flora but the fauna. It is in reality the Zoo of the Paris proletariat. Paris, unlike London, has two Zoos, both of which hide beneath names that easily conceal their zoölogical character from the foreigners—the Jardin des Plantes, where we now find ourselves, and which is free to all, and the Jardin d'Acclimatation, on the edge of the Bois de Boulogne, near the Porte Maillot, which costs money—a franc to enter and a ridiculous *supplément* to your cabman for the privilege of passing the fortification in his vehicle—one of Paris's little mistakes.

To the Jardin d'Acclimatation we shall come anon; just now let us loiter among the wild animals of the Jardin des Plantes, which is, as a matter of fact, a far more thorough Zoo than that selecter other, where frivolity ranks before zoölogy. Our own Zoo contains a finer collection than either, and our animals are better housed and ordered, but this Parisian people's Zoo has a great advantage over ours in that it is free. All zoölogical gardens should of course be free.

The Jardin des Plantes has another and a dazzling superiority in the matter of peacocks. I never saw so many. They occur wonderfully in the most unexpected places, not only in the inclosures of all the other open-air animals, but in trees, and on roofs, and amid the bushes—burning with their deep and lustrous blue. But on the warm day of spring on which I saw them first they were not so quiescent. Regardless of the proprieties, they were most of them engaged in recommending themselves to the notice of their ladies. On all sides were spreading tails bearing down upon the beloved with the steady determination of a vessel of the line, and now and then caught like that in a shattering breeze of emotion which stirred every sail. In England one might feel uncomfortable in the midst of so naked a display of the old Adam, but in Paris one becomes more reconciled to facts, and (like the new cat in the adage) ceases to allow "I am ashamed" to wait upon "I would." The peahens, however, behaved with a solid circumspection that was beyond praise. These vestals never lifted their heads from the ground, but pecked on and on, mistresses of the scene, and incidentally the best friends of the crowds ("*V' la le paon! Vite! Vite!*") at every railing. But the Parisian peacock is not easily daunted. In spite of the rebuff, the batteries of glorious eyes continued firing, and wider and wider the tails spread with a corresponding increase of disreputable *déshabille* behind; and so I left them.

And now for the other Zoo, the Zoo of the classes. Perhaps the best description is to call it a playground with animals in it. For there are children everywhere, and everything is done for their amusement—as is only natural in a land where children persist through life and no one ever tires. In the center of the gardens is an inclosure in which, in the summer of 1908, were encamped a colony of Gallas, an intelligent and attractive black people from the borders of Abyssinia, who flung spears at a target, and fought duels, and danced dances of joy and sorrow, and rounded up zebras, and in the intervals sold curiosities and photographs of themselves with ingratiating tenacity. It was a strange, bizarre entertainment, with greedy ostriches darting their beaks among the spectators, and these shock-headed savages screaming through their diversions, and now and again a refined slip of a black girl imploring one mutely to give a franc for a five centimes picture post-card, or murmuring incoherent rhapsodies over the texture of a European dress.

All around the inclosure the Parisian children were playing, some riding elephants, others camels, some driving an ostrich cart, and all happy. But the gem of the Jardin is the *Ecurie*, on one side for ponies—scores of little ponies, all named—the other for horses; on one side a riding school for children, on the other side a riding school for grown-up pupils, perhaps the cavalry officers of the future. The ponies are charming: Bibiche, *jument landais;* Volubilité, *cheval landais;* Céramon, *cheval finlandais;* Farceur, from the same country; Columbine, *née de Ratibor*, and so forth. There they wait, alert and patient, too, in the manner of small ponies, and by and by one is led off to the *Petit manège* for little Monsieur Paul or Étienne to bestride. The *Ecurie* is a model of its kind, with its central courtyard and offices for the various servants, *sellier*, *piqueur*, and so forth.

Near by is a castellated fortress which might belong to a dwarf of blood, but is really a rabbit-house. Every kind of rabbit is here, with this difference from the rabbit-house in our Zoo, that the animals are for sale; and there is a fragrant *vacherie* where you may learn to milk; and in another part is a collection of dogs—*tou-tous* and *lou-lous* and all the rest of it, and these are for sale, too. This is as popular a department as any in the Jardin. The expressions of delight, and even ecstasy, which were being uttered before some of the cages, I seem still to hear.

CONTRASTS AND COMPARISONS

I am not sure but that, when all is said, it is not the outdoor café chairs of Paris that give it its highest charm and divide it from London with the greatest emphasis. There are three reasons why one cannot sit out in this way in London: the city is too dirty, the air is rarely warm enough, and the pavements are too narrow. But in Paris, which enjoys the equable climate of a continent, and understands the æsthetic uses of a pavement, and burns wood, charcoal, or anthracite, it is, when dry, always possible; and I, for one, rejoice in the privilege. The "green hour"—the quiet recess between five and six in which to sip an *apéritif*, and talk, and watch the world, and anticipate a good dinner—is as characteristically French as the absence of it is characteristically English.

At every turn one is reminded that the French live as if the happiness of this life were the only important thing; while if we subtract a frivolous fringe, it may be said of the English that (without any noticeable gain in such advantages as spirituality confers) they are always preparing to be happy but have not yet enough money or are not yet quite ready to begin. The Frenchman is happy now; the Englishman will be happy to-morrow—that is, at home. But I have seen Englishmen in Paris gathering honey while they might, with both hands.

But the French and English, London and Paris, are really not to be compared. London and Paris, indeed, are different in almost every respect, as the capitals of two totally and almost inimically different nations must be. For a few days the Englishman is apt to think that Paris has all the advantages; but that is because he is on a holiday; he soon comes to realize that London is his home, London knows his needs and supplies them. Much as I delight in Paris, I would make almost any sacrifice rather than be forced to live there; yet so long as inclination is one's only master, how pleasant are her varieties and charm! But all comparisons between nations are idle. For a Frenchman there is no country like France and no city like Paris; for an Englishman England is the best country and London the most desirable city. For a short holiday for an Englishman, Paris is a little paradise; for a short holiday for a Frenchman, London is a little inferno.

Each country is the best; each country has advantages over the other, each country has limitations. The French may have wide streets and spacious vistas, but their matches are costly and won't light; the English, even in the heart of London, may be contented with narrow and muddy and congested lanes, but their sugar at least is sweet.

The French may have abolished bookmakers from their race-courses, and may give even a cabman a clean napkin to his meals; but their tobacco is a monopoly. The English may fill their streets with newspaper posters advertising horrors and scandals, but they are permitted now and then to forget their vile bodies. The French may piously and prettily erect statues of every illustrious child of the State; but their billiard-tables are still without pockets. London may have a cleaner tube railway system than Paris, but Paris has the advantage of no lifts and a *correspondance* ticket at a trifling cost which will take you everywhere. Again, with omnibuses, London may have more and better, but here again the useful *correspondance* system is to be found only in Paris.

London may be in darkness for most of the winter and be rained upon by soot all the year round; but, at any rate, the Londoner is master in his own house or flat, and not the cringing victim of a *concierge*, as every Parisian is. That is something to remember and be thankful for. Paris has an atmosphere, and a climate, and good food, and attentive waiters, and a cab by every yard of the curb, and no petty licensing tyrannies, and the Champs Élysées, and immunity from lurid newspaper posters, and good coffee, and the Winged Victory, and Mona Lisa; but it also has the *concierge*. At the entrance to every house is this inquisitive, censorious janitor—a blend in human shape of Cerberus and the Recording Angel. The *concierge* knows what time you go out and (more serious) what time you come in; what letters and parcels you receive; what visitors, and how long they stay. The *concierge* knows how much rent you pay and what you eat and drink. And the worst of it is that since the *concierge* keeps the door and dominates the house, you must put a good face on it or you will lose very heavily. Scowl at the *concierge* and your life will become a harassment. Letters will be lost; parcels will be delayed; visitors will be told you are at home; a thousand little vexations will occur. The *concierge*, in short, is a rod, you will observe, it is well to kiss. The wise Parisian, therefore, is always amiable and generous too, although in his heart he wishes the whole system at the devil. And here I ought to say that, although one is thus conscious of certain of the defects and virtues of each nation, I have no belief whatever in any large interchange of characteristics being possible. Nations, I think, can borrow very little from each other. What is sauce for the goose is by no means necessarily sauce for the *oie*, and the meat of an *homme* can easily be the poison of a man.

GAMBETTA'S MONUMENT

This monument fascinates me, not by its beauty, nor because I have any especial admiration for the statesman; but simply by the vigor of his clothes, the frock coat and the light overcoat of the flamboyant orator, holding forth for evermore (or until his hour strikes), urgent and impetuous and French. To the frock coat in sculpture we in London are no strangers, for have we not Parliament Square? But our frock coats are quiescent, dead even, things of stone. Gambetta's, on the contrary, is tempestuous—surely the most heroic frock coat that ever emerged from the quarries of Carrara. It might have been cut by the Great Mel himself.

I have never seen a computation of the stone and bronze population of Paris, but the statues must be thousands strong. A Pied Piper leading them out of the city would be worth seeing, although I for one would regret their loss. Paris, I suppose, was Paris no less than now in the days before Gambetta masqueraded as a Frock-coated Victory almost within hail of the Winged Victory of Samothrace; but Paris certainly would not be Paris any more were some new turn of the wheel to whisk him away and leave the Place du Carrousel forlorn and tepid. The loss even of the smug figure of Jules Simon, just outside Durand's, would be something like a bereavement. I once, by the way, saw this statue wearing, after a snow-storm, a white fur cap and cape that gave him a character beyond anything dreamed of by the sculptor.

It is not until one has walked through the gardens of the Tuileries that the wealth of statuary in Paris begins to impress the mind. For there must be almost as many statues as flowers. They shine or glimmer everywhere, as in the Athenian groves—allegorical, symbolical, mythological, naked. The Luxembourg Gardens are hardly less rich, but there one finds the statues of real persons. Here, as becomes a formal garden laid out by a king, realism is excluded. Formal it is in the extreme; the trees are sternly pollarded, the beds are mathematically laid out, the paths are straight and not to be deviated from. None the less, on a hot summer's day there are few more delightful spots, with the placid *bonnes* sitting so solidly, as only French women can sit, over their needlework and their charges—flitting like discreet butterflies all around them; and here are two old philosophers—another Bouvard and Pécuchet—discussing some problem of conduct or science—and there a family party at lunch, without shame. Pleasant groves, pleasant people!

M. POL

But the best thing in the Tuileries is M. Pol. Who is M. Pol? Well, he may not be the most famous man in Paris, but he is certainly the most engaging. M. Pol is the charmer of birds—"*Le Charmeur d'oiseaux au Jardin des Tuileries*," to give him his full title. There may be other charmers, too, at their pretty labors, but M. Pol comes easily first; his personality is so attractive, his terms of intercourse with the birds so intimate. His *oiseaux* are chiefly sparrows, whom he knows by name—*La Princesses Loustic, Garibaldi, La Baronne, L'Anglais*, and so forth. They come one by one at his call, and he pets them and praises them; talks pretty ironical talk, uses them (particularly the little brown *L'Anglais*) for sly satirical purposes, for there are surely a few English spectators; affects to admonish and even chastise them, shuffling minatory feet with all the noise but none of the illusion of seriousness; and never ceases the while to scatter his crumbs or seeds of comfort. It is a very charming little drama, and although carried on every day, and for some hours every day, it has no suggestion of routine; one feels that the springs of it are sweetness and benevolence.

He is a typical elderly Latin, this M. Pol, a little unmindful about his dress, a little inclined to shamble, humorous, careless, gentle. When I first saw him years ago, he fed his birds and went his way; but he now makes a little money by it too, now and then offering, very reluctantly, post-cards bearing pictures of himself with all his birds about him and a distich or so from his pen. For M. Pol is a poet in words as well as deeds: "*De nos petits oiseaux*," he writes on one card.

"De nos petits oiseaux, je suis le bienfaiteur,
Et je vais tous les jours leur donner la pâture;
Mais suivant un contrat dicté par nature,
Quand je donne mon pain, ils me donnent leur cœur."

I think this true. It is a little more than cupboard love that inspires these tiny creatures, or they would never settle on M. Pol's hands and shoulders as they do. He has charmed the pigeons also; but here he admits to a lower motive:

"Ils savent, les malins, que leur couvert est mis;
C'est en faisant du bien qu'on se fait des amis."

It amused me one day at the Louvre to fix one of these photographs in the frame of Giotto's picture of St. Francis (in Salle VII), one of the scenes of which shows him preaching to the birds; thus bridging the gulf between the centuries and making for the moment the Assisi of the Saint and the Paris of M. Briand one.

London has its noticeable lovers of animals too. You may see in St. Paul's churchyard in the dinner hour isolated figures surrounded and covered by pigeons; the British Museum courtyard also knows one or two, and the Guildhall; quite like Venice, both of them, save that no one is excited about it; while in St. James's Square may be seen at all hours of every day the mysterious cat woman with her pensioners all about her on their little mats.

Every city has these humorists—shall I say? using the word as it was wont to be used long ago. But M. Pol—M. Pol stands alone. It is not merely that he charms the birds, but that he is so charming with them. The pigeon-feeders of London that I have watched bring their maize, distribute it, and go. M. Pol is more of a St. Francis than that: as I have shown, he converses, jokes, and exchanges moods with his friends.

Although he is acquainted wlth pigeons, his real friends are the *gamins* of the air, the sparrows, true Parisians, who have the best news. Pigeons, one can conceive, pick up a fact here and there, but it would have a foreign or provincial flavor. Now, if there is one thing that bores a true Parisian, it is talk of what is happening outside Paris. The Parisian's horizons do not extend beyond his city. The sun for him rises out of the Bois de Vincennes, and evening comes because it has sunk into the Bois de Boulogne. Hence M. Pol's wisdom in choosing the sparrow for his companion, his *oiseau intime.*

So far had I written when I chanced to walk into London by way of Hyde Park, and there, just by the Achilles Statue, was a charming gentleman in a tall white hat whistling a low whistle to a little band of sparrows who followed him and surrounded him and fluttered up, one by one, to his hand, We talked a little together, and he told me that the birds never forgot him, though he is absent for eight months each year. His whistle brings them at once. So London is all right after all. And I have been told delightful things about the friends of the gray squirrels in Central Park; so that New York, perhaps, is all right too.

Postmarks

A New Friendship Village Story

By Zona Gale

PASTED to the inside cover of Calliope Marsh's Bible, I inadvertently saw a sealed letter, the superscription down.

"I ain't ever read it," Calliope explained to me instantly. "Every one o' the Ladies' Foreign Missionary Circle has got one, an' none of us has ever read 'em. It ain't my letter, so to say. It's one o' the Jem Pitlaw collection. The postmark," she imparted, looking up at me proudly, "is Bombay, India."

At my question about the Jem Pitlaw collection she laughed deprecatingly—this little winter apple of a woman whose sixty years had left her rich in youthful yearnings and many compassions—and then she sighed. ("Ain't it nice," she had once said to me, "your laughs hev a sigh for a linin', an' sighs can hev laughin' for trimmin'. Only trouble is, most folks want to line with trimmin's, an' they ain't rill durable, used that way.")

"Jem Pitlaw," Calliope told me now, "use' to be schoolmaster here—the kind that comes from Away an' is terrible looked up to on that account, but Jem deserved it. He knew all there was *to* know, an' yet he thought we knew some little things too. We was all rill fond of him, though he kep' to himself, an' never seemed to want to fall in love, an' not many of us knew him well enough to talk to at all familiar. But when he went off West on a vacation an' didn't come back, an' never come back, an' then died, Friendship Village mourned for him—sincere though no crape—an' missed him enormous.

"He'd had a room at Postmaster Sykes's—that was before he *was* postmaster, an' they was still humble an' not above the honest penny. An' Jem Pitlaw left two trunks an' a sealed box to their house. An' when he didn't come back in two years, Silas Sykes moved the things out o' the spare room over to the post-office store loft. An' there they set, three years on end, till we got word Jem was dead—the very week o' the Ladies' Foreign Missionary Circle's Ten Cent Tropical Fete. Though, rilly, the Tropical Fete wasn't what you might say 'tropical.' It was held on the seventeenth of January, an' that night the thermometer was twenty-four degrees below on the bank corner. Nor it wasn't rilly what you might say a Fete either. But none o' the Circle regretted them lacks. A lack is as good as a gift, sometimes.

"We'd started the Foreign Missionary Circle through Mis' Postmaster Sykes gettin' her palm. I donno what there is about palms, but you know the very name makes some folks think thoughts 'way outside their heads, an' not just stuffy-up inside their own brains. When I hear 'palm,' I sort o' feel like my i-dees got kind o' wordy wings an' just went it without me. An' that was the way with more than me, I found out. Nobody in Friendship Village hed a palm, but we'd all seen pictures an' hankered—like you do. An' all of a sudden Mis' Sykes got one, like she gets her new hat sometimes without a soul knowin' she's thinkin' 'hat' till she flams out in it. Givin' surprise is breath an' bread to that woman. She unpacked the palm in the kitchen, an' telephoned around, an' we all went over just as we was an' set down there an' looked at it an' thought "palm!" You can't realize how we felt, all of us, if you ain't lived all your life with nothin' but begonias an' fuchsias from November to April, an' sometimes into May. But we was all mixed up about 'em, now we see one. Some hed heard dates grew on palms. Others would have it it was cocoanuts. Still more said they was natives of the equator an' give nothin' but shade. So it went. But after a while Mis' Timothy Toplady spoke up with that way o' comin' down stairs on her words an' rilly gettin' to a landin':

" 'They's quite a number o' things,' she says, 'that I want to do so much it seems like I can't die without doin' 'em. But I guess prob'ly I will die without. Folks seems to drop off leavin' lots o' doin's undone. An' one o' my worst is, I want to see palm trees growin' in hot lands—big spikey leaves pointin' into the blue sky *like fury*. 'Seems if I could do that,' s'she; 'I'd take in one long breath that'd make me all lungs an' float me up an' off.'

"We all laughed, but we knew what she meant well enough, because we all felt the same way. I think most North folks do—like they was cocoanuts an' dates in our blood, 'way back. An' so we was all ready for Mis' Toplady's idee when it come—which is the most any idee can expect:

" 'I tell you what,' s'she, 'le's hev a Ladies' Foreign Missionary Circle an' get read up on them tropical countries. I've always been meanin' to take an interest in missions,' says she.

"So we started it, then an' there, an' she an' I was the committee to draw out a constitution an' decide what officers should be elected an' do the general creatin'. We made it up that Mis' Sykes should be the president—that woman is a born leader, and, as a leader, you can depend on the very back of her head. An' at last we went off to the minister that then was to ask him what to take up.

" 'Most laudable,' s'he, when he'd heard. 'Well, now, what country is it you're most interested in?' he says. 'Some island o' the sea, I s'pose?' he asks, bright.

" 'We're interested in palms,' Mis' Timothy Toplady explained it to him frank, 'an' we want to study about the missionaries in some country where they's dates an' cocoanuts an' oaseses.'

"He smiled at that, sweet an' deep—I know it seemed to me as if he knew more about what we wanted than we knew ourselves. Because they's some ministers that understands that Christianity ain't all in the bottle labeled with it. Some of it is labeled 'ointment,' an' some 'perfume,' an' some just plain kitchen flavorin'. An' a good deal of it ain't labeled at all.

"I forget what country it was we did study. But they was nine to ten of us, an' we met every week, an' I tell you the time wa'n't wasted. We took things in lavish. I know Mis' Holcomb-that-was-Mame-Bliss said that after belongin' to the Ladies' Foreign Missionary Circle she could never feel the same absent-minded sensation again when she dusted her parlor shells. An' Mis' Toplady said when she opened her kitchen cabinet an' smelt the cinnamon an' allspice out o' the perforated tops, 'most always, no matter how mad she was, she broke out in a hymn, like 'When All Thy Mercies,' sheer through knowin' how allspice was born o' God an' not made o' man. An' Mis' Sykes said when she read her Bible, an' it talked about India's coral strand, it seemed like, through knowin' what a reef was, 't she was right there on one, with her Lord. I felt the same way too—though I'd always felt the same way, for that matter—I always did tip vanilla on my handkerchief an' pretend it was flowers an' 't I'd gone down South for the cold months. An' it got so that when the minister give out a text that had geography in it, like the Red Sea, or Beer-elim, or 'a place called The Fair Haven,' the Ladies' Foreign Missionary Circle would look round in our seats an' nod to each other, without it showin', because we knew 't we knew, extra special, just what God was talkin' about. I tell you, knowledge makes you alive at places where you didn't know there was such a place.

"In five months' time we felt we owed so much to the Ladies' Foreign Missionary Circle that it was Mis' Sykes suggested we give the Ten Cent Tropical Fete, an' earn five dollars or so for missions.

" 'We know a great deal about the tropics now,' she says, 'an' I propose we earn a missionary thank-offering. Coral an' cocoanuts an' dates an' spices isn't all the Lord is interested in, by any means,' s'she. 'An' the winter is the time to give a tropic fete, when folks are thinkin' about warm things natural.'

"We voted to hev the fete to Mis' Sykes's because it was too cold to carry the palm out. We went into it quite extensive—figs an' dates an' bananas an' ginger for refreshments, an' little nigger dolls for souvenirs, an' like that. It was quite a novel thing for Friendship, an' everybody was takin' an interest an' offerin' to lend Japanese umbrellas an' Indian baskets an' books on the South Sea, an' a bamboo chair with an elephant crocheted in the tidy. An' then, bein' as happenin's always crowd along in flocks, what come that very week o' the fete but a letter from an ol' aunt o' Jem Pitlaw's, out West. An' if Jem hadn't been dead almost ever since he left Friendship! an' the aunt wrote that we should sell his things to pay for keepin' 'em, as she was too poor to send for 'em, an' hadn't any room if she wasn't.

"I dunno whether you know what rill excitement is, but if you don't, you'd ought to drop two locked trunks an' a sealed box into a town the size o' Friendship Village, an' leave 'em there goin' on five years, an' then die an' let 'em be sold. That'll show you what a pitch true interest can get het up to. All of a sudden the Tropical Fete was no more account than the telephone ringin' when a circus procession is going by. Some o' the Ladies' Missionary was rill indignant, an' said we'd ought to sue for repairin' rights, same as when you're interfered with in business. Mis' Sykes, she done her able best, too, but nothin' would do Silas but he must offer them things for sale on the instant. 'The time,' s'he, firm, 'to do a thing is now, while the interest is up. An' in this country,' s'he, '"now" don't stay "now" more'n two minutes at a time.'

"So he offered for sale the contents o' them three things—the two trunks an' the sealed box—unsight, unseen, on the day before the Fete was to be. Only one thing interfered with the 'unsight, unseen' business: the sealed box had got damp an' broke open, an' what was inside was all showin'.

"Mis' Sykes an' I saw it on the day o' the sale. Most o' the Circle was to her house finishin' up the decorations for the Fete so's to leave the last day clear for seein' to the refreshments, an' her an' I run over to the post-office store for some odds an' ends. Silas had brought the two trunks an' the box down from the loft so to give 'em some advertisin'. An' lookin' in the corner o' the broke box we could see, just as plain as plain, was *letters*. Letters in bunches, all tied up, an' letters laid in loose—they must 'a' been full a hundred of 'em, all lookin' mysterious an' ready to tell you somethin', an' fingers-on-their-lips, like letters will. I know the looks o' the letters sort o' went to my head, like the news o' Far Off. An' I hated seein' Jem's trunks there, with his initials on, appearin' all trustin' an' as if they thought he was still alive.

"But that wasn't the worst. They was three strangers there in the store—travelin' men that had just come in on the Through, an' they was hangin' 'round the things lookin' at 'em, as if they had the right to. This town ain't very much on the buy, an' we don't hev many strangers here, an' we ain't rill used to 'em. An' it did seem too bad, I know we thought, that them three should hev happened in on the day of a private Friendship Village sale that didn't concern nobody else but one, an' him dead. An' we felt this special when one o' the men took a-hold of a bunch o' the letters, an' we could see the address o' the top one, to Jem Pitlaw, wrote thin an' tiny-fine, like a woman. An' at that Mis' Sykes says sharp to her husband:

"'Silas Sykes, you ain't goin' to sell them letters.'

"'Yes, ma'am, I am,' Silas snaps, like he hed a right to all the letters on earth, bein' he was postmaster of Friendship Village. 'Letters,' Silas give out, 'is just precisely the same as books, only they ain't been through the expense o' printin'. No differ'nce. No differ'nce!'—Silas always seems to think repeatin' a thing over 'll get him somewheres, like a clock retickin' itself. 'An',' he says, 'I'm goin' to sell 'em for what they'll bring, same as the rest o' the things, an' you needn't to say one word.' An' bein' as Silas was snappin', not only as a postmaster but as a husband, Mis' Sykes, she kep' her silence. Matrimony an' politics both in one man is too much for any woman to face.

"Well, we two went back to Mis' Sykes's, all het up an' sad, an' told the

Circle about Jem Pitlaw's letters. An' we all stopped decoratin' an' set down just where we was an' talked about what an awful thing it seemed. I donno as you'll sense it as strong as we did? It was more a feelin' than a wordin'. *Letters*—bein' sold an' read out loud an' gettin' known about. It seemed like lookin' in somebody's purse before they're dead.

" 'I sh'd 'a' thought,' Mis' Sykes says, 'that Silas regardin' bein' postmaster as a sacred office would 'a' made him do differ'nt. An' I know he talked that right along before he got his appointment. "Free Private Secretary to the People," an' "Trusted Curator o' Public Communication," he put it in his speech at the Engine-House,' says she, grievin'.

" 'Well,' says Mis' Amanda Toplady—I rec'lect she hed been puttin' up a big Japanese umbrella, an' she looked out from under it sort o' sweet an' sincere an' dreamy—'you've got to be a woman an' you've got to live in a little town before you know what a letter really is. I don' think these folks that hev lots o' mail left in the front hall in the mornin'—an' sometimes get one that same afternoon—*knows* about letters at all. An' I don't believe any man ever knows, sole except when he's in love. To sense what a letter is you've got to be a woman without what-you-may-say much to enjoy; you've got to hear the train whistle that might bring you one; you've got to calculate how long it'll take 'em to distribute the mail, an' mebbe hurry to get your bread mixed, or your friedcakes out o' the lard, or your cannin' where you can leave it—an' then go change your shoes an' slip on another skirt, an' poke your hair up under your hat so's it won't show, an' go down to the post-office in the hot sun, an' see the letter through the glass, there in your own box, waitin' for you. That minute, when your heart comes up in your throat, I tell you, is gettin' a letter.'

"We all knew this is so—every one of us.

" 'It's just like that when you write 'em, only felt diff'rent,' says Mis' Holcomb-that-was-Mame Bliss. 'I do mine to my sister a little at a time—I keep it back o' the clock in the kitchen an' hide the pencil inside the clock door, so's it won't walk off, the way pencils do at our house. An' then, right in the midst o' things, be it flour or be it suds, I can scratch down what comes in my head, till I declare sometimes I can hardly mail it for readin' it over an' thinkin' how she'll like to get it.'

" 'My, my!' says Mis' Sykes reminiscent, ''specially since Silas has been postmaster an' we've had so much to do with other people's letters, I've been so hungry for letters of my own that I've wrote for samples. I can do that with a level conscience because, after all, you do get a new dress now an' then. But I couldn't answer advertisements, same as some, when I didn't mean true—just to get the letters back. That don't seem to me rill honest.'

"An' then I owned up.

" 'Last week, when I paid my taxes,' I says, 'I whipped out o' the clerk's office quick, sole so's he'd hev to mail me my tax receipt. But he didn't do it. He sent it over by their hired girl that noon. I love letters like I do my telephone bell an' my friends,' I know I says.

"An' there was all that hundred letters or so—letters that somebody had put love in for Jem Pitlaw, an' that he'd read love out of an' saved 'em—there they was goin' to be sold for all Friendship Village to read, includin' some that hadn't even known him, mebbe more'n to speak to.

"We wasn't quite through decoratin' when supper time come, so we stayed on to Mis' Sykes's for a pick-up lunch, et in the kitchen, an' finished up afterwards. Most of 'em could do that better'n they could leave their work an' come down again next mornin'—men folks can always get along for supper, bein' it's not a hot meal.

" 'Ain't it wonderful,' says Mis' Toplady thoughtful, 'here we are, settin' 'round the kitchen table at Mis' Postmaster Sykes's in Friendship Village. An' away off in Arabia or Asia or somewhere that I ain't sure they is any such place, is somebody settin' that never heard of us nor we of him, an' he's goin' to hev our five dollars from the Tropical Fete to-morrow night, an' put it to work for us doin' good. I like to think about it.'

" 'It makes sort of a connection, don't it?' says Mis' Holcomb-that-was-Mame Bliss. 'There they are an' here we are. Ain't it strange? 'Seems like our doin' this makes us feel nearer to them places. I donno but that,' says she, noddin', 'is the start of what it means about the lion and the lamb layin' down together.'

"'Oh! says Mis' Toplady, 'I tell you the Foreign Missionary Circle has been next best to *goin'*. 'Seems sometimes as if I've 'most been somewheres an' seen palms a-growin' an' a-wavin' an' a red sky back. Don't it to you? I've dreamed o' them places all my life, an' I ain't never had anything but Friendship Village, an' I don't know now that Arabia an' Asia an' India is rilly fitted in, the way they look on the map. An' so with some more. But if so be they are, then,' she says, 'we owe it to the Foreign Missionary Circle that we've got that far towards seein' 'em.'

"An' we all agreed, warm, excep' Mis' Sykes, who was the hostess an' too busy to talk much; but we knew how she felt. An' we talked about how wonderful things are there in Mis' Sykes's kitchen while we et.

"Well, when we got done decoratin' after supper, we all walked over to the Post-Office store to the sale—the whole Circle of us. Because of course if the letters was to be sold there wasn't any harm in seein' who got 'em, an' in knowin' just how mean who was. Then, too, we was interested in what was in the two trunks. We was quite early—early enough to set along on the front rows o' cracker-boxes that was fixed ready. An' in the very frontmost one was Mis' Sykes an' Mis' Toplady an' Mis' Holcomb-that-was-Mame Bliss an' me.

"But we see, first thing when we got into the store, that they was strangers present. The three travelin' men that Mis' Sykes an' I had noticed that afternoon was still in town, o' course, an' there they was to the sale, loungin' along on the counter each side o' the cheese. We couldn't bear their bein' there. It was our sale, an' they wasn't rill sure to understand. To us Mr. Pitlaw hed been Mr. Pitlaw. To them he was just somebody that hed been somebody. I didn't like it, nor they didn't none o' the Ladies' Missionary like it. We all looked at each other an' nodded without it showin', like we do, an' we could see we all felt the same.

"Silas was goin' to officiate himself—that man has got the idee it's the whistle that runs the boat. They had persuaded him to open the trunks an' sell the things off piecemeal, an' he see that was rilly the only way to do it. So when the time come he broke open the two trunks, an' he wouldn't let anybody touch hasp or strap or hammer but himself. It made me sort o' sick to see even the trunk things o' Mr. Pitlaw's come out—a pepper an' salt suit, a pair o' new suspenders, a collar an' cuff case—the kind that you'd recognize was a Christmas present; a nice brush an' comb he'd kept for best an' never used, a cake of expensive soap he'd never opened, a bunch o' keys, an' like that. You know how it makes you feel to unpack even your own things that have been put away a good while; it's like thinkin' over forgot thoughts. Well, an' this was worse. Jem Pitlaw, that none of us had known well enough to mention familiar things to, was dead—he was *dead;* an' here we were, lookin' on an' seein' the things that was never out of his room before, an' that he'd put in there, neat an' nice, five years back, to be took out, he thought, in a few weeks. Quite a lot of us felt delicate, but some got behind the delicate idee an' made it an excuse for not buyin' much. They's all kinds to a sale—did you ever notice? Timothy Toplady, for instance—I donno but he's all kinds in his single self. 'Seems he couldn't bring himself to bid on a thing but Jem Pitlaw's keys.

"'Of course nobody knows what they'll fit,' says he, disparagin', 'so to buy 'em don't seem like bein' too familiar with Mr. Pitlaw,' s'he, rill pleased with himself.

"But Mis' Sykes whispers to me:

"'Them keys'll go dirt cheap, an' Timothy knows it, an' a strange key may come in handy any minute. Timothy's reasons never whip to a froth,' s'she, cold.

"But I guess she was over-critical because of gettin' more fidgety, like we all did, the nearer Silas got to the letters. He hed left the letters till the last. An' what with folks peekin' in the box since he'd brought it down, an' what with handlin' what was ready to spill out, most of 'em by then was in plain sight. An' there I see more o' them same ones—little thir writin', like a woman's. We most all noticed it. An' I couldn't keep my eyes off of 'em. Seemed like she might be somebody with soft ways that ought to be there, savin' the letters, wardin' off the heartache for Mr. Pitlaw an' mebbe one for herself.

"An' right while I was lookin' Silas turned to the box and cleared his throat, important as if he was the whistle for New York City, an' he lifted up the bunch o' the letters that had the little fine writin' on top, just the way Mr. Pitlaw had tied 'em up with common string.

"'Oh!' says Mis' Toplady and Mis' Sykes, each side o' me, the one 'oh!' strong an' the other low, but they both meant the same thing.

"'Now, what,' says Silas, brisk, 'am I bid for this package o' nice letters here? Good clear writin', all in strong condition, an' no holes in, just as firm an' fresh,' s'he, 'as the day they was dropped into the mail. What am I bid for 'em?' he asks, his eyebrows rill expectant.

"Not one of the travelin' men had bid a thing. They had sat still, just merely loungin' each side the cheese, laughin' some, like men will, among each other, but not carin' to take any part, an' we ladies felt rill glad o' that. But all of a sudden, when Silas put up the bunch o' letters, them three men woke up, an' we see like lightnin' that this was what they hed been waitin' for.

"'Twenty-five cents!' bids one of 'em, decisive.

"There was a movement o' horror spread around the Missionary Circle at the words. Sometimes it's bad enough to hev one thing happen, but often it's worse to hev another occur. Even Silas looked a little doubtful, but to Silas the main chance is always the main thing, an' instantly he see that these men, if they got in the spirit of it, would run them letters up rill high just for the fun of it. An' Silas was like some are: he felt that money is money.

"So what did he do but begin cryin' the goods up higher—holdin' the letters in his hands, that little, thin writin' lookin' like it was askin' somethin'.

"'Here we hev letters,' says Silas, 'letters from Away. Not just business letters, to judge by the envelopes—an' I allow, gentlemen,' says Silas, facetious, 'that, bein' postmaster o' Friendship Village, I'm as good a judge o' letters as there is a-goin'. Here we hev some intimate personal letters offered for sale legitimate by their heiress. What am I bid?' asks he.

"'Thirty-five cents!'

"'Fifty cents!' says the other two travelin' gentlemen, quick an' in turn.

"'Seventy-five cents!' cries out the first, gettin' in earnest—though they was all laughin' at hevin' somethin' inspirin' to do.

"But Silas merely caught a-hold o' the mood they was in, crafty, as if he'd been gettin' the signers to his petition while they was feelin' good.

"'One moment, gentlemen!' s'he. 'Do you know what you're biddin' on? I ain't told you the half yet,' s'he. 'I ain't told you,' s'he, 'where these letters come from.'

"With that he hitches his glasses an' looked at the postmarks. An' he read 'em off. Oh, an' what do you guess them postmarks was? I'll never forget the feelin' that come over me when I heard what he was sayin', turnin' back in under the string to see. For the stamps on the letters was foreign stamps. The postmarks was foreign postmarks. An' what Silas read off was: Bombay, Calcutta, Delhi, Singapore—oh, I can't begin to remember all the names nor to pronounce 'em, but I think they was all in India, or leastwise in Asia. Think of it! in Asia, that none of the Ladies' Foreign Missionary Circle hed been sure there was such a place.

"I know how we all looked around at each other sudden, with the same little jump in the chest as when we remember we've got bread in the oven past the three-quarters, or when we've left the preserves on the blaze while we've done somethin' else an' think it's burnin', or when we've cut out both sleeves for one arm an' ain't got any more cloth. I mean it was that intimate, personal jump, like when awful, first-person things have happened. An' I tell you what, when the Ladies' Missionary feels a thing, they feel it strong an' they act it sudden. It's our way, as a Circle. An' in that look that went round among us there was hid the nod that knows what each other means.

"'One dollar!' shouts one o' the travelin' men.

"An' with that we all turned, like one solid human being, straight towards Mis' Postmaster Sykes, that was our president an' a born leader besides, an' the way we looked at her resembled a vote.

"Mis' Sykes stood up, grave an' scairt, though not to show. An' we was sure she'd do the right thing, though we didn't know what the right thing was; but we felt confidence, I know, in the very pattern on the back of her shawl. An' she says, clear:

"'I'd like to be understood to bid for the whole box o' Mr. Pitlaw's letters, includin' the bunch that's up. An' I bid five dollars.'

"Of course we all knew in a minute what that meant: Mis' Sykes was biddin' with the proceeds of the Ten Cent Tropical Fete that was to be. But we see, too, that this was a missionary cause if there ever was one, an' they wa'n't one of us that thought it irregular, or grudged it, or looked behind.

"I don' know whether you know how much five dollars rilly is—like you sense it when you've spoke it to a sale, or put it on a subscription paper in Friendship. There wasn't a sound in that store, everybody was so dumfounded. But none was so much as Silas Sykes. Silas was so surprised that he forgot that he was in public.

"'My King!' says he, unexpected to himself. 'What you sayin', Huldy? You ain't biddin' that out o' your allowance, be you?' says he. Silas likes big words in the home.

"'No, sir,' says she, crisp back, 'I ain't. I can't do miracles out o' nothin'. But I bid, an' you'll get your money, Silas. An' I may as well take the letters now.'

"With that she rose up an' spread out her shawl almost broodin', an' gathered that box o' Jem Pitlaw's into her two arms. An' with one motion all the rest o' the Ladies' Missionary got up behind her an' stalked out o' the store, like a big bid is sole all there is to an auction. An' they let us go. Why, there wasn't another thing for Silas Sykes to do but let be as was. Nobody could outbid five dollars—not even the gentlemen by the cheese. Them three just laughed, an' said out somethin' about no gentleman outbiddin' a lady, an' shut up, beat, but pretendin' to give in, like some will.

"Just before we all got to the door we heard somebody's feet come down off'n a cracker-barrel or somethin', an' Timothy Toplady's voice after us, shrill-high an' nervous:

"'Amanda,' s'he, 'you ain't calculatin' to help back up this tomfoolishness, I hope?'

"An' Mis' Amanda says at him, over her shoulder:

"'If I was, that'd be between my hens an' me, Timothy Toplady,' says she.

"An' the store door shut behind us—not mad, I remember, but gentle, like 'Amen.'

"We took the letters straight to Mis' Sykes's an' through the house to the kitchen, where there was a good hot fire in the range. It was bitter cold outdoors, an' we set down around the stove just as we was, with the letters on the floor in front o' the hearth. An' when Mis' Sykes hed got the bracket lamp lit, she turned round, her bonnet all crooked but her face triumphant, an' took off a griddle of the stove an' stirred up the coals. An' we see what was in her mind.

"'We can take turns puttin' 'em in,' she says.

"But I guess it was in all our minds what Mis' Holcomb-that-was-Mame Bliss says, wistful:

"'Don't you think,' she says, 'or *do* you think, 't it'd be wrongin' Mr. Pitlaw if we read over the postmarks out loud first?'

"We divided up the bunches an' we set down around an' untied the strings, an', turn in an' turn out, we read the postmarks off. Most every one of 'em was foreign—oh, I can't begin to tell you where. It was all mixed up an' shinin' of names we'd never heard of before, an' names we had heard in sermons an' in the Bible—Egypt an' Greece an' Rome an' isles o' the sea. Mis' Toplady stopped right in the middle o' hers.

"'Oh, I can't be sure I'm pronouncin' 'em right,' she says, huntin' for her handkerchief, 'but I guess you ladies get the *feel* o' the places, don't you?'

"An' that was just it: we did. We

got the feel o' them far places that night like we never could hev hed it any other way. An' when we got all through, Mis' Toplady spoke up again—but this time it was like she flew up a little way an' lit on somethin'.

"'It ain't likely,' she says, 'that we'll ever, any of us, hev a letter of our own from places like these. We don't get many letters, an' what we do get come from the same old towns, over an' over again, an' quite near by. Do you know,' she says, 'I believe this writin' here'—she held out the tiny fine writing that was like a woman with soft ways—"would understand if we each took one of her letters an' glued it together here an' now an' carried it home an' pasted it in our Bibles? *She* went travelin' off them places, an' she must 'a' wanted to; an' she would know what it is to want to go an' yet never get there.'

"I think Mis' Amanda was right—we all thought so. An' we done what she mentioned, an' made our choice o' postmarks. I know Mis' Amanda took Cairo.

"''Count of it sort o' picturin' out a palm tree a-growin' an' a-wavin' against a red sky,' she says, when she was pinnin' her shawl clear up over her hat to go out in the cold. 'Think of it,' she says; 'she might 'a' passed a palm the day she wrote it. Ain't it like seein' 'em grow yourself?'

. . . "Mebbe it all wasn't quite regular," Calliope added, "though we made over five dollars at the Ten Cent Fete. But the minister, when we told him, he seemed to think it was all right, an' he kep' smilin', sweet an' deep, like we'd done more'n we had done. An' I think he knew what we meant when we said we was all feelin' nearer, lion an' lamb, to them strange missionary countries. Because—oh, well, sometimes, you know," Calliope said, "they's things that makes you feel nearer to far-away places that couldn't hev any postmark at all."

A JUNE HUMORIST

BY STANLEY HUBBARD

By the blue gleam of the river
I have seen a singer pass,
Heart aflame and wings aquiver,
Sinking, singing in the grass.

Dressed in black and white and yellow,
He was born to laugh and woo;
Fate hath made the little fellow
Humorist and lover too.

Whirling o'er the dew and clover,
Perching on the cherry tree,
He is conning old jokes over
For his dainty comedy.

Floating higher, ringing sweeter,
Love and glee chaotic lie
In that gurgling, tumbling meter,
As he flings it from the sky.

Chanting sweet and chuckling after,
Here and there with restless wings,
With his wild melodious laughter,
Little recks he where he sings.

Scorning airs of feathered knighthood,
Scandal of his mate in brown,
I have faith the frenzied sprite would
Sing though he were upside down.

Thrilled by green leaf, grass, and daisy,
Born of deepest joys to drink,
Half in love and wholly crazy
I proclaim thee, Bobolink!